



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

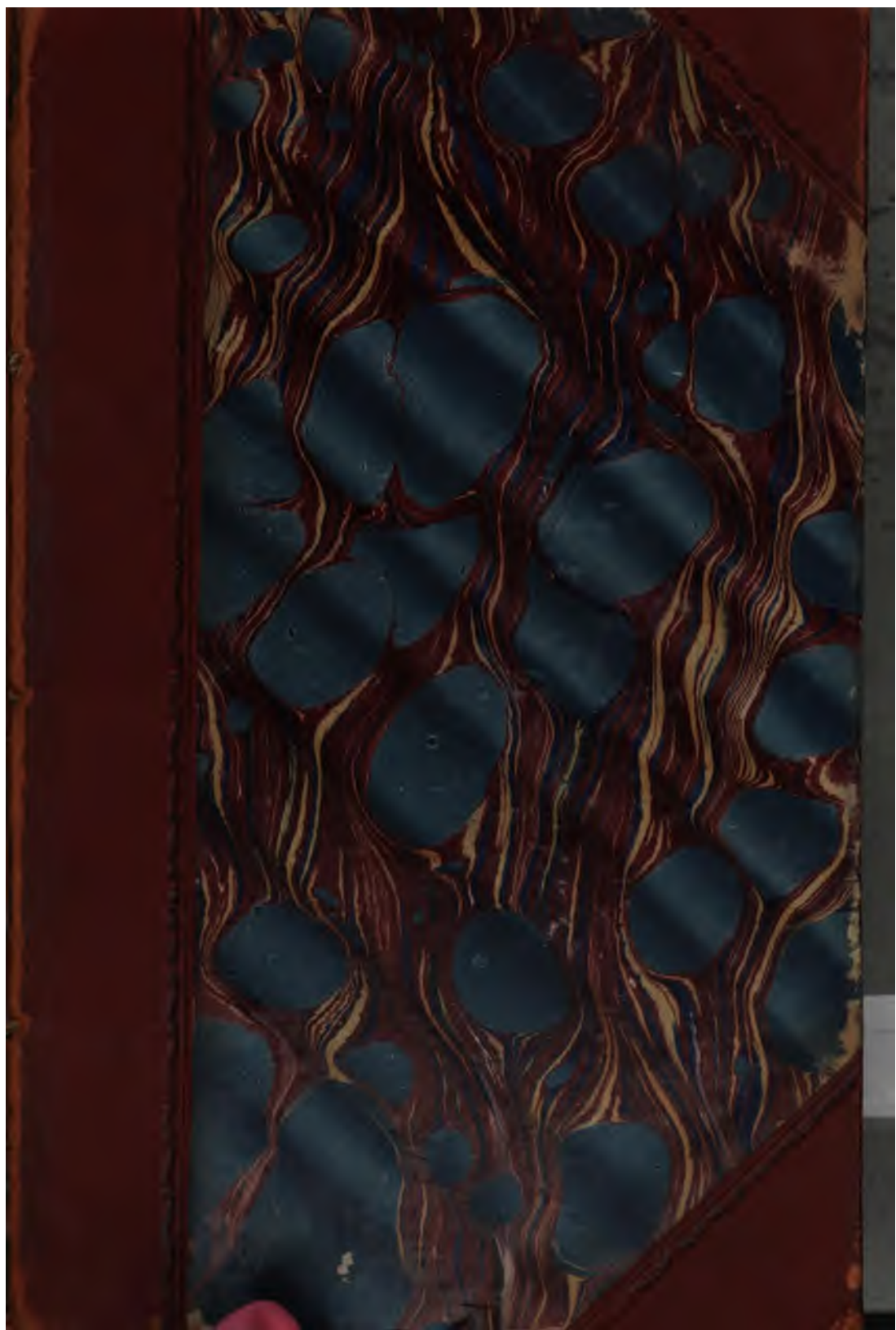
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

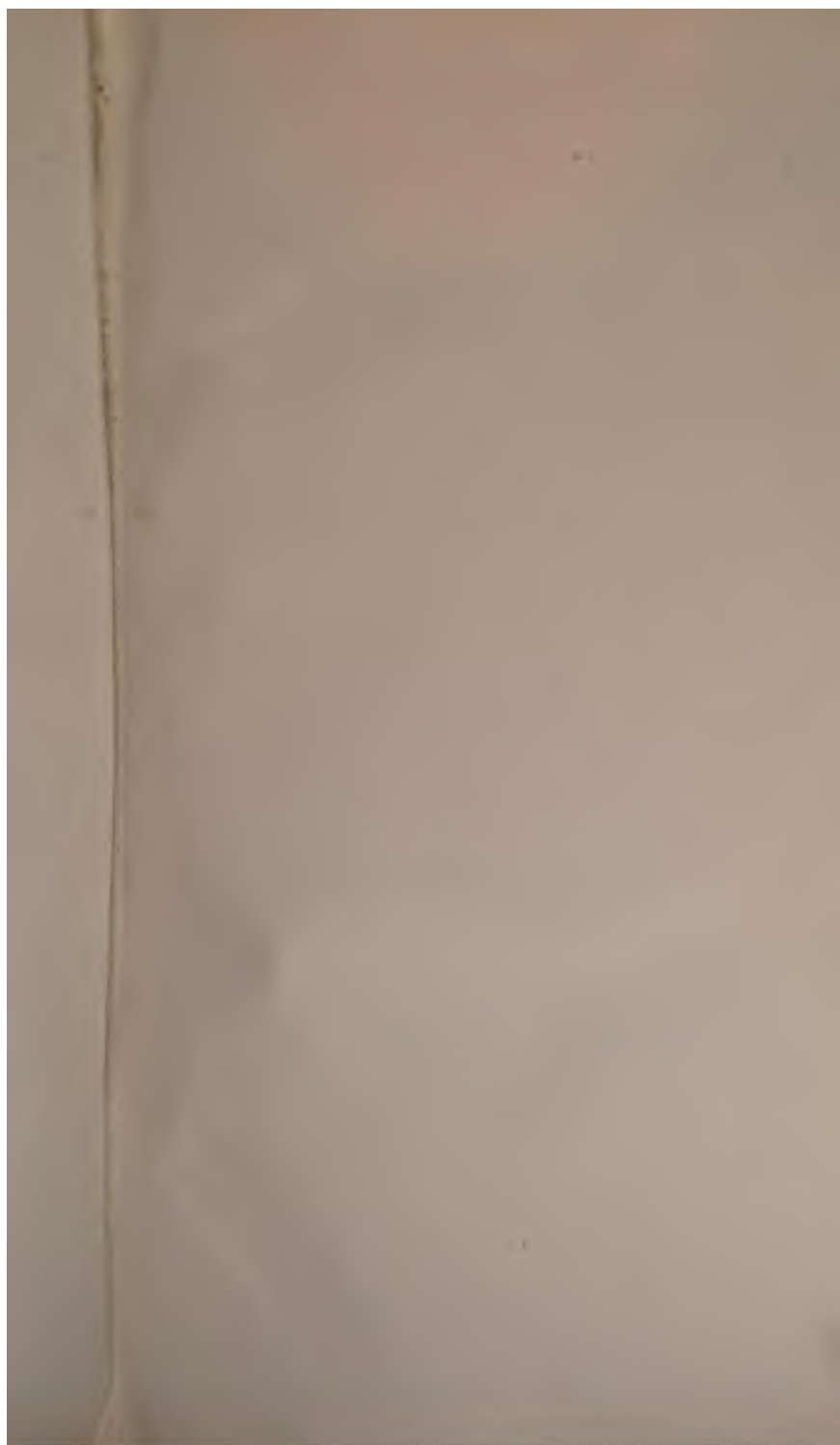




032

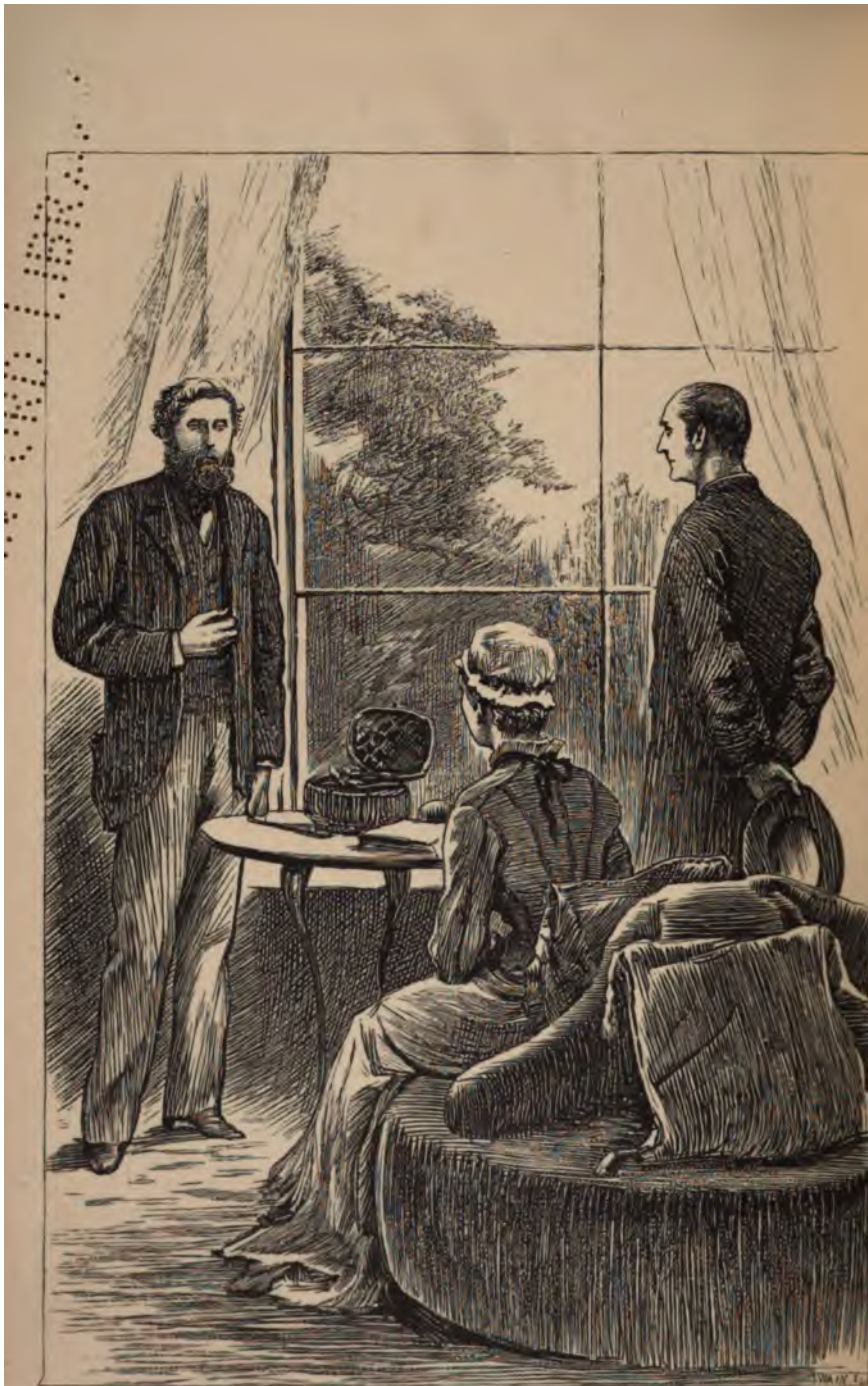
6-1888

3.296









"Only the neighbour and the gentleman is recognised in this house."

⊖

THE
Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME CCXLIV.

N. 9, 22

JANUARY TO JUNE 1879

PRODESSE & DELECTAR E



E PLURIBUS UNUM

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*

London
CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY
1879

[The right of translation is reserved]

166404

YHABLI GONHAT8

CONTENTS OF VOL. CCXLIV.

	PAGE
Asia, The Development of Western. By ARTHUR ARNOLD	162
Bar as a Trade, The. By PHILIP KENT	593
Blue-Beard. By ERNEST VIZETELLY	368
Browning, Robert. By A. N. MACNICOLL	54
Cervantes, The Novels of. By JAMES MEW	95
Clues and Traces in Natural History. By Dr. A. WILSON	292
Coldstream, Sir Charles. By DUTTON COOK :	
Part I.	234
II.	347
Cold Winters. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR	472
Confession. (From Baudelaire.) By WILLIAM M. HARDINGE	502
English or British? By THOMAS FOSTER	195
Falconry, The Revival of. By CHARLES PEBODY	179
Free Trade and Reciprocity. By ARTHUR ARNOLD	310
Gambling Superstition, A. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR	219
Greece, The Claims of. By ARTHUR ARNOLD	705
Health and Recreation. By Dr. BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON	330
Health and Recreation for the Young. By Dr. BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON	687
Keats, A Fragment from. By GRANT ALLEN	676
Linton, William James, as a Poet. By H. BUXTON FORMAN	575
Maclise, Daniel. By MARY M. HEATON	456
Ministers, Her Majesty's. By the MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS	423
Mulready, William. By MARY M. HEATON	609
Nature Myths in Nursery Rhymes. By THOMAS FOSTER	36
Over-stimulation in Women. By Dr. F. H. DALY	111
Phrenology, The Old and the New. By Dr. A. WILSON	68
Pondoland, Recent Affairs in. By F. A. EDWARDS	490
Royal Sportsman, A. By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN	726
Sheep Station, On a. By REDSPINNER	558
Smithson, Miss. By DUTTON COOK	741
Sport and Natural History. By the Rev. M. G. WATKINS	441

	PAGE
Under which Lord? By E. LYNN LINTON:	
Chap. I. Crossholme Abbey	1
II. Measuring the Ground	12
III. The Work to be Done	27
IV. Sister Agnes	129
V. The First Testimony	142
VI. At the Vicarage	152
VII. The Thin End	257
VIII. The whole Duty of Man	271
IX. For the Sake of Consistency	282
X. The Harvest Festival	385
XI. In the Sacristy	393
XII. Defeated	407
XIII. His Testimony	513
XIV. Compensation	527
XV. Recalcitrant	542
XVI. From Information received	641
XVII. The Day of Goodwill	654
XVIII. The New Command	665
Vicissitudes of Titles, The. By E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY	86
Whales and their Neighbours. By Dr. A. WILSON	623
Whyte-Melville: In Memoriam. By OUIDA	217
Wolsey, Cardinal, at Esher. By EDWARD WALFORD	360
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN, Gentleman:	
Sun-spots and commercial panics—A curious Welsh custom—	
Electricity and its wonders—Keats's Walk, and its threatened	
destruction—Shelley's death predicted by himself—The electric	
light and its describers—A successor to Thackeray's Police-	
man X.—Mr. Lewis's "double dummy" problem—A possible	
motive for regicide—"The Ancient Mariner": a question of	
punctuation	122
Mr. Whistler on "Art and Art Critics"—An aggrieved curate—	
Desertions from the army—Children at the pantomime—A	
monument to Rabelais—Algiers as a health-resort—The in-	
habitants of the estuary of the Ob—Mr. Foster on "Nature	
Myths" taken <i>au grand sérieux</i> —Modern superstition—Welsh	
railways—The aristocracy and <i>Noblesse oblige</i> —Country news-	
papers and their news—Hampstead Heath: a suggestion—	
"Non Angli, sed Angeli"	248
A child-companion at the theatre—War and its evils—Mr. Locker's	
"Patchwork"—"The Ancient Mariner" again—The club-	
steward and the cook—Vegetarian doctoring—Causes for dis-	
content in the navy—Women fighters—Scotch perception of wit	
—Cyprus, and references to it in literature—Rival journalists in	
<i>Glasgow</i> —Remembering whom one is talking to	376

	PAGE
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN, Gentleman— <i>continued.</i>	
An astronomical blunder—Criminals and their repentance—The electric light in the Museum reading-room—The <i>Rivista Europea</i> and its literary and artistic criticisms—The Oxford Undergraduate and Lord Beaconsfield—Foreigners' views of England and the English—International copyright—Illuminated buoys—A clerical anecdote—A lady with a diamond eye—Competitive examinations and their opponents—Self-sufficient machinery—Royal executors	504
Frenchmen and their want of accuracy—Easy swindling—"Ill-gotten gains"—The instinct of slaughter—Ecclesiastical mummery—Village club-houses—The Japanese <i>Punch</i>	637
Naturalism and M. Zola—The new Prince of Mantua and Montferrat—Houdon's statue of Voltaire : a strange story—A useful clergyman—Money-value of the Queen's name—The draining of Lake Fucino—Poor letter H!	755

ILLUSTRATIONS TO "UNDER WHICH LORD?"

DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS.

"ONLY THE NEIGHBOUR AND THE GENTLEMAN IS RECOGNISED IN THIS HOUSE"	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"NOW I WANT YOU TO WEAR THIS FOR MY SAKE AND THEIRS"	<i>to face page</i> 140
"I'D RATHER HAVE SEEN THEM GIVEN TO PIGS"	" 283
"SHE SANK BACK FAINTING IN HER FATHER'S ARMS"	" 422
LADY MAINE AND HERMIONE	" 532
"THE SWEETEST OF HER KIND"	" 642

•

185

186

187

188

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1879.

UNDER WHICH LORD?

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

CHAPTER I.

CROSSHOLME ABBEY.

CONTRARY to all expectation and the father's prophecy, the marriage had turned out a success. It had looked doubtful enough when it was made, having in it almost all the elements which lead from hope to disappointment and bring bitter fruits after fragrant flowers. Unsuitability of worldly position; that intensity of youthful passion which is so sure to cool down into a maturity of prosaic indifference; parental disapprobation, even when all active opposition was withdrawn—and parental disapprobation always carries a curse with it—yes, it was certain to turn out ill, said the world, adding up the crooked sum diligently, and seeing only sorrow as the result, as it has so often seen the like before.

And if nothing else were amiss, they were too young to know their own minds. Indeed this might be taken as the foundation of the whole sorry super-structure. A romantic girl of seventeen and an easy-going young officer of just twenty-one can hardly be expected to understand what is needed for solid happiness or the best development of their own natures; and, married at that age, the chances were that they would grow apart as they grew older, and that when they came to be a real man and woman they would find themselves thinking differently on every subject under heaven. And without mental sympathy where is the true joy of home?

Why the chances were greater that they should grow apart rather than together, and come to mental discord rather than to harmony, the *prophets of evil did not explain*. They only said that

it was so, and that the thing was certain ; and assertion to some people is as conclusive as proof.

Then, the money was on the wrong side.

Richard Spence, though emphatically a gentleman, had only his pay as a lieutenant in the army, while Hermione Fullerton was an heiress entitled to look among the aristocracy for her husband, had she been wise enough to wait and make use of her gifts. Young, exceptionally beautiful, amiable, wealthy—there was no state nor place below a throne to which, in her father's estimation of chances, she might not have reasonably aspired. Had she cared to marry a Roman prince she might have chosen among the proudest ; had she been content with an English Earl she might have found one to her mind and many to her hand. Instead of which, she fixed her affections on a mere nobody—a handsome, clever, well-conducted, good-tempered nobody if you like—but no more what she had the right to expect than if he had been the blacksmith or the shoemaker. So said her father in his wrath ; and his friends echoed his displeasure.

Being however a weak-willed man if an angry, and having always indulged her every wish, Mr. Fullerton suffered the girl to take her own way ; and before she had reached her eighteenth birthday the great heiress of Crossholme Abbey was married to her penniless subaltern of nowhere, to the indignation of her other suitors and the general dissatisfaction of the county.

Mr. Fullerton did what he could to neutralize the commercial disadvantages of the match by making things safe for his daughter and unpleasant for the man of her choice. Every farthing of her own fortune, inherited from her mother, was settled on herself : and though Richard had given up his profession, with its Indian appointment and contingent possibilities, at her instance, and therefore might have reasonably expected a certain provision without being considered a fortune-hunter, yet he had not even a life-interest in any part of the property ; and if his wife died before him all went to her children ; or, failing these, to her next of kin. It was submission to these terms, said Mr. Fullerton grimly, or no wife. He might choose which he would, but he had to choose one or the other.

As the young fellow was sincerely in love, money or no money, and felt that his life with all its grand inheritance of thought and feeling would be in vain if Hermione did not share it, he submitted—hard as the terms were ; and gave up his profession and independence as the sacrifice that he too made for love's sake. He

was not afraid that Hermione, loving and generous as she was, would ever make him regret his trust by the humiliation which it would be in her power to inflict. He knew that he was throwing himself as a dependent on her bounty, if she liked to make it so; but he was magnanimous enough to rely on the magnanimity of another, and, faithful for his own part, he believed in faithfulness as probable from most—from Hermione as certain.

Fortunately for the young people, Mr. Fullerton died about four years after their marriage. While he lived he made life hard enough for the young fellow whose union with his daughter he never forgave, and whose sonship he never acknowledged; and it took all Richard's sweetness of temper and practical philosophy to bear with patience the petty insults and galling annoyances to which he was daily subject at the Abbey. But all things come to an end, and the elder man died just as Hermione came of age; and even she felt, through all her natural sorrow, that the one sole danger to her happiness had been removed.

The first clause in his will provided that the young people should take his own name, and be thenceforth Fullerton. He would not recognize the husband even so far as to allow his name the penultimate place. The others made Hermione his heiress, with the same provision for her children or next of kin as in the marriage settlements; all benefit being denied to Richard, save such as came to him through the fact of his marriage and consequent sharing in his wife's possessions.

It was the hardest legal instrument that could be devised, and was like a blow in the young man's face from the dead. But it had just the contrary effect to that intended. Still so young—the love between them as fresh and fragrant as when they stood in the garden together on that memorable day, and Hermione, like Corisande, gave Richard a rose—the birth of their little daughter Virginia having been but an additional bond of union, and the death of the boy who came after drawing them as close by sorrow as this by joy—Hermione felt less the grateful daughter than the outraged wife; less the proud possessor than the reluctant heiress; and vowed amidst tears and caresses that nothing should ever make her act on the provisions of a will so unjust as this, or accept the undeserved place of superior assigned to her. Richard was her lord, as all husbands should be to loving wives; and what she was in name he should be in fact.

She placed everything unreservedly in his hands, and kept nothing for herself. Her first act of mistresshood was to give her

husband a power of attorney to deal with all as he would. This was the utmost that she could do, according to the will ; but both felt that, poor weak instrument as it was and revocable at pleasure, it was as firm and sure as if it had been an Act of Parliament duly signed by the sovereign. From cheques to leases all was in his hands, and she would not even learn what he did with the land and its revenues, nor how he exercised the manorial rights and privileges standing in her name. She was a woman without much reasoning faculty, and with no sense of property ; but with an overwhelming power of obedience and self-abnegation which made her the docile creature of the man whom she loved. And this sacrifice of her fortune, this transfer of her rights to the husband from whom they had been so jealously guarded, pleased her far more than power would have done.

Her reward lay in his love. Passion, romance, and mental exaltation were her life ; and in relation to the saying that human nature cannot live at high pressure, and that passion wears down into sober sense by use, she was the exception that proves the rule. She could have lived for ever at high pressure ; and her romance would never have worn itself out by use, if only it might be fed by the daily renewal of vows and caresses—the daily repetition of the sweet follies of the courting-time. What she dreaded most was the prosaic dulness of the common-place—what she most esteemed, perpetual mental excitement. If her husband would be always her lover, living only for her, and if her marriage might remain an unending courtship, she would ask no more of God or man. But she was not one with whom duty would ever take the place of emotion, or the quiet security of home stand her in stead of the unrest of romance.

If this was a weakness it was an amiable one ; and for the first four or five years Richard met her more than half-way, and made her life, as she used to say, like one long poem. But as time went on, and his love consolidated by very habit, he became, after the manner of Englishmen in general, less assiduous than content ; less the lover than the friend ; no longer suing for something not bestowed, but holding in such inalienable security that neither doubt was possible nor prayer needed. Besides, after Mr. Fullerton's death and his appointment as his wife's irresponsible agent, he had other things to do than sitting at her feet, or she at his, while he read aloud the last new novel, or the latest poem—her cheek against his knee and his hand among her golden curls. Truth to say, like all men who have anything in them, he had somewhat palled on this *Armida's garden* which in the beginning he had found so satisfactory,

so seductive. He wanted something beside the love without which, however, he could scarce have lived at all.

He loved his wife—no man better ; no man with more faithfulness, more trust, more devotion ; and just in proportion to the depth, the reality of his affection, seemed to him the value of quiet acceptance, and the uselessness of incessant demonstration. The thing was a fact ; and facts when once established have to be taken for granted. What was the good of always repeating what was so well understood ? The time for love-making had passed, and that for loving in deep and tranquil trust had come.

The time too had come for graver duties and deeper studies. He must take his place among men ; exercise such moral influence as his mental powers entitled him to exercise ; make up his mind on certain speculative matters which had begun to trouble him and to importune for a settlement ; and when his mind should be made up then his action would be clear. It was the natural development of youth into manhood ; and he would not have been the fine fellow he was had he not gone through the process. Love is the first heaven of the young man ; but then comes his life as a citizen among citizens ;—passion preceding thought, unrest giving place to calmness, and pleasure lost in work and found in knowledge.

But to a certain class of women this gradual development is never accepted with philosophy. They would keep their men always boys and never let the lover pass into the friend ; and they resent the law of nature which crystallizes that which was once fluid and transforms into quiet certainty the love which was once so delicious in its unrest. Hermione was one of these women ; and though she was too devoted to complain—having indeed nothing tangible of which to complain—she felt the nameless difference that crept by degrees into her life, and suffered as much as she had once been blessed. Where her husband, suspecting no dissatisfaction and conscious of no want, lived in supreme content and happiness, tranquil, secure, but a little abstracted, a little pre-occupied, she began to silently eat out her heart, and to recognize that her life had a void of which she knew neither the name nor the remedy.

Her husband ? No woman could have one more tender in all essentials, more devoted, more faithful. If he spent long hours away from her, he had, as he said, his local duties to attend to, and these must be fulfilled. And she could scarcely grudge him the dry studies to which he had devoted himself, and for which she had no aptitude, though he found them more entralling than art or poetry or love. *Biological science and ecclesiastical history ?*—she

cared neither for cells nor protoplasm; neither for the crack-brained subtleties of sectarian doctrines nor for the horrors of the Papal rule; nor yet for philological accuracy, and whether all the words in the Bible were rightly rendered or no;—in all of which matters Richard had cast his line, hoping to fish up Truth as his reward. No, she could not share his studies; but she had not therefore the right to interfere with them; and though she silently resented the time given to them as time stolen from her, she was wise enough to keep silence, and not to let him know that she was jealous of his microscope and wished that all his books on science were burnt in the fire.

On his side indeed he might argue that she had her child, who was naturally to her what his studies were to him—her little Virginia growing up in docility and sweetness unsurpassable, and lovely enough to justify even a mother's idealizing admiration. She felt all this, if she did not put it into so many words; and she used to ask herself, with health, fortune, a faultless husband, a sweet and interesting child, and the faculty of loving and rejoicing as fresh as when she was herself a child, how could she have a void? What was it? Why did she feel so lonely, so bereft as she did?—for in what blessing did she fail?

She could not tell. Nevertheless, there it was; a fact as true as the rest. She used to sigh when she read those tender bits of poetry, sang those yearning songs which once expressed her own condition, but which now seemed pictures of a land that she had lost, of a home whence she was shut out. Tears were often in her eyes as she looked at the golden sunset, or watched the changing clouds, or wondered at the mystery of the stars. She did not know what ailed her; but there was so often that aching at her heart as if her life were empty of some sweetness that it ought to have. The quiet security of her very happiness oppressed her with a sense of dumbness and sleep. It was all so monotonous and commonplace—all so unexciting! Days passed one after the other, and all exactly alike. Had she been poor she would have been forced to exert herself; forced to think and contrive and do; as it was, there was no need for any exertion whatsoever, and the neighbourhood afforded no pleasures of such brilliancy as to make them distracting and enlivening. Everything in her life was sleek and quiet and sleepy. The hours were fixed, their habits punctual. Richard gave all the morning, much of the afternoon, and often the best part of the evening, to his studies and pursuits; and when he wanted *to amuse her* told her some facts in natural history or the more re-

condite positive sciences, of which, not having the context, she did not understand the bearing and wondered at the importance which he assigned them.

If it were for things like those that he neglected her, she used to think, she wondered at his taste, and thought him both blind and cold. He was neither, as she knew; but it pleased her to believe him both, that she might have cause for the small thin thread of bitterness which was beginning to weave itself into the golden garment of her love. And when she looked into the glass and studied what she saw, that thin thread grew broader; for she knew that, thirty-eight as she now was, she was as beautiful as when she was first married, even if the fashion of her beauty had changed, as needs must with the passage of time. Still, if she were always lovely, Richard was no longer her lover; and of what use her charms if he had failed to see them?

Sometimes she thought this secret pining of hers came from an unregenerate heart and the want of vital religion. True, she went to church; but for form's sake and because it was expected of her as the duty owing to her position and to Virginia—not for spiritual need and less for spiritual comfort. She supposed that some things which she heard there were true, but she did not realize them, and she more than half doubted the rest. In the state in which she was religion was rather an irritation than a support, and the Bible perplexed instead of strengthening her. She did not know what in it was true, nor feel what in it was elevating. If there were such a thing as the Divine Life, the present vicar of Crossholme, sleepy, indolent, "unawakened" old Mr. Aston could not lead her to its knowledge; and at home she was even farther from help or guidance. Her husband's studies had led him into the opposite camp, and he had become a pronounced free-thinker—agnostic he called himself; infidel he was called by others. He had placed science in the seat of theology, and his life's endeavour now was to weaken the hold of the Christian faith on the minds of men:—not by reviling the creed and its professors, but by showing the contradictions which exist between nature and revelation, Genesis and science, by substituting knowledge for superstition, reason for faith, and history for mythology.

Not to give umbrage to any one, and especially not to Mr. Aston whose age demanded consideration if his character was unheroic, by using for his secular lectures, with their heterodox tendencies, the schoolroom where missionary meetings and the like were held, Richard had built just outside the gates of the Abbey park a working-man's

reading-room, which he had stocked with a good library, of anti-religious character, and where he himself gave lectures and held classes, chiefly scientific and historical, whence he trusted that his audience would draw conclusions favourable to free-thought and hostile to the domination of the Church. His opposition was always good-tempered and impersonal, even when most unmistakable; always courteous and founded on elemental principles, not on the practice of professors; the opposition of a gentleman and a fair opponent; but it was as strong as if it had been brutal, and all the more telling because it was so calmly reasoned.

As his studies grew in extent and deepened in character he became more and more confessedly a free-thinker, more and more convinced, he used to say, that modern Christianity is a string of errors founded on part falsehood, part misapprehension;—the Bible history a conglomerate of myths;—the influence of the Church the consolidation of intellectual darkness;—that belief without proof is folly, and faith as opposed to reason the superstition of savages and children;—that the highest duty of man is that which he owes to the community—his bravest act of spiritual manliness the confession of his spiritual ignorance. Mr. Aston, too old and self-indulgent to trouble himself for other men's souls, indifferent to all that was done in the parish provided he was left undisturbed, and liking both Hermione and her handsome husband, infidel as he was—more the pity!—too much to quarrel with him, received these shafts of modern thought on the broad shield of established position. Here was the church and here it would remain. Christianity had been argued out to the dregs, and proved divine by all the tests that could be applied; and what Tillotson and Blair and Chillingworth and Newton had believed he was not ashamed to accept. He had not seen yesterday's sun; and if any madman chose to say that it was not there because he had not seen it, why let him. What did it signify? and who was the worse for a fool's folly?

This was his stock of arguments; and of what vital good were such to a soul seeking for light in the darkness or wishing to be convinced of salvation in the midst of doubts on immortality?

So stood matters at Crossholme Abbey when Virginia had passed her nineteenth birthday by just two months; at which date this story opens. Her father, happy, busy, contented with his lot all round, giving his main strength to educating certain men, young and old, in the place into such knowledge of science as should lead them to the rejection of both Christian dogma and clerical influence; loving *and affectionate* to his own, but not living much with his family, and

less in society, was a grand and glorious figure in this life, truly ; but he was not her companion ; and at her age, with her nature, she wanted religion not philosophy, faith not scepticism, adoration of God and the angels not critical examination of verbal forms, nor isolated facts in natural history.

Her mother, outwardly happy because calm and uncomplaining—of what had she to complain?—inwardly withdrawing herself more and more from her husband, and secretly disposed to find things with him wrong which once were right—neither religious nor irreligious—feeling that it would be better if she could believe more faithfully and live more earnestly than she did, but as she could not—why, she could not!—always conscious of that dull aching void and suffering from her nameless yearning, but unable to kill the one or satisfy the other, was even less a guide, less a companion than her father might have been ;—and she herself, pale, sweet Virginia, beginning to ask herself restlessly the meaning of life—beginning to realize that it ought to contain more than the mere routine duties of a pleasant, peaceful, objectless home.

Pale, pure Virginia ! the most like a human lily to be seen anywhere !—the most of a saint out of canonization ! No sweet sad legend of maiden courage could show a more perfect ideal of the virgin-martyr than she was ; no child's dream of an angel could have found a truer impersonation. Tall, with abundant hair—not golden like her mother's nor chestnut like her father's, but of the true flaxen hue, and like heavy hanks of spun silk ; with blue eyes, large and mournful, but light where her mother's were as deep as sapphires and her father's were dark grey ; all her lines long and slender, full of unconscious grace, full of unconscious modesty ; indifferent to physical pleasures and averse from social gaiety ; devoted rather than expansive ; thoughtful rather than observant ; conscientious, truthful, ever eager to confess a fault, but more silent than communicative and seldom speaking of herself or her feelings—she was a natural nun ; and had she been a Roman Catholic her vocation would have been assured.

As it was, what was her place ? what her rightful functions ? She had no more of the romance of love in her nature than she had of care for dress or pleasure in dainty food ; so that marriage did not seem her fitting lot in the future, though it might be almost necessary because of her wealth and position. Indeed, the idea of marriage, when associated with her, seemed sacrilege rather than the fulfilment of a natural destiny ; and a common-place courtship would be an impossibility. *Her mother used to think that her own*

CHAPTER II.

MEASURING THE GROUND.

GREAT events were not frequent at Crossholme. At Starton, the county town some five miles away, more was stirring; and feuds and love-makings, deaths, marriages, and new things generally were of constant occurrence. Here at quiet Crossholme the great flood rolled more sluggishly, and history had but little to record. The death then of the old vicar, which happened rather suddenly at this time, was a matter of supreme importance; and who was to be his successor, and what he would be like, filled men's minds with speculations as grave as if the question had been, to the Romish Church, the consecration of an immortal pope, to the United States, the election of a life-long president.

It was a question of supreme importance even to Richard Fullerton; though standing for his own part so far beyond the outermost pale of the communion as to have neither sympathy of thought nor personal interest in anything within. All the same, the matter touched him nearly; more nearly indeed than many others whose minds had never wandered an inch beyond the fold. So far as things had gone hitherto he had been unmolested in his doings, and had not come into direct collision with anyone. True, he was called an infidel, and people pitied his poor wife for the certainty of eternal separation that she must foresee, when she, it was to be hoped, would go to heaven and he would be inexorably consigned to the clutches of the Evil One; and his lectures were considered a "pity" and nonsensical—for what did village carpenters and wheelwrights want with chemistry and astronomy, physiology and history? It was only filling their minds with things quite out of their sphere; making them conceited with a little knowledge, and doing no good anyhow.

But if the vicar and the resident gentry had not upheld, neither had they opposed; and Mr. Fullerton's reprehensible craze had been given fair play and its full swing.

Would the new vicar be as tolerant, and content himself with now a Shakespearian quotation, and now a Biblical, expressive of his contempt for the rabble and the inutility of casting pearls before swine? If he chose he could make things unpleasant enough for the iconoclast of the Abbey—as unpleasant, in another way, as his father-in-law had done. He could embarrass his relations with his men—as he called his little band of regular hearers—and either compel him to silence or *commit them to social ostracism*; supposing that he got the ear of

the place and used his power tyrannously. Starton was quite near enough, and communication between it and Crossholme frequent enough, to render this latter independent of local handicraftsmen; and a man of influence could, if he chose, starve out an obnoxious villager living by the goodwill of others. What if the new man did so choose?

These thoughts had come to Richard with painful vividness when he heard of Mr. Aston's sudden death; and now they were renewed, more vividly and more painfully, as he thought of his successor, the Honourable and Reverend Launcelot Lascelles, who had read himself in last Sunday, and on whom he and Hermione had been discussing at breakfast to-day the propriety of a welcoming visit. Knowing the new vicar by repute as one of the most advanced of the ritualistic party, with clear and well-defined views on the power of the priesthood and the submission of the laity, he felt that he must prepare himself for the struggle that was sure to come. The days of neutrality were over and those of strife were at hand. A man holding the most extreme doctrines as yet formulated—one who, assuming quasi-divine powers as part of his functions, preached confession as absolutely necessary for the health of the soul and priestly absolution as integral to God's forgiveness—who exalted the worship of the Virgin into a religious necessity, and taught the value of invocation to the saints and the pious need of priestly prayers for the souls of the dead—who was a Roman Catholic in all save name and obedience, being his own pope and college of cardinals in one; absolute by right of ordination, and owing no submission to the heads of the Church whereof he was an inferior member, nor to the laws of the country whereof he was a citizen, should either displease him—one who was contemptuous of modern science, sceptical of modern progress, and opposed to all forms of mental freedom—such a man as this at Crossholme, where the unthinking majority was careless and the thoughtful minority unbelieving! Yes, that meant a struggle, and Richard realized the position.

"But my men will not be warped," he thought, as he lifted his head from the microscope through which he had been looking—thinking rather than seeing;—for indeed the moment was grave. "They know the truth now, and the falsehood of all those fables which no man of sense can believe if once he dares to examine them by the light of reason. No priest will be able to get hold of them, trading as they all do on ignorance of scientific facts, on hysterical emotion, and on sensual impressionability. If he threatens them however with loss of work?—and is able to make his threats good? That is possible,

and what I fear more than all. Well, if he does, my income is large enough to bear even a severe drain, and I will help them as much as he hinders. Poor fellows! they shall come to no worldly loss for the sake of the truth, so long as I have sixpence to share among them."

It was characteristic of his trustful temper and unselfishness both that Richard thought of his men only, not in any way of himself or his own house; characteristic of his circumstances that he thought of *his* income, *his* power to do such and such things and deal as he thought best with the Abbey lands and revenues. He had been so long accustomed to supreme administration as to forget that in reality all belonged to Hermione, not to him, and that he was only her agent, to be dismissed at her pleasure and having no real power over what he had held for so long in undisputed possession. To have reminded himself of this would have been either a folly, as one who should make preparations for the end of the world, which yet is a great fact that has to come, and might any day—who knows?—but will not; or it would have been an act of *lèse majesté* against the best, truest, and most loving heart that ever made mortal woman precious to man.

Good, faithful wife! How thoroughly at that moment he realized her steadfastness, her loyalty; and how warmly he recognized his own good fortune in possessing her! His thoughts went back to those first days of his youth; and like a picture the whole thing passed in one rapid moment before his mind. He saw her as she was when they first met at the county ball, the prettiest creature whom he had ever beheld; he remembered how his passion grew and grew, though he neverdared to hope for a successful issue, because of her wealth and her father's known ambition. And yet those darkened eyes; that blushing face; that tell-tale sunny smile when they met; and those maddening tears when he told her that he was going, and she turned away sobbing, struggling vainly with her pride, overpowered by her despair!—and then he remembered how the floodgates of his own love opened; and the girlish joy that took the place of all this sorrow as she smiled up in his face "I love you!" and kissed the rose which she picked to give him as her token. He had that rose yet in his drawer. It was sacred to him, withered and faded as it was. Then all that followed:—her father's opposition and her own steadfastness; the marriage and its hard financial conditions; his life of small humiliations and her sweet cheerful love as his reward; the little one that came to bless and that remained—that other which came only to sorrow, and that left them; and now his calm, useful, busy life; her divine content; *Virginia's* sweet unsuspectingness of sorrow or of sin. How happy he

and they were! There was but one evil that could touch him, and that was Death. But, *absit omen!* That dreamless sleep was far from either, and years on years of love and peace lay before them. They would see their silver and their golden and even their diamond wedding, he thought, smiling to himself; and carry on their tottering knees Virginia's golden-haired grandchild. They were so happy! no one in the world more so! He wanted nothing, absolutely nothing; save perhaps that dear son whom he had so earnestly desired and so sorely regretted. But Ringrove Hardisty would one day be his son; so he hoped; and he believed as he hoped. The only difference was that the family would be continued in the female line; and that his daughter would inherit the property which had come to him through her mother. Yes; everything was right, and everything would go on as it had been for all these years.

And then he turned to his microscope again, and studied afresh the monad whose "life history" he too was recording as his contribution in a certain controversy raging among scientists with most unphilosophical warmth. Ah, this was something worth living for! The Honourable and Reverend Launcelot Lascelles was forgotten as if he had never existed. His love poem with Hermione faded as if no sweet echo had ever thrilled the fibres of his brain, the chords of his memory. Virginia and the lost son; Ringrove Hardisty and his hopes; his men and their possibilities of trouble—all were merged in the eager closeness with which he marked the changes from a line to a sac, and from a smooth sphere to an irregular figure of no denomination, of a transparent little creature not to be seen at all save under a magnifying power of some hundreds of diameters. And of what use pray, when seen? the unscientific world asks with a sneer.

And while he was studying and noting, absorbed in his work, the servant came into the room to tell him that the new clergyman, Mr. Lascelles, was in the drawing-room; and his mistress said would he please to come when convenient?

"Directly, John, directly," he answered, not looking up. "Tell your mistress I will be with her in a moment."

But the moment lengthened out into rather more than an hour before he came; for time flew fast with him and memory stopped still, and it was only when all his observations were made for the day that he remembered his wife's message, and that the new clergyman was waiting for him in the drawing-room. And all this time Mr. Lascelles had been sitting alone with Hermione, whose soul he had been probing and whose weak places he had been finding out with the

skill of a man accustomed to read character, to deal with opposition, and to convince ignorance.

He had found out certain things already. One was that she was weary—with that worst of all weariness, idleness; and that she would hail anything that gave her a new interest and new occupation. Another was that she was impressionable and he should judge weak; affectionate—but is it affection only, or is there not some admixture of vanity as well, which makes a woman amenable to a man's flatteries judiciously offered? And Hermione was amenable to flattery; else why that sudden flush, that bashful quiver of the downcast eyelids, when he, preparing the ground, spoke to her of the help in his great schemes and hopes for the parish which he expected from her, the Lady of the Manor, and of such sweet and noble repute as she was?

As for her husband, Mr. Lascelles ignored him altogether. When Hermione, woman-like, wife-like, put him forward, claiming first his permission before consenting to this plan, that proposal, or sure that he would never allow her to do this, to commit herself to that, the clergyman set him aside with a kind of lofty high-handedness, as if wifely submission were an old wife's tale unfit for a reasonable woman to hold, and for a Lady of the Manor, a lay rector, unseemly—considering all things. Had those things been the other way, and she the infidel, Richard the believer, perhaps his argument would have been different. But that was not the present question; and Hermione had not skill enough to see that certain principles are like chameleons which change their colour according to the ground on which they rest.

The first two things which the new vicar had it at heart to do were to parcel the parish out into districts—of which the ladies of the place were to be the visitors—and to organize a small surpliced choir. The first would give him the influence over the women, the second over the boys; and both would necessitate much personal intercourse between him and those of his flock whom it was most essential to win over into personal attachment and moral submission. The more advanced methods would have to wait. They would come in time; but the time was not yet ripe; and bold as he was he feared that he might frighten some of the more timid and put the cautious on their guard were he to unfold the whole of his programme at once. Besides, of what good to say "I intend" or "I wish" when you cannot do? Why call the world to criticize the house of which even the stones are not yet quarried? For the present he must be *content* with the beginnings, of which to gain first the confidence

and then the obedience of this pretty, sensitive, well-endowed woman was the most important.

Already even in their first short interview of one hour he had made some way with her. He had got her to promise that she would use her influence with her husband should he oppose her wish to support the two new schemes—which were all that he exposed to-day—of district-visiting and the surpliced choir. He had got her to confess that, though she was the happiest woman in the world—quite the happiest; repeated with suspicious fervour—life at Crossholme was rather dreary, and religion without ceremonial fatally poor and unsatisfactory. He had put the words into her mouth, and he made her assent to them. She had not known that it was an advanced ritual for which her soul had been hungering all this time; that she sighed when she looked at the sunset for want of candles on the altar, and processions round the church; or that tears came into her eyes when she sang certain sentimental old songs because the saints' days were not observed and they had no harvest-home thank-offerings. Had she confessed truly she would have said it was quite another thing; but as he had told her with a sweet smile, courtly, kind, and patronizing all in one, that he could read her like an open book—"an open book of goodly print and fair illuminations," he added, thinking flattery like everything else lawful that should win power to the Church—why she had smiled and blushed and said that his penetration was marvellous; that he was very kind; that she would be glad indeed to see his views established; and that in fact she would help him to the utmost of her ability:—which was about the best hour's work, looking at things from his point of view, that the Honourable and Reverend Launcelot Lascelles had ever accomplished.

"I can scarcely say how happy it has made me to find you so ready to put your hand to the good work," he said with just the right amount of enthusiasm and gratitude. More might have startled her; only so much warmed and animated. "And you yourself will gain so immeasurably in happiness—happy as you now are—when you feel that you have brought such a glorious duty into your life."

"All duty helps one's happiness," said Hermione, rather vaguely.

"But duty to God through His Church the most," returned the vicar with impressive gravity.

She raised her eyes to his as he spoke. His tone half frightened her. If she wanted a new excitement, some fresh emotion, she did not want to be put all at once into religious fetters; and like so many she mixed up gloom and religion as inseparable. He seemed to read her thoughts with that quick perception of his which was like another sense.

"And in the Church," he said quietly, "there is such ever-varying interest, such a wide and healthy and affectionate companionship, that all the best human instincts are cultivated at the same time that the work of faith is being carried on. We are a world in ourselves—the most cheerful, the most united, and the happiest to be found anywhere:—a band of brothers and sisters all working towards a common end, and emulous only in doing good according to the directions of the Church, through the Superior."

His picture re-assured her.

"I have always thought that I should like to belong to some kind of organization," she said. "It must give one such a feeling of support."

"Yes; as you will prove," he answered.

"But my husband?" she objected timidly.

He smiled. "We do not come between husband and wife, because we wish the services to be well performed, and the authority of the Church acknowledged by the laity!" he answered soothingly but with a touch of sarcasm. "You need have no fear on that head, Mrs. Fullerton. The sole chance of collision between you and your husband is, if he refuses to allow you free exercise of your own conscience—and your own means. From all that I hear he will not; and from all that I see"—gallantly—"he could not, if you exert your influence over him and win him to consent."

"He is very, very good," she answered; "but he has such a dread of the whole thing!"

"He will be won over," returned Mr. Lascelles with a cheerful smile. "He is a candid person—so says report; and though now notoriously astray, yet believe me, God will not leave him always in error—and you will be the chosen instrument to bring him into the light of truth."

She sighed.

"I should be very glad," she answered; but she did not kindle at the thought. She knew the ground too well to believe in what was well-meant encouragement, truly, but futile because founded on ignorance of the real state of things.

Then she was silent, and a certain change passed over her face as she caught the sound of her husband's footsteps through the hall. He opened the door just as Mr. Lascelles was saying in a perfectly natural voice:

"What a magnificent view you have from this south window. It seems to me the most perfect I have seen."

"Oh, Richard, Mr. Lascelles," said Hermione, with an unusual

nervousness in her manner. Then, as if recollecting herself: "My husband," she added, looking at her visitor.

The two men met; looked at each other fixedly; and shook hands. So do men before the fight which may end in the death of one of them. They knew that they met as foes, and they mutually measured their strength and took the ground in that first searching glance. Absolutely unlike they were yet well matched. They were of the same age; both handsome, well-educated gentlemen; both entirely sincere in their convictions; both positive that they had found the truth and ready to defend their principles to the death. Mr. Lascelles, tall, courtly, graceful; with a high forehead and smooth-shaven face; thin lips closing in a firm and colourless line, but mobile and full of expression when in speech; a high thin nose, the transparent nostrils of which easily quivered and dilated; a narrow but high head, and short coal-black hair already thinning about the temples; a nervous organization betokening a nature full of hidden fire and restrained eagerness; with manners of singular grace and courtliness, but through all their polish the pride of the aristocrat and the scorn of one who holds himself intellectually superior to the mass, and spiritually illumined where others are dark, breaking out in every look and feature;—was ecclesiastic to his finger tips.

Richard, with curling hair as thick and luxuriant now as when he was twenty, but with more white in it than chestnut; a bushy beard and moustache veiling the full kind mouth but not concealing the bright good-humoured smile that came on it so often; his dark grey eyes, speculative, mild and calm; his manner not so courtly as the other's but more genial; his latent energy as great but less nervous, less impatient; for the irrepressible pride and sarcasm of the conscious superior substituting that subtle deference, that patience with ignorance which shows the man to whom humanity is sacred, looked in his turn what he was—a philosopher untouched by personal sorrow or spiritual disquiet; glad of such light as he had found in proved fact, and for the rest content with darkness till full illumination should come.

But deep as was the antagonism between them, the beginning of things was trivial enough.

"You have not been long here, I think?" said Mr. Fullerton in his rich voice and rather slow utterance. "We were talking of you at breakfast this morning, and arranging when we should call."

"Thank you," said Mr. Lascelles with a slight smile. "Your visit to my sister will be welcome when she has arranged her home

affairs so as to be able to receive you. That will be social; this of mine to you is functional. I am making acquaintance with all my parishioners, as their priest—not as a householder just yet.”

“Priests are not much in my line,” said Richard, quite simply and as of course. “The Vicar is a neighbour and so far one of ourselves; but I make the distinction between the man and his office.”

Mr. Lascelles raised his eyes. They were not handsome in form or colour, but they were keen and searching. He had the habit of keeping them for the most part lowered, with the taught and artificial humility of the Romish priest, but he used them with effect when he did look up. He raised them now, suddenly, swiftly, and looked full into Richard Fullerton's face.

“A distinction without a difference,” he answered. “A priest is always a priest and does not put on his character with his surplice.”

“Only the neighbour and the gentleman is recognized in this house,” said Mr. Fullerton, with the same kind of simplicity of truth, but perfectly urbane.

“Yes, I have heard something of that,” said Mr. Lascelles, even more urbane than his host. “But,” with sudden frankness, “that is not my affair.”

“No,” said Richard, “it is mine.”

“What is my affair,” resumed Mr. Lascelles, as if he had not heard him; though Hermione had flushed and looked across at her husband uneasily—why flourish his flag so aggressively, so obtrusively? she thought—“and a serious matter too, is to get the parish into good working order and the service into decent condition. I find everything in disorder—everything neglected. The church services are disgraceful—the choir nowhere—the whole thing deplorable; and I must appeal to my parishioners for support. The first thing that I have to do is to divide the parish into districts, of which I must ask the several ladies of the place to be my visitors. I came here to-day to secure the services of Mrs. and Miss Fullerton.”

“My wife and daughter will, I fancy, scarcely join you in your church-work,” said Richard with a tranquil smile. He felt so sure of his own!

“No? Not to do kindly services to our poorer brethren?—not to help a struggling woman, say, with a friendly word in season?—not to show those who suffer that we sympathize with them and understand their needs?—not to comfort them in their afflictions?—aid them in the dark hours where friendly sympathy can do so much? You, who are *said to feel* so much zeal for humanity, can scarce refuse that!”

Mr. Lascelles spoke with fervour; his eyes glittering with the heat of the struggle that had begun so soon, and on the issue of which he based so much of the future; but he was entire master of himself and his methods, and took the tone which he thought most efficacious to his purpose. Then turning to Mrs. Fullerton he said appealingly:

"Mrs. Fullerton, your woman's heart will plead my cause and the cause of the poor with your husband. Wife and mother yourself, you know that I am asking from you the duty owed by one woman to another, and I feel sure that you cannot refuse me! What do I pray of you?—to take a certain district and to look to the poor dwelling within its area as your special care, so that when they are sick you will visit them, when in sorrow comfort them, when in want relieve them. Can you refuse?"

"Indeed, Richard," said Hermione shyly, "I, and I am sure that Virginia too, would like to have a district to look after. It would be something to interest us as well as doing good to the poor," with a faint sigh which Mr. Lascelles caught and her husband did not. "And we ought to do some good in the parish," she added.

"You do already, my dear, a great deal of good," said Richard with surprise. "You have your poor women and your weekly pensioners and your soup doles—why! it seems to me that you do an immense amount of kindly work among the poor."

"Not under organization," said Mr. Lascelles.

"Which is just what I object to; church organization is the leaven that ruins all, in my mind."

"Surely not! It is order that saves the world from chaos and destruction," cried Mr. Lascelles; "you must allow that, Mr. Fullerton, standing every inch on your own ground. Sporadic activities are of no value anywhere. It is the closely serried phalanx that carries all before it."

"And this is a phalanx of which I do not wish anyone belonging to me to form a part," said Richard, rather more slowly than usual.

"Not for the good of humanity?—the simple relief of physical misery?—and you the friend of man!" Again Mr. Lascelles fixed his bright keen eyes on the face before him; and, looking at it, smiled. "This is no question of doctrine," he said, as if coaxing a child to look behind the screen where some ugly phantom had been thrown; "it is merely one of kindly practice; and I think we both see that your wife wishes it."

"My wife would *do nothing against my wish*," said Richard,

turning to her with a confident air. Mr. Lascelles also looked at her, his eyebrows slightly arched.

"I do not think there is anything in this to pain you, dear," said Hermione gently; "it is only to visit the poor."

It was rarely indeed that she ever held her own against his desire. Her worst show of displeasure against him had never been more than the childish pettishness, the half-innocent waywardness of a pretty woman who thinks herself unappreciated—of a loving one who thinks herself unduly neglected. But now her promise to Mr. Lascelles compelled her; and indeed Richard was unreasonable to object, she thought; there was nothing wrong in having a district and going about among the poor!

Her husband's quiet face clouded for a moment with perplexity rather than displeasure. The shadow passed as quickly as it came.

"You are the mistress of your own actions, my dear," he said pleasantly; "if you wish it, by all means."

"Then may I count on you and Miss Fullerton?" the vicar asked in a matter-of-fact way, looking down as he took out his bulky pocketbook and made an entry. His voice was clear, but his nostrils quivered. He had gained the first victory, and he accepted it as an omen. Holding his hand where he had written her name, but not looking up at Hermione—"yourself and your daughter?" he said again.

She turned to Richard.

"Do you object to Virginia's joining me?" she asked in quite her own manner of sweet submission for love's sake: the manner which, with her rare untouched beauty, made her like a great girl more than a matron with a marriageable daughter.

"The daughter goes with the mother," he answered gently. "What you think right for her is right."

He was a man to do things handsomely if at all, and not to skimp his grace in details; but Hermione, womanlike, almost wished that he had made a stand and refused his consent altogether for both; for all that she had just mentally accused him of unreasonableness in objecting; and a sharp pain struck her heart as she thought: "He cares so little for me now, he does not even forbid me to do what he does not like."

Mr. Lascelles, like many of his class, was a man of consummate tact when needed and of as much boldness when boldness was the better policy. He understood how far he could go, and felt his *ground* with the skill of a practised pioneer, and rarely made a

blunder. The question of the district-visiting settled, there remained that of the choir, and he thought it better to bring this forward at once. He saw that he could count on Hermione, at least for the moment; but he could not be sure of her stability; and he saw that her husband was true to his principles of liberty and self-assertion, and that she could do, with a little pressure, what she wished. It would score something considerable for him to have the Fullerton name at the head of his subscription list; and in the uphill fight before him he disdained no advantage that he could get. His work would be heavy enough with every advantage. There was the dead weight of long-time indifference and the custom of generations to pull against, as well as the active opposition of those to whom an advanced ritual would be naturally abhorrent—fraught with mysterious danger, no one could exactly say what; and to gain the public support of the confessed free-thinker of the parish, the richest man in it—if rich only by right of his wife; and one of the most respected in all save his diabolical opinions—diabolical enough, however saintly his life might be—to gain the name and aid of Richard Fullerton would be a step of incalculable value. Wherefore he took the leap now at once; the iron was hot and would bear a second blow, he thought.

"Now," he said, his thin lips relaxing into a smile which did not reach his eyes; "now you must help in the formation of a properly trained surpliced choir. The present state of things is simply disgraceful, and must not be allowed to go on."

"No, no," said Richard; "that is impossible. Do with the services what you like, and what the parish will bear—that is your affair and theirs—but do not ask me to give you a farthing of my money or a helping hand any way."

"If not you—I can understand and respect your opposition; it is fair and consistent—but if not you, then Mrs. Fullerton," said the vicar with his courtly air. "But let us argue the question on its merits. What reasonable objection can you have to this? There are certain fixed musical passages in the service which now are sung abominably; what danger can you see in a well-trained choir, with a distinctive dress, doing that well which now is done ill, but which, well or ill, has to be done somehow?"

"It is the thin end of the wedge," said Richard; "and I cannot lend my name to any part of a system of which I disapprove all the parts alike."

"The thin end of the wedge! Surely, Mr. Fullerton, you are not the man to cherish a superstitious fear or indulge in a baseless fancy; and what is this but a superstitious fear? Are you all to be

Romanized—which I suppose is your special *bête noire*—because the *Nunc Dimittis* and the *Te Deum* are sung together in tolerable time, instead of being, as now, bawled out in all directions, and with more false notes than true?”

“I know all these arguments so well; so did Reineke,” said Richard. “They are always the same; the innocent beginnings of the fatal end.”

“Then I must appeal again to Mrs. Fullerton,” said Mr. Lascelles, a sudden flush on his pallid face and his keen eyes flashing. “She is the Lady of the Manor and the lay-rector, to whom rightfully, and legally, the care of the chancel belongs; and I appeal to her sense of justice and propriety whether things are tolerable as they are, or whether she will not give her assistance to make them if only decently creditable.”

Hermione looked distressed, but the vicar’s reasoning seemed to her both just and unanswerable.

“Things are certainly very bad,” she said in a low voice and as if apologetically; “they ought to be improved, Richard. You see you do not go to church, and do not know how carelessly the services have been performed, nor how excruciating the singing is.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Fullerton,” said Mr. Lascelles quickly; “I shall count then on your subscription.”

For the first time since her marriage Richard Fullerton’s wife wished that she had kept some part of her income in her own hands. Hitherto she had never desired more than she had had for the asking. She was an indolent woman in every-day affairs; and as the house-keeper kept the books and overlooked the tradesmen’s accounts on the one hand, and the milliner supplied her with all that she wanted and sent in the bill on the other, and her husband paid everything by cheque, she had no need for more than the few loose shillings wanted for her visits to the poor; and she had not the trouble or responsibility of keeping a purse, which she was always losing or mislaying. Now however she wished that she had money to use as she liked, with or without her husband’s sanction.

“My name shall not go to help any scheme of the kind,” repeated Richard a little more slowly and a great deal more emphatically than his wont.

“But Mrs. Fullerton’s?”—asked the vicar, emphasizing the title.

“Mrs. Fullerton thinks as I do,” replied Hermione’s husband.

“Surely not,” cried Mr. Lascelles. “The Lady of the Manor—the lay rector—refuse to help in the decent ordering of the church services? Forgive me, Mr. Fullerton—you ought to know

best, of course—but I should have thought Mrs. Fullerton too true a woman to sanction the present disorder, and with too lively a sense of her position in the parish to make it possible that she should not see where her duties lay.”

Hermione flushed. How he insisted on her rights! But, after all, she was what he said—she was something more than Richard’s wife. She was the actual proprietor of all; and had she not her duties? He had insisted on those duties in the conversation which they had had together—insisted on them strongly, and as if they were too patent to need subtlety or delicacy of handling.

“Oh, we settled that long ago,” said Richard, turning to his wife with a smile. “We revised the old Latin speech, and made it after our own pattern. Where she is Lady, I am Lord.”

“You refuse then?” Mr. Lascelles asked quickly; also turning to her. “You wish the present disgraceful state of things to continue, and throw the weight of your influence and your name into the scale of disorder, neglect, and artistic unloveliness? You must remember, Mrs. Fullerton, that, right or wrong—I am not here to argue that part of the question—the Established Church is a fact which cannot be got rid of. The question then is, shall it be an elevating, refining, and ennobling fact, or one that does more harm than good by its want of decency and artistic truth?”

“Things are very bad at Crossholme, certainly,” said Hermione; “and indeed, dear Richard, I should like to see them improved! I should like to subscribe to the choir. In my position, it is only right.”

“You must act according to your sense of right,” her husband said, after a pause. “In my position” ran in his ears like some strange speech of which he had not the key. “You know my feelings, but I do not coerce yours, nor forbid your action.”

“Whatever your private feelings may be, the fact is simply this, that the musical parts of the services are at present very inharmoniously rendered, and that it would be better to have them well done, if only for the sake of good art,” said Mr. Lascelles, arguing the question on its evident merits.

“That is only reasonable,” put in Hermione; “and, after all, Richard, what possible harm can come of a well-trained choir?”

“The game usually begins with a well-trained surpliced choir,” said Richard; “the game that ends in the denial of all freedom of thought, and the substitution of the most monstrous superstition for truth.”

“Do you scent Romanism and the Inquisition in a dozen linen

surplices to cover the ugly and not always decent jackets of so many school-boys?" asked Mr. Lascelles with open sarcasm.

"Richard!" cried Hermione, in remonstrance. She thought it so ill-bred in her husband to insist on his dislike to Christianity in the presence of a clergyman, and one like Mr. Lascelles!

"My opinions on this subject are not new, and they are well known," said Richard, very slowly. "I understand the whole thing only too well."

"I am sorry to find you so bitter," Mr. Lascelles answered, with perfect temper; "and, as I must think, scarcely fair to yourself. But the question presses for a settlement, and I have already trespassed on your time more than I ought to have done. What am I to do then?—consider you as opponents to my choir, or put you down as subscribers?"

"I am an opponent," said Richard.

"And you, Mrs. Fullerton?"

"No; I cannot call myself an opponent," she answered, looking down.

"A subscriber then?"

She turned appealingly to her husband.

"Do you wish to subscribe, Hermione?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered in a lowered voice. "I ought to do so."

"You are mistress of your own actions," he said as he had said before; but only after a moment's silence. He was a little bewildered and scarcely knew how things were. "Subscribe if you will, my dear," he added more naturally. "How much?"

"Twenty pounds," said Hermione, ignorant of the value of money.

"So much? You are more than generous," said her husband, looking disconcerted. "I should have thought five, or even one, sufficient."

"As Lady of the Manor?" sneered Mr. Lascelles, always touching the same chord.

"Not too generous, surely," pleaded Hermione. "You see, dear, I ought to do more than anyone else."

"Twenty pounds be it, then. Shall I write the cheque now?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Lascelles. "If you please. I shall not have to inculcate on you the duty of obedience," he continued in a peculiar voice, when he and Hermione were alone. It was a voice rasped with sarcasm, for all its honeyed words of praise. "You are the model of conjugal submission, and I foresee will one day be as *dutiful a daughter of the Church as you are now a wife.*"

"I have always tried to do my duty," stammered Hermione feeling that he was mocking her, and that he disapproved while he commended.

"And even more than the strict lines of duty. You, the owner of all, cannot even write your own cheques—cannot even subscribe for the well-ordering of your own property without the permission of your husband, whose life you have made?—Admirable! but almost too admirable!"

"We have always lived like this," said Hermione.

"The doctrine of perfection carried out to its ultimate, but in a wrong direction," returned Mr. Lascelles, below his breath.

Then Richard came back, and soon after the new vicar took his leave.

"The thin end of the wedge, indeed!" he said to himself, as he walked down the park road, and drew his breath hard. "The thin end of the wedge, and soon the thick!—when the power of this accursed infidel will be split asunder, the Church delivered from a formidable foe, and the souls of a now lost household saved."

CHAPTER III.

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

ALL the land round about Crossholme had once belonged to the Church. In the Abbey grounds were part of the cloisters and the remains of a grand east window overgrown with ivy, where the owls made their nests and the bats found their resting-place, and where fragments of fine old carving were still at times turned up from beneath the soil. Indeed, had anyone cared, it would have been easy to have traced out the whole ground-plan of the monastery by the fragments which were left and by the plates in early county histories before the ruins had become so shattered as they were now. But the place had come into the possession of the Fullertons before archæology was in fashion, and the ruins were—just ruins, which had given the stones for the new house when it was built some hundred and fifty years ago, and out of which the builder had also made capital lime for mortar. Still, there it was—Church property self-determined; and the names which still clung to other places in the neighbourhood bore evidence to the former ecclesiastical character of the estate, if indeed further evidence than the old title-deeds were wanting.

Churchlands, where the Molyneux family lived, had been an old farm leased by the Benedictines to a far-away ancestor of the present

proprietor, who had bid for the holding when the Dissolution was ordained. This ancestor, one Beaulieu, was by no means in the direct line, and on the female side if at all; but the last Molyneux had traced the stream, at least to his own satisfaction, and if he had had to make hypothetical bridges across unquestionable gaps, why, all genealogies show the like, and he was no more daring than his neighbours.

Monkshall, the property of young Ringrove Hardisty, had been a kind of offset of the Abbey, where were lodged with more or less of pomp and hospitality those strangers whom it would have been inconvenient to receive in the monastery itself. The very name of the parish, Crossholme, was entirely ecclesiastical; and Mr. Lascelles felt like a man unlawfully dispossessed—a son unjustly disinherited—when he looked round on the beautiful country and well-favoured land which the Church had once called her own, and which was now held by usurpers and heretics. For to him the National Church as it is had lapsed greatly; and he, like all his sect, had vowed himself to do his best to purge it of its sin of Erastianism, and to restore it to its supremacy as in olden times.

Mr. Lascelles was not in any sense a hypocrite—not one of those pious mountebanks who pretend the faith which in their secret soul they despise. On the contrary, he was earnest and ardent to fanaticism; but he was insincere just so far as this—that he disdained no weapons by which he thought he might deliver a telling blow; and he knew so well how to make himself all things to all men that he could even feign liberality and the allowance of private judgment when talking with unbelievers whom he thought it worth while to conciliate. He was thoroughly alive to his good gifts of person, birth, and manners, which he counted on as aids and auxiliaries, as a man reckons up his various sources of income when he is laying out his expenditure. He knew that his intellect was clear and keen; and that his knowledge of books and men was greater than that of most. He even understood that a romantic name like his—a name savouring of chivalry and knighthood and sentimental romanticism, and thus uniting the splendour of man with the religious authority of the priest—was a small point in his favour; at least with women who need to have their imagination warmed as much as the average man demands that his reason shall be satisfied. And he understood to the fullest the value of women as helpers as well as subjects. Their sympathies, and the submissive activities of young men still in the first ardour and fervour of their age, and while retaining something of the *feminine element* in their zeal for faith and their abhorrence of doubt,

were the allies to which he trusted. For men of mature judgment and independent thought—reasoning, cool, far-sighted men—he left them alone.

His avowed work here at Crossholme was to bring the services of the Church into conformity with a more advanced ritual; his secret dream to get back some of the forfeited property if he could so far work on the consciences of the present holders. From being one of the wealthiest monasteries in England, Crossholme had been carved down into one of the poorest livings, fit only for a man of independent means to hold. If, then, he could so win over to the truth any of those now possessing unlawful lands—he must always insist on the spiritual sin of their possession—as to induce them to restore to the Church what rightfully belonged to the Church, he should have done one good deed in his life, and fulfilled to some extent the purpose to which he had dedicated himself.

The work that he had set himself to do was hard, but, perhaps for that very reason, all the more attractive. A trial of strength was of all things that in which he most delighted, essentially a fighting man as he was, though his weapons were only mental. When he reckoned up his chances they were not so entirely desperate as they seemed at first sight. True, there was Richard Fullerton in his way—the most formidable adversary that he had. A man of large means, of local influence, of blameless life, and universally respected—yes, he was a formidable adversary indeed, in appearance. But looking nearer? Mr. Lascelles, knowing the world, knew that a man openly professing rationalism—which Christians take to be high-polite for atheism—is a man having no solid foothold in English esteem. He may be as virtuous as Marcus Aurelius, as truth-loving as Socrates, as great as Plato, but—he disbelieves the Seven Days, the handful of clay, the rib, and the Tower of Babel; he denies that the sun and moon were ever stayed; he proves by anatomy that Jonah could not have been swallowed by a whale; he doubts the cruse of oil and the ravens that fed the prophet; and he asks how all the kingdoms of a sphere could have been seen from the top of any mountain in Judea or elsewhere; and it is therefore supposed that he is capable of every crime that can disgrace humanity, and that if he have not committed himself hitherto it has been for want of temptation, not for want of will to yield should that temptation come. No; Richard Fullerton's position was impregnable to look at; but there were weak places in this brazen tower, and it was his business as a priest and a teacher of truth to find them out, and bring down that man of sin to destruction.

If the wife could be gained he knew that the husband would

neither make a party of opposition nor be able to head it to any serious result if made ; for if she could be won over Mr. Lascelles, who had learnt all about his parishioners long before he took the living, knew that he would have carried the key of the position. Without money what could Richard Fullerton do? and was it not in her power to revoke her former deed of resignation and take back her lapsed rights? Could she be won so far as this?

Young enough still to feel the want of some passionate interest in life, Hermione was at that age when a woman begins to long for new emotions. Her husband has become by now only her friend, and any romantic impulse to himward is stale and dead if not ridiculous, and sure to be repulsed. Her children, if she has many and is strongly maternal, may certainly supply all her mental cravings, by love, by occupation, by the constant interest of their ever-changing development. If she has only one—a daughter, say—she may renew her own youth by sympathy with her girl's fresh feelings and new experiences.

But there was nothing of all this for Hermione. More a natural nun than a likely wife, yearning for what neither father nor mother could give her, and indifferent to all that the world had to offer, Virginia was as little sufficient for her mother's happiness as mistress of her own ; and Mrs. Fullerton was therefore, as Mr. Lascelles partly knew and partly divined, unoccupied ground waiting only the hand of the tiller. What then might not be done with one whose life was rusting for the want of using? Religious enthusiasm, all the more potent because new ; the constant occupation given by the Church ; the pleasant fluttering of the female spirit, found in submission to a new direction, a new influence, a new love if you will, which the conscience approves and which neither the husband nor society can condemn ; the excitement of assisting in the development of a stately ritual in her own church, and the natural human pride of being pointed out as the beneficent donor, the generous benefactor ; the pressure brought to bear by an organization of which she had made herself part ; all this would give her new interest, the passionate life that she needed, and make her his plastic instrument. Could he reach her? He thought he could. He had seen enough in that one visit to have proved her amenable to his influence, and to be touched by an appeal to her conscientiousness, her vanity, and her sentiment all delicately interwoven. If he could hold her securely, he could destroy her husband's accursed influence in the place and bring back to the Church—or banish from the place—the *souls* which he had warped and led to ruin.

And for the rest? There were the two young Molyneuxs—Cuthbert and his sister Theresa, living with their aunt Catherine at Churchlands. Cuthbert had just returned from Cambridge, where he had taken only a moderate degree—not disgracefully low but not honourably high—and where he had distinguished himself by his romantic Ruskinism, his enthusiastic desire to do good and serve God, rather than by his zeal for science or his devotion to lectures and the classics. He was thus far a convert ready made, and Mr. Lascelles anticipated here an easy success. His young sister, Theresa, was enthusiastic like himself, warm and devoted; their Aunt Catherine was good, gushing, weak, and with no more reasoning faculties than a child;—Churchlands was a rich property; and the outlook was bright.

Young Ringrove Hardisty, at Monkshall, was not so promising. He was the ideal of one kind of Englishman, but not the kind which goes readily into ecclesiastical excesses. He was commonly reputed to have been tainted by Richard Fullerton's diabolical influence, and to be nearly as great an infidel as himself. He was not a man of science however, like Richard, but especially a man of action—one of the born rulers of a country society. He was a tall, powerful, handsome young fellow of nine-and-twenty, with the traditional blue eyes and curling, short-cut golden hair of the Saxon race to which he emphatically belonged; a man incapable of meanness, of cruelty, of subterfuge, or of cowardice, but also incapable of mysticism or of spiritual intoxication; and though generous and noble, more likely to be a benevolent despot in his dealings with others than a submissive son of the Church, or a husband whose wife held the reins. From all accounts Ringrove Hardisty was not a likely subject for manipulation. The only hold on him came through his known love for Virginia Fullerton. She gained, with her mother, he might be brought within the fold of the dutiful children, as wild elephants are cajoled by the tame ones.

Going on, the Nesbitts at Newlands offered only pretty Beatrice as in any way likely for his purpose. Mrs. Nesbitt was a sweet kindly-natured woman, loving and soft truly; but she was not *désœuvrée* like Mrs. Fullerton, nor gushing and weak like Miss Catherine Molyneux. She had a family of ten children to look after, of whom the eldest was Beatrice—called familiarly Bee when not Beata, or sometimes more irreverently Belva, on account of that curly head of hers, and broad natural fringe, which some one said was like a pretty little wild bull's. And naturally such a mother as Mrs. Nesbitt finds in her family that kind of healthy and absorbing

occupation which leaves a woman no time to dream or to regret, and which takes all her strength in doing the duty lying plain before her without the need of casting about for that which is irrelevant and adventitious. Mr. Nesbitt himself, bred a lawyer and now the county court judge of the district, was a shrewd, hard-headed man, with an Englishman's dread of ecclesiastical domination, and certainly not likely to make one of the new vicar's vanguard. But he was a Conformist; and if the whole parish were swept into the ritualistic net, in all probability he would find himself too among the meshes. Nevertheless, he was one to be handled gently, and to be craftily blindfolded while led.

The Campbells and the Stauntons, the Davidsons and the Lawleys, were people of that uncertain quality on whom no man can count. They were of the second set, and would either follow implicitly as their social superiors led, or oppose them openly for the sake of making another party of their own. He could not foresee which way it would be, but he thought the chances were in favour of the former. If the latter, he believed that he should be able to make them feel excluded from the parochial aristocracy, not that they had excluded him and his.

And truly things ecclesiastical had fallen into a sufficiently bad state at Crossholme to justify a sweeping reformation. The wave of church restoration, which has swept over almost all England, had not stirred the sleepy shallows of Crossholme, nor washed away the unsightly dust that had accumulated through many generations of neglect and indifference. The pews were still like cattle pens, of all shapes and sizes and heights, where the congregation stood in all positions, and where comfortable corners and high baize-lined backs still afforded snug sleeping-places out of the preacher's sight. The choir, such as it was, sat in the raised seats at the end; the school-mistress played the harmonium, which was always out of tune and of which she was notably afraid, while the more daring lads played marbles or gave shrill whistles when they were kneeling, and the more timid girls only giggled and passed lollipops from mouth to mouth. The chancel was large and bare. There were only a few backed benches in it for the servants of the Abbey, Monkshall, and Churchlands; and the Tables with the Creed and Lord's Prayer, so old and time-worn as to be almost illegible, were the sole ornaments on the white-washed walls. The whole condition of things was haphazard and neglected, so far as the church went; but the village was wonderfully moral, and "Mr. Fullerton's men" were a *splendid set of fellows*, who did much to give a tone to the whole

place. They were men against whom slander itself could find nothing to say, save that they too disbelieved in the Seven Days and the staying of the sun and moon; that they did not come to church, but went to Mr. Fullerton's scientific lectures instead; and that they held the modern doctrines concerning evolution and the origin of species. But of what good is it that working men should be moral, sober, thoughtful, and in every way respectable and well conducted, if they do not believe in verbal inspiration and the power of one man to bind or loose the sins of another? The church wants obedient sons, not moral infidels; and between the brigand who believes and the atheist who passes his life in charity and well-doing has most pleasure in the former and least hope in the latter.

All the same, things were atrociously neglected. Granted a church at all, and Mr. Lascelles had not only his work cut out for him, but there was a crying necessity for beginning that work now at once.

Holding to the celibacy of the clergy as one of the strongest purchases over women and men alike, Mr. Lascelles knew the importance of feminine aid, extra to active district visitors and devoted church servitors. The mother is wanted as well as the high-priest, and the Vicarage without a mistress would have only half its influence. Therefore he brought with him his eldest sister, a woman of about forty, whom a sentimental godmother had insisted on naming Araminta, but who, a few years ago, had taken Saint Agnes as her patron saint, and had adopted her name in token of her special dedication. "Sister Agnes" she called herself officially; but all the same she never quite forgot that she was the Honourable Miss Lascelles condescending to humility.

She had once been a showy, handsome-looking girl, and was even now well-favoured and singularly well-mannered; with the same fine aristocratic flavour running through her voice and air and gestures as ran through her brother's. Some perhaps would have said that she was a trifle too slow and sweet, and what irreverent folks would call silky, or even sickly, in her words and ways; but when a well-favoured woman gives up the pomps and vanities of the world for simplicity and religion, who is there that dare throw stones? You can but prove your faith by your works; and she had, so far, proved hers.

In person she was tall and thin, with a slender waist and flexible spine, and a long throat bearing a small neat head. Her black hair, touched here and there with grey, was braided close and smooth under a white muslin cap trimmed with a narrow plaited frill. She always dressed in black alpaca, with a white collar and cuffs; her

gowns made short round the instep, and without train or trimming. Her walking-dress was a large black cloak, a black cottage bonnet with a long black veil; and she wore neither gloves nor boots—only thick-soled high-low shoes. Her sole ornament was a large black cross, which she wore suspended from a bead girdle round her waist. She was a member of one of the Anglican Sisterhoods, but she had received permission from her director and the superior to accompany her brother to Crossholme for a time, that she might aid him in his work and lend her strength also to the conversion of a parish which, moral as it was, they regarded as little better than heathen.

When Mr. Lascelles came back from his first survey of his parishioners his sister met him in the garden.

"Well?" she said with her customary smile; "you have sped well?"

"Beyond expectation," he answered. "I shall carry the parish in time; I have already got a footing in the Abbey."

"That is good news indeed, Launcelot. Did you find Mr. Fullerton so plastic?"

"Yes and no. He does not thwart his wife; I can influence her. She is eating out her heart in her present mode of life. Church-work will save her from herself, and give her a new interest altogether."

"She will not be let rust in idleness if she gets into your hands," said Miss Lascelles with a demure smile.

"No," he answered; "there is so much to do here that all who will work will have to work."

"Are they nice people, Launcelot?"

"Very; of their kind; which is bad enough at present. Mrs. Fullerton is charming, and the young daughter, whom I saw only for a few minutes, seems singularly sweet. You must undertake her, Agnes; she must be one of your lambs. Poor child! as things are she is but a lost one, I fear."

"I will do my best for her, and I hope that I shall do her good," returned his sister. "But Mr. Fullerton, what is he like?"

"Pleasant and well-bred enough, but an outrageous infidel; one of those presumptuous fools puffed up with a little pseudo knowledge who think themselves capable of settling every subject, and who boast that they believe in nothing which they cannot see and touch—a rank materialist, living without God in the world. As a man he is well enough, but as a soul he is as much in the clutches of the Devil as was ever Judas. I feel that in fighting against him and his diabolical influence here I am fighting against Satan in bodily form."

The vicar spoke warmly; had he not been a sacred man it might have been said he spoke with undeniable temper.

“And you are,” said his sister. “I hold all infidels to be possessed. They are the emissaries of the Evil One, and this so-called modern science is the means by which he works. But you will conquer in the end, Launcelot. The Church is stronger than the Pit.”

“By God's grace,” answered Launcelot ; and then they both went into the house, glad that the good work had been so far begun.

(To be continued.)

*NATURE MYTHS IN NURSERY
RHYMES.*

Qualia prospiciens Catulus ferit æthera risu
Ipsaque trans Lunæ cornua Vacca salit.

Anon.

WE have long since learned that nearly all the gods and heroes of mythology, properly so called, represent natural objects or phenomena. In some cases the names of these beings show this directly. For instance, the name Phaethon, or *glittering*, manifestly describes the midday sun; and Endymion which expresses the idea of *plunging into* the sea, is as manifestly an appropriate epithet for the setting sun. In other cases, though the names are not directly descriptive, they are found to be so when traced to their original source. Thus the Erinyes would not be associated by an ancient Greek with any natural phenomenon, but are recognised by the modern philologist as the children of the dawn. In Vedic mythology Erinyes appears under the name Saranyû; and it is easy to understand how the Erinyes came to be regarded as the avengers of sin and to be specially associated with blood-guiltiness, when we consider that the light of dawn, which shows what had been concealed during the night, is usually ruddy, as if revealing the stains of blood. In other cases, while the philological evidence is less distinct, the myth itself indicates clearly the natural phenomenon from which it took its origin.

Gradually, then, ordinary natural phenomena have taken the place of the merely marvellous in the stories of Greek and Roman mythology; while the doctrine once commonly entertained, that these stories had an historic origin, has been wholly rejected. But the process has not stopped here. In fact, it scarcely began here. Stories professedly historical have come to be regarded as nature myths. Our old friends Romulus and Remus, for instance, turn out to be no more historical in reality than Robert and Richard, those "*two pretty men*" of the nursery rhymes. I may remark, in passing, *that as Robert and Richard lay in bed till the clock struck ten, we*

have *primâ facie* evidence that their story is a nature myth, belonging to latitudes where the winter sun rises at ten in the morning, and the full moon in summer rises at ten in the evening. Be this as it may, the story of Romulus and Remus is now generally recognised as mythical. It is found in the folk-lore of many nations. Müller, in his "History of Sanskrit Literature," has shown its resemblance to the myths of Cyrus and Chandragupta. In the Slavonic myth, the super-human twins Waligora, the "mountain roller," and Wyrwidab, the "oak uprooter," are suckled respectively by a she-wolf and a she-bear. The Teutonic legend describes how Dieterich was reared by a she-wolf, and in a number of other cases we find a similar story of the exposure of children of noble birth, their rescue by a wolf or bear, and their subsequent recognition through the grace and dignity of their bearing. I need not here explain how the story is interpreted; but I may note that the animal which rears the children represents light, "offspring of heaven first born," while the children represent the sun and moon; or, if there is but one child, as in the story of Perseus, then the sun is represented. And, in passing, it may be noticed how the poet, who is in his way a myth-maker, represents the sun as nourished by light. "Of light," says Milton—

By far the greater part He took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gathered beams.

But the interpreters of myths have gone further yet. They recognise nature myths in Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Enoch and Lamech and Noah. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob have not escaped. All the patriarchs and all their wives either typify the sun, moon, and stars, or else other natural objects and phenomena, as clouds, rain, lightning, and so forth. So also with the Judges. Barak is Lightning. He is associated with Deborah, the Bee; and clearly, if rain and dew are typified—as we know they are—by honey, then the Bee must be the rain cloud. Jael also is the Wild Goat, which is another cloud symbol. The account of the death of Sisera means only in reality that he was killed by a lightning stroke. As for Samson, he is as unmistakably a sun god as Hercules, the strong man of Greek mythology, and Melkart, the Phœnician Hercules. Samson's name is manifestly derived from the Hebrew Shemesh, the sun. For it is properly Shimshôn. And precisely as we have from Dâg, a fish, the name Dag-ôn, or the fish god; so from Shemesh, the sun, we get Shemesh-ôn, or Shimshôn, the sun god. Indeed

Bertheau, in his "Buch der Richter," though he rejects this derivation, yet, in reality, gives the strongest possible evidence in its favour. For he only objects to it that the long narrative respecting Samson introduces no reference to the sun, and "we do not expect," he adds, "to find a name of this kind anywhere in Hebrew antiquity." So soon, however, as we perceive that the story of Samson is only another form of the story of Hercules, which is certainly a solar myth, the objection is removed, and the philological evidence of Bertheau in favour of the derivation acquires so much the more weight, that he had no knowledge of the mythological evidence subsequently to be obtained. The hair of Samson represents the solar rays. Delilah is the Languishing, and represents winter. The reader, however, who wishes to understand precisely how the story of Samson is to be explained, must be referred to Goldziher and Steinthal, who will be found to supply not one explanation only, but several. I hasten on to my own theory, which I shall hope to establish as satisfactorily as these writers have established the solar character of Samson.

It is well known that many of our nursery rhymes, like many of our nursery tales, are of extreme antiquity. I do not say that the actual verses were put into their present form at an exceedingly remote epoch. The words are doubtless modern, but the idea underlying them is often very old indeed. The antiquity of many of our nursery tales is indeed generally recognised. It begins to be seen that several, if not all of them, are nature myths. It will be well to consider a few illustrative cases, for though my own theory is not directly connected with these tales, yet it is indirectly supported by whatever tends to indicate the connection between nature myths and nursery legends.

The story of Cinderella, the best loved, I think, of all nursery tales, is of extreme antiquity. It is certainly a nature myth. The original story represents Cinderella as the dawn. The Prince is the sun. The ashen-grey tint of the clouds before dawn is typified in the name *Cinder-ella*, as in the German *Aschen-puttel*. The fairy is Light, which in the morning paints the ash-coloured clouds with brilliant hues. The sun follows, but as he draws near, the splendid colours disappear, and at the hour of sunrise, the mystical hour beyond which Cinderella was not to stay in the ball-room, the glory of the dawn is lost, as

East and west without a breath
Mix their dim lights like life and death
To broaden into boundless day.

Yet even as the last traces of the splendour of dawn remain for a

few minutes visible after sunrise, so the beautiful maiden, when pursued by the prince, left in her flight one trace, showing at once what had been the splendour of her magic dress and how beautiful was the maiden herself. So, at least, runs the usual explanation. But I think the glass slipper, the last trace of dawn, means rather the dew. By a poetic fiction the dewdrops of morning become the glassy traces left by rosy-footed dawn (*Rhodopë*). Thus the tale of Cinderella would be connected with the beautiful story of Cephalus and Procris, for Procris (Sanskrit *prush* and *prish*, to sprinkle) is the dew. In the Greek, Procris is said to be the daughter of *Hersê*, the dew; but in the story of Cephalus and Procris, the relation between dew and the aurora is different. Cephalus, or *Kephalos* (the *head*), the sun, is loved by Eos, the dawn; Procris, his wife, is faithless, yet loves him; but in the end she is killed by the arrow of Cephalus unwitting, even as dew is destroyed or absorbed by the sun's rays.

The story of Beauty and the Beast is also a nature myth. It is closely related to the Greek tale of Psyche and Cupid, or rather to the much more ancient legend on which Appuleius based that tale. The class of legends to which all those stories belong is more widely spread than perhaps any other. The myth is diffused through India, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Scandinavia, and Germany. In each case, says Mr. Cox, "the youngest and most beautiful of three daughters is married or given up to some unsightly being or monster, or to some one whom she is led to suppose hideous and repulsive. In some instances the enchantment is ended when the human maiden feels and confesses her love for the disguised being in his unsightly shape; in the more common version, which Appuleius followed, the maiden has a lover who is marvellously beautiful, but whose beauty she has never seen. In all cases, however, there are jealous sisters, or a jealous mother, who insist that the lover is hideous, and incite her to look upon him while he is asleep. Following their advice, she disregards the warning given, in each case, that such curiosity cannot be indulged without causing grievous disaster and distress. In each case the sleeping lover is awakened by a drop of oil or tallow from the torch or candle in the maiden's hand, and is instantly transformed, generally into a bird, who tells her she must wander in search of him through many weary years, and do the bidding of some harsh mistress, into whose power her fatal curiosity has brought her. In some versions, as in that of Appuleius, this mistress is the mother of the lost lover. Then follow the years of wandering and toil, which can be brought to an end only by the achievement of tasks, generally three in number, and all utterly beyond human powers. In these

tasks the maiden is aided by brute creatures whom she has befriended in their moments of need, and who perform for her that which she could not possibly accomplish herself. The completion of the ordeal is followed by the happy union of the maiden with the lost lover." There is a good deal here which does not appear in the story of Beauty and the Beast, as told in our nursery books. But there can be no question about the relationship between all the stories, for they can be so arranged in graduated sequence as to form a complete series, the first differing widely from the last, but each of the series closely resembling those next to it on either side. In the Hindu story, the heroine, not the hero, undergoes change. She is a princess who is disguised in the skin of a withered old woman, which she removes before dawn, but resumes when day has broken. This story connects the series with the tale of Cinderella. Psyche is the dawn, wedded to the sun, with whom the story imagines her to stay during the night. But she does not see him in his glory, for with sunrise the dawn vanishes.

The story of St. George and the Dragon is merely the Christianised form of a very ancient and widespread myth. Among all the Aryan nations we find this story of a hero contending with a monster. The Vedic mythology describes the combat between Indra and the dragon Vritra. The name Vritra signifies one who hides or veils, and is closely related to the Greek Orthros, or Cerberus. Vritra is sometimes called Ahi, the great serpent or throtter; sometimes Pânis, a name indicating darkness or gloom. The battle between Indra and Vritra was a contest between the sun and the dark thundercloud in which the rain is imprisoned. When the spear of Indra—the lightning flash—pierces the cloud, the rain is released. Later, the physical myth assumed in India, as with the Hebrews, a moral form. Vritra became the evil one, the enemy, just as the "old dragon" became Satan, the adversary. In Greek mythology the story of Indra and Vritra appears in many forms—in the contest between Hercules and Geryon, and again in the contest between Hercules and Cacus; in the stories of Perseus and Andromeda, of Œdipus and the Sphinx, and several others. In Norse legend the story reappears in the combat between Sigurd and the dragon Fafnir. Nor is Christian legend satisfied with one form of the myth; for, to say nothing of the contest with the serpent in Paradise, we find not only St. George but the Archangel Michael in conflict with the dragon.¹

¹ The story of Indra and Vritra is one which lends itself very readily to the allegorist. The reader will probably remember Sydney Smith's amusing allegory on reform (Taunton speech, 1832):—"Two thousand years hence it will be a legend,

I trust the reader will find all this perfectly clear and satisfactory. For my own part, I am particularly impressed by the diversity of form which these myths assume. It seems to me that it would be very unreasonable to deny the validity of interpretations which account for so many things in so many different ways. Some, at least, among these interpretations must satisfy even the most captious. For instance, to return to Hebrew mythology, as explained by Goldziher, when we learn that the name Adam is "obviously at a glance a solar appellation, 'the Red,' etymologically the same as Edom," we perceive that Adam must represent the sun. When we have admitted this, it is most satisfactory to learn that even if this fail us (for Max Müller, after all, insists that Adam represents not the sun but the earth), the name Eve, Chawwâ, that is, "the Circulating," is also a name of the sun. For, as Goldziher expounds, "'the Round' is a very ancient appellation of the sun, the traces of which we meet also in the Vedas, where the sun is called a wheel, or, as he frequently is in other passages, a chariot;" which simile, we learn further, "is based not only on the conception of the horses of the sun drawing his chariot, but on the original conception of this chariot, as consisting of a single wheel, or of a cylinder on a sloping plane, as Lazarus Geiger has admirably demonstrated." This is touchingly simple and natural. But even this is not all. "It is also to be considered that the mythological genealogy of the Hebrews makes the world to be peopled by the descendants of Cain, children of the sun, and that a second progenitor of the human race, Noah, is likewise a solar figure." And so onwards to Samson and David. For even David, though certainly in one sense historic, is in another sense "a solar figure." "He was ruddy, with beautiful eyes, and a good sight;" and the red colour is admirably fitted to figures of the solar myth, whereas, as Goldziher astutely remarks, "it cannot be proved that the Hebrews in ancient times considered reddishness an element of beauty." So "the beautiful eyes and the good sight are certainly taken from the mythical description of the blazing midday sun. They are the relics of a mythic cycle only preserved in fragments, and have been tacked on to the portraiture of an historical hero, who had, like the solar hero, to fight with a hostile giant." Besides, David threw stones,

like the fable of Perseus and Andromeda: Britannia chained to a mountain, two hundred rotten animals meditating her destruction, till a tall earl, armed with Schedule A, and followed by his page Russell, drives them into the deep, and delivers over Britannia in safety to crowds of ten-pound renters, who deafen the air with their acclamations. Forthwith Latin verses upon this—school exercises—boys whipped, and all the usual absurdities of education."

and Goldziher points out that "taking the life of a *giant* adversary by *hurling stones*" is a line of action frequently met with among solar heroes.

Fortified by examples such as these, I proceed to point out a number of circumstances hitherto, I believe, overlooked, which show that not only, as has been clearly shown above, are nursery legends chiefly myths, but that the nursery rhymes which beguile the happy hours of British infancy (and European infancy generally) had their origin in various nature myths, and especially in solar myths. I make no doubt that in several instances these rhymes have been largely altered. Erroneous readings, if one may so speak of oral renderings, have crept in during the course of ages. Names whose real significance has been forgotten, have been changed into others, phonetically similar, but in reality altogether distinct. Just as the seven *Rikshas* or *Shiners*—the seven stars of the Great Bear—came to be called in Sanskrit mythology the seven *Rishis* or *Sages* (which is absurd), and as the same seven stars, which had been called the seven *târâs*, or *strewers of light*, were converted into the seven *triones* or *ploughing oxen* (which is equally absurd); or as, to take more modern instances, the *buffetiers*, or sideboard men, became changed into *beefeaters*, and the *Satyr and the Bacchanals* into *Satan and the Bag o' Nails*—so various names in our nursery rhymes are now either meaningless or have assumed a form in which their old meaning is lost. But in many cases there has been less change than the students of Greek and Hebrew mythology recognise in narratives whose present form dates from a far higher antiquity.

I have already touched on the simple story of Robert and Richard. That a nature myth is presented in this story can hardly be doubted. We have direct reference (which is often wanting in Vedic and Greek mythology) to a contest between night and the sun. The contest ends, we may assume, in the triumph of the sun. I am disposed to believe that the true interpretation of this most interesting legend may not be that suggested (passingly) above. The late hour at which the sun manifests his power may be ascribed to the action of *Vritra*, the Veiler. In other words, we have in this legend a description of the sun god struggling with the gloomy powers of the cloud, which, be it noted, is not unusual in our latitudes. In illustration of this theory I would point out, with Goldziher, that the battle of day with night is very frequently represented as a quarrel between brothers. (We cannot doubt that Robert and Richard were brothers, though the circumstance is not mentioned; in fact, they were probably twin brothers; for it is certain

that the modern names have taken the place of older ones, and what can be more natural than to assume that Robert and Richard represent in reality the mythical heroes Romulus and Remus?) The brothers' quarrel which appears at the very threshold of Biblical history had for its source, says Goldziher, "the nature myth spread among all nations of the world without exception. It is not difficult to prove that Cain (Kayin) is a solar figure, and that Abel (Hebbel) is connected with the sky, dark with night or clouds." Cain is an agriculturist, Abel a shepherd, and it has been proved that "agriculture always has a solar character, whereas the shepherd's life is connected with the phenomena of the clouds or nightly sky." Our British legend is silent as to the occupations pursued by Robert and Richard, but doubtless if a fuller record had been left it would have appeared that one tilled the fields while the other tended herds.

The next legend of the nursery to which I would call attention is that which begins "Sing a song o' sixpence." Here I have been to some degree anticipated by the ingenious and learned author of "Primitive Culture." "Obviously," he says, though I regret to say he is talking lightly and means the reverse, "the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the overarching sky. How true a touch of nature it is," he proceeds, "that when the pie is opened, that is, when day breaks, the birds begin to sing. The king is the sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danaë. The queen is the moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight. The maid is the rosy-fingered dawn, who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, her clothes, across the sky. The particular blackbird who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise." Here the details of the story are not so closely followed as they might be. But even this interpretation, imperfect though it is, is infinitely preferable to one which has been suggested in recent times. According to this, the four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, are four-and-twenty black numerals baked into the glazed face of an old-fashioned clock, showing twenty-four hours instead of twelve, like our modern clocks; the king is the crown-wheel, the teeth of which count out as it were the beats of the pendulum, representing the progress of time (which we know is money); the queen is the large lower wheel; the honey is the oil; the maid is the cord bearing the clock weights, and so forth. This interpretation would make a mere riddle of the rhyme, and must at once be rejected as unworthy of credence. *Apart from other objections which might be*

urged, the opening lines of the song, manifestly intended to convey the purport of the whole, have no relation whatever to a clock. It is strange that Mr. Tylor should have overlooked them. "Sing a song o' sixpence, a pocket full o' rye." Manifestly we have here an invocation—"Sing, muse," or perhaps, "Let the worshippers of the sun sing in his praise a song showing how wealth and plenty proceed from him"—wealth typified by coined money, plenty by a sack of rye. For the word pocket, still used in Kent to represent a sack, was of old used generally in that sense, as in our own familiar proverb, "Buy a pig in a poke," or pocket, that is, concealed within a sack. Accordingly the song proceeds to describe how the sun generates wealth, or counts out money, by his genial rays. We may interpret the rest as Tylor suggests, except that the maid hanging out the clothes may more correctly be regarded as representing the moisture of the fields and plains, from which clouds rise in the daytime, like clothes suspended in a garden. According to this view the blackbird which brought the maid's operations to a close would not typify the hour of sunrise but of sunset, when clouds cease to form in this way (though they do not necessarily disappear).

We have seen that this mythical poem has been explained as relating to a time-piece or clock. Others have been similarly interpreted. One, indeed, which is manifestly of recent origin, has been correctly interpreted, I think, in this way. Unquestionably, the lines beginning "Hickory, dickory, dock," describe, in a poetic way, the action of an old-fashioned clock when about to strike and while striking. "Hickory, dickory, dock" is the noise made in "warning," as it is called, and the same noise is repeated when the clock is actually striking. The old "striking plate" clocks are common enough still to make this noise familiar to most persons. In the "rack-and-snail" striking clocks no such noises are heard. The mouse is a poetic fiction. We can find no evidence, though possibly Mr. Goldziher might, of any solar figure or other nature myth in this simple narrative.

But I would caution the reader against the clock theory as applied to other cases. For instance, the legend of Little Jack Horner has been most incorrectly interpreted as relating to a clock, with hands of horn, set in the corner of a room. Little Jack, according to this theory, is the hour-hand; his eating the Christmas pie denotes the progress of this hand round the face of the dial (a pie, as in the clock theory of the Song of Sixpence); his putting in his thumb, &c., means the hour-hand reaching one of the numerals;

while his song of self-praise represents the striking of the clock at the moment when the hour-hand is thus situated.

All this is ingenious, but it is altogether fallacious. Jack Horner is unquestionably a solar figure. We shall see presently that the name Jack in British nursery lore is a recognised name for the sun, though of course not the only name, any more than Samson is the only Hebrew name for the Sun God, or Heracles the only Greek name. Horns have long been associated with the sun's rays. The same Hebrew word which denotes *horn* (*keren*) signifies also *a ray of light*. In fact, the words which in our Bible are translated, "Moses wist not that his face shone," are translated in the Douay version, "he knew not that his face was horned." (Michael Angelo's Moses is sculptured with horns, just as Bacchus used to be.¹) Steintal has shown conclusively that Moses, though an historical personage, has received many features of the solar myth. I may note also that the glyptic picture of the God Bel at the Louvre is adorned with a tiara surrounded by a row of horns.

Little Jack Horner, then, is the sun god, small compared with the sky, or else described as little because young, for the season is Christmas time, or winter. He is not yet horned, but putting on his horns, that is, he is on the horizon or about to rise, and is spreading forth his first rays. He is aptly described, therefore, as seated in a corner. The small sun on the horizon eats away the clouds which cover the winter sky. He puts in his thumb (the thumb is a recognised emblem of strength), that is, he shines on the cloud masses and dissipates them one by one. They are poetically represented as forming the ingredients of the Christmas pie, as clouds form the winter covering of the sky at sunrise. In the Edda the point of the horn of Heimdall (the sun) is fixed in Niflheim (the cloud-home). Then, as the rays break through, the sun is represented as glorying in his might. The shout of self-praise manifestly represents the bursting forth of the sun's rays. The connection

¹ The History of Bacchus, as Huet points out, is not unlike that of Moses. He was born on the confines of Egypt; was exposed to the waters in a box; was adopted, or had in a sense two mothers; and was very handsome. When his army was in the light, his Indian enemies were in darkness. A pillar preceded him, women followed in his train, he dried up rivers with his wand or *thyrsus*, which he made to crawl like a serpent. Epiphanius says the Idumeans worshipped Moses. Josephus says their God was called Chose, probably identical with Chus, the ancestor of Sephora. Bacchus or Iacchus may be Jah-chus, or the God Chus. Moses and Bacchus are probably the same persons. Others, however, consider the name Iacchus to be derived from the Greek *ιαχεῖν*, to shout. Possibly we have here the origin of our English use of the name Jack for the sun.

between shouting, especially shouting in triumph, and brightness is very ancient. The Hebrew "sâhal" means both "to shine brightly" and "to cry aloud." Hillél, also, which means "to cry out in triumph," originally meant "to be brilliant," as we see by the names hêlêl, the Hebrew for morning star, and hilâl, the Arabic for new moon. (See also the last two sentences of the note, p. 45.)

I have said that Jack is a common name, in British folk-lore, for the sun. We see this in the story of Jack the Giant-Killer, the British Hercules, or sun god, whose contests with giants and victories over them correspond to the contests of Hercules with Geryon, Cacus, and the rest. The story of Jack and the Beanstalk, again, is obviously a sun myth, the magic beanstalk representing the sun's rays, extending swiftly athwart the sky and reaching even to the moon, round whose horns they are poetically pictured as clinging. Whether there is any connection between the name Jack, as thus used, and the Greek Iacchus (see preceding note) is not clear, but that Jack in the older British nursery rhymes and legends represents the sun, cannot be seriously questioned.

In the story of Jack and Jill we recognise a myth of the sun and moon. The sun and moon (the moon new, or following the sun) go up a hill. We have already seen that according to Lazarus Geiger the sun was often conceived as a cylinder, on a sloping plane, first an ascending then a descending plane. In the story of Jack and Jill the cylinder does not appear, unless it is represented by Jack's pail; but the hill manifestly represents the path, first ascending and then descending, followed by the two luminaries. The action of the sun in raising water, is obviously typified by the use of the pail to fetch water. It will be observed that there is only one pail—the myth-maker knew well that the moon is not able to raise water, as some modern meteorologists have mistakenly opined. The sun having passed the summit of the hill descends to the west, his crown of glory being divided when he reaches the horizon. The new moon follows, but as she is so much less brilliant, the myth says nothing of the loss of a portion of her radiance as she sets. All this is well presented in the nursery rhyme. It is hardly necessary to point out, perhaps, that a sequent verse relating to the tending of Jack by his mother, though it might be regarded as indicating the restoration of the sun's glory in the morning (night being typified by Dame Gill), is in reality a modern addition and altogether spurious.

Two riddling rhymes may be mentioned here, which in reality both relate to the sun, though one has been foolishly explained as signifying an egg—the lines relating to Humpty Dumpty and Hicka-

more-Hackamore. These manifestly form a single riddle, which should run thus—

Hickamore-Hackamore, on the king's kitchen floor,
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Can't drive H.H. off the king's kitchen floor.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty got a great fall,
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Can't set Humpty Dumpty up again.

Even the infantile mind rejects the common explanation of Humpty Dumpty, inquiring why an egg should be set on a wall of all places in the world, and what interest a king could possibly have in employing men and horses to mend a broken egg. But as a sun myth all is clear. An Irish lady informs me, however, that the usual explanation of Humpty Dumpty among children in Ireland is that he represents the sun. We have in Hickamore-Hackamore the midday sun, the power of whose rays is aptly indicated by the reference to the king's horses and men. In Humpty Dumpty we have the setting sun, compressed vertically, as the setting sun always is, by atmospheric refraction¹ (egg-shaped, in fact, whence possibly the common explanation, a corruption of some reference to the egg-shaped setting sun). He sinks, and again we have words aptly describing the irresistible operation of natural laws. All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot make the sun rise in the west after he has set.

I must hasten on; for space begins to fail me. Fain would I give the full interpretation of the mysterious legend relating to the House that Jack Built. Readily would I describe how the story of the old woman who feared lest the obstinacy of her pig would prevent her reaching home before nightfall, presents a nature myth of deep and solemn import.² But I must content myself at present with the

¹ There may also be some association between the word Dumpty or Dumpkin, as in another rhyme presently to be dealt with, and *δύμι*, a collateral form of *δύω*, to enter or sink into, as in Endymion, the setting sun.

² It will aid the student of this interesting subject to present the Jewish form of this nature myth: It is known, Tylor says, as *Chad gadyá*. It begins, "A kid, a kid, my father bought for two pieces of money," and it goes on to tell how a cat came and ate the kid, and a dog came and bit the cat, and so on to the end. "Then came the Holy One, blessed be He! and slew the angel of death, who slew the butcher, who killed the ox, that drank the water, that quenched the fire, that burnt the stick, that beat the dog, that bit the cat, that ate the kid, that my father bought for two pieces of money, a kid, a kid." I would, however, warn the reader against attaching to this poem any such limited, and, as one may say, parochial, interpretation as the Jews themselves assign to it, who (according to one explanation) consider Palestine the kid, devoured by Babylon, the cat;

consideration of two nursery rhymes which can be dealt with in shorter space than those more elaborate and more mystical compositions.

The first of these has already received some attention from antiquarians. Sir G. Cornwall Lewis has treated HEYDIDDLEDIDDLETHE CATANDTHEFIDDLE, &c., "as an Oscan inscription," says Professor De Morgan, and rendered it into Latin by approved methods. The result is an invocation beginning "Hejus dedit libenter, dedit libenter, &c." Without denying the possibility, or even the probability, that the opening words of the composition may be thus interpreted, I would point out that the poem, as a whole, is undoubtedly a nature myth, though its real significance may not now be fully recoverable. The words "Hey diddle diddle" are of course a corruption of some introductory invocation, just as our familiar expression, "Hocus-pocus" is a corruption of the words *Hoc est corpus*, &c., which the priest utters over the sacred elements at mass. It may be that Sir G. C. Lewis has correctly caught their meaning. I would suggest, however, that the name given to the sun in the verses beginning "Hickamore-Hackamore," being presumably Hick or Hack (the adjunct "amore" being simply intensative), we may perhaps read *Hick (vel Hack) dedit libenter, dedit libenter*,—that is, the sun (Jack) has bestowed plenteously, most plenteously.

It is noteworthy that the mystic words "diddle diddle" occur, very little modified in form, in the verse beginning, "Deedle deedle Dumpkin, my son John." Here John or Jack is, as elsewhere, a solar figure. Dumpkin or Dumpty, we have already seen, is a title of the setting sun (the sun's retirement clothed in clouds is manifestly referred to in the next line, describing that John "went to bed with his breeches on"). Of course "my son" is a corruption of "our Sun," so that the words would be naturally interpreted "*Dedit libenter, dedit libenter*—Dumpkin, our God the Sun:" that is, the sun which has just set, clothed in clouds, has poured his rays plenteously on the earth during the day.

This seems to establish unmistakably the reading above sug-

Babylon is overthrown by Persia, Persia by Greece, Greece by Rome, Rome by the Turks; but the natives of Europe are to drive out the Turks, the Angel of Death is to destroy the enemies of Israel, and his children are to be restored under the rule of Messiah. As Tylor, however (from whence I have taken this interpretation), remarks justly, "independently of any such particular interpretation, the solemnity of the ending may incline us to think that we really have the composition here in something like its first form, and that it was written to convey a mystic meaning."

gested for Hey diddle diddle. The Cat and the Fiddle are no doubt constellations, possibly the Lion and the Lyre, the first being the Zodiacal sign in which the sun was situate at the season referred to in the poem, the second being probably on the meridian at the hour of invocation. The "cow jumped over the moon" indicates that the moon (which must have been about as far south of the ecliptic as she ever is) was below the constellation Taurus, which, being one of the half-constellations, is of doubtful gender. Ovid, indeed, by making this zodiacal figure a transformation of Io, shows that it might be regarded as a female. Admiral Smyth remarks on this, in his excellent astronomical treatise the *Celestial Cycle*, that the classical astronomers are very weak in their mythological derivations and zodiacal signs. It must be remembered, that if the initiatory invocation is rightly interpreted by the Latin words given above, we must have received this mystical poem from a Roman source. The "little dog laughed" means simply that at the season in question Canis Minor was resplendent—not during the night though, for if the sun was in Leo that could not be. The stars were always supposed to exert their chief influence, however, when above the horizon at the same time as the sun. The dog-days, for example, were days when Sirius was invisible at night. Laughing is always to be understood, in myths, as signifying brightness (see Angelo de Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. I. i. 1). Isaac, who is of course a solar figure, was called the laugher, Yischák (Genesis, chap. xxi. verse 6); and to represent the brightness of the sun the Indians called the rising sun, or the dawn, Ushas the *Smiling* (Rigveda, vi. 64, 10) for a similar reason. So the stars were called *smilers*, as in Abû-l-Alâ's poems, in the line—"wa-tabasimu-l-ashrâtu fajran;" and lightning is called in Arabic "Al-dâhik," *The Laughing One*. "The dish ran after the spoon" indicates the relative position of the sun, represented by a circular disc or dish, and the moon, represented by a spoon. The sun being in Leo and the moon in Taurus, the moon was three signs in front of the sun (referring to the diurnal motion). Thus the moon would be in her third quarter, or spoon-shaped, and the sun would run after her across the sky, instead of preceding her, as in the case referred to in the myth of Jack and Jill.

Thus we see the poem "Hey diddle diddle" satisfactorily explained. It signifies, "The midday sun, Hack, has been bountiful; the sun at this time in Leo, Lyra on the meridian; the rays of Procyon in Canis Minor very active; the sun's disc following the spoon-shaped moon in their diurnal motion across the sky." Manifestly the verse is either incomplete and merely introductory to a descriptive poem, or

else it relates to some unknown, but assuredly most solemn rites, its full meaning being understood only by the initiated, and lost to us.

The only remaining nursery rhyme to which I desire to call attention is one which many would be disposed to regard as altogether meaningless. I refer to the lines beginning—

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son.

I think I shall be able to show that these lines are even more unmistakably mythical than the rest, if that be possible.

In the first place, it is to be noted that we have in this poem the story of theft, at first successful, but presently followed by punishment, which forms the basis of so many of the native myths of Assyria, India, Egypt, and Greece. We also have in this legend evidence which is wanting elsewhere, in the descriptive name applied to the progenitor of the thief—the Piper, a name which manifestly signifies the Wind. In the poem relating to Taffy, absurdly supposed to signify Tavy, a Welshman, we have the thief, but no mention is made of his origin. In the name Taffy, however, we have evidently the root *tuph*, signifying concealment, as in the Greek verbs *τύφω*, *to raise a smoke*, and *τυφώω*, *to wrap in smoke*, and in the names of the giants Typhon, Typhaon, and of the Egyptian god Typhon. This root is connected with the idea of storm, as in fact is shown by the now familiar name “typhoon” for a hurricane. In the lines beginning, “Tom, Tom, the piper’s son,” we have the relationship between Tom the thief and the storm wind directly indicated. We cannot doubt, then, that Tom and Taffy, or Typhon, are related, though at first sight the difference of names may seem to suggest a difficulty.

It may be noticed in passing that, according to Greek mythology, Typhon waged war on Jupiter (who represents the sky), and taking him prisoner in battle, “carried him away on his shoulders into a remote and obscure quarter.” (I follow Bacon’s version of the story, because, as he interprets it allegorically, not mythically, he will be the less likely to give an account favourable to the theory I am about to advocate.) “There, cutting out the sinews of his hands and feet, he bore them off, leaving Jupiter behind miserably maimed and mangled. But Mercury afterwards stole these sinews from Typhon, and restored them to Jupiter. Hence, recovering his strength, Jupiter again pursues the monster; first wounds him with a stroke of his thunder, when serpents arose from the blood of the wound; and now, the monster being dismayed and taking to flight, Jupiter next dashed Mount Ætna upon him and crushed him with its weight.” Now, this story is the same which in the olden Egyptian mythology is related

of Typhon and Osiris. But the Egyptian story is fuller of detail and more obviously a nature myth. "Against the mighty and benevolent power of Osiris," we read, "Typhon, the evil principle, conspired, secretly assailed and overcame him; the spirit of Osiris descended to the shades below, and his body was hewn to pieces by his ruthless murderer and scattered to the winds. Thus Typhon, the evil principle, became the presiding genius of the earth. During his reign nature lost all her beauty; the withered foliage dropped from the trees, the Nile dwindled to a small stream, and the winds of the south whirled the noxious sand of the Libyan desert over the whole land, making the earth barren and desolate; pestilential vapours arose from the surface of the ground, and the fields swarmed with serpents and scorpions and all noxious animals. Meanwhile Isis, with a wife's affectionate care, gathered the fragments of her lord's murdered body, and arranged them together. Soon after, Osiris returned from the subterranean realms, vanquished Typhon, and again restored the earth to beauty and fertility. It is important to notice that this conflict between the powers of good and evil was a yearly event, and solemnised as such."

It may appear, perhaps, at first sight, rather bold to assume that Tom the Piper's son is necessarily Typhon, the storm cloud, child of the hurricane, the physical representative of darkness and the power of evil. But I would note that in all the nursery rhymes we find the name Tom connected with darkness and mischief. Thus, little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper, that is, at nightfall. (The rest of the song relating to him is evidently a nature-riddle—the white bread and butter, like the bread and honey eaten by the queen in the Song of Sixpence, being moonlight.) The drowning of pussy in the well—the cat being the Egyptian Bubastis, emblem of the moon—is effected by Tommy Green,¹ while her restoration, or the removal of the clouds which had enshrouded the moon, is effected by Jack Grout, probably Jack Roth, or Red Jack, the sun. Tom Tiddler, also, on whose ground gold and silver are picked up in the childish game, is a representative of darkness; for the games of children, as Tylor well remarks, are survivals of occupations formerly belonging to the serious business of life.

¹ It is well remarked by Goldziher that the blackness of night is not "separated from the general category of *dark colour* to which green and blue also belong." He quotes the words of an explorer sent out from the land of Banû Madhij to look for suitable pasturage, who said, "The surface of the land is *like night*, so green is it." So also Abû Nucheylâ (Agâni, xviii. 139) says, "Put on as thy shirt night, black and dark like the colour of *mundûs*," this being the greenish colour of the garments promised the faithful in Paradise (Koran, Sûr xviii. 30, xxxv. 21).

The origin of this usage of the name Tom is not clear, any more indeed than the origin of the usage which assigns the name Jack to solar figures. But it may be suggested that the name Thammuz has perhaps been turned into the familiar Thomas. The name of the Phœnician deity Thammuz, like the name Typhon, implies *concealment*. Indeed, what is known about the deity Thammuz resembles in many respects the legend or myth of Typhon. Thammuz is identified with the Greek Adonis. The women who sat weeping for the death of Thammuz (Ezekiel viii. 13) are described in the Septuagint as weeping for the death of Adonis. The reader will remember how Milton (*Paradise Lost*, i. 146) speaks of the rites of Thammuz¹—

. . . Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz, yearly wounded.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that as Tom the Piper's son was beaten for pig-stealing, so Thammuz, or Adonis, was wounded in a boar hunt. According to the Greeks, indeed, Adonis was slain, but he was to be perennially restored.

But it may be asked, do we know anything respecting Adonis or Thammuz which would correspond to the relation between Tom and the Piper? Was Adonis, according to classic mythology, the son of the storm, or of the Piping One? The answer seems to me decisive in favour of the interpretation which I have assigned to this nursery legend. Adonis was the son of Kinyras and Myrrha, Myrrha being also his sister. Whenever, by the way, we meet with complex relationship of this sort, we may be sure we have a nature myth to deal with. In this case Kinyras (the storm) begets Myrrha (the rain), and Adonis (the storm cloud) is in turn poetically represented as the offspring of storm and rain. I consider Myrrha to represent rain, because the word undoubtedly signifies *flowing* or *pouring*. In like manner Kinyras may be understood to represent the wind, because the word Kinyras undoubtedly signifies *wailing* or *piping*. The Greek adjective *kinyros* means wailing, and is regarded by grammarians as a case of onomatopœia, so that we can understand what sort of wailing is meant, namely a plaintive piping noise like that of a distant wind.

¹ At a recent meeting of the Congress of Orientalists at San Mezzano, Professor Lenormant read an interesting paper on the evidence obtained from the cuneiform inscriptions respecting the myth and festivals of this God Tammuz, or Thammuz.

I cannot doubt, then, that our nursery rhyme describing how Thomas, son of the Piper, hunted pigs, and suffered punishment, is a survival of some old song of the earlier British bards, describing how Thammuz, son of Kinyras the Wailer, was wounded in the boar hunt. In other words, this nursery rhyme presents the nature myth concealed under the story of Adonis, Venus, and Persephone.

Here I must conclude, though much remains to be said not only about the nursery rhymes to which I have referred as too important to be fully dealt with here, but also about others which have been left untouched. It could readily be shown that "the old woman who went up on high to clear the cobwebs out of the sky," is a solar figure, belonging to that exceedingly remote age, when, as Tylor notes, the sun was regarded as female, the moon as male. With equal clearness it can be shown "that the old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do" (with and for them), is prolific Mother Nature. She supplies their wants as well as she can though incompletely, whips them all round (man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward), and sends them to their bed, the grave. Her residing in a shoe, which seems absurd and meaningless, will be recognised as highly significant by those who remember that the emblem of Vishnu, the preservative power of nature, was a shoe-shaped or boat-shaped vessel (reproduced in the symbol that Tacitus describes as "Signum in modum liburnæ figuratum"). The old custom of throwing a shoe after a newly-married pair had its origin in this symbolisation. (Compare in this connection the mystical rhymes beginning "My dame has lost her shoe.") In like manner other seemingly childish rhymes will be found on examination to be nature myths. In fact, I would in conclusion notice, that the more absurd and childish a nursery rhyme is, the more likely it is, on *a priori* grounds, to have a hidden significance. We may dismiss as altogether improbable the idea that in old times mere nonsense verses were ever composed either for children or for grown folks. The composition of purely nonsensical stories or verses belongs to later and more civilised times, when men have leisure for the absurd. As the older games of children are pictures, only childish because drawn by children, of the serious pursuits of grown persons, so the older nursery songs were the simple records of beliefs or fancies which grown people really entertained when the songs were made.

THOMAS FOSTER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IN the number of "Fors" for November 1877, Mr. Ruskin tells the following story of Sir Walter Scott:—

"When he was sitting to Northcote, who told the story to my father" (writes Mr. Ruskin), "not once nor twice, but I think it is in Hazlitt's 'Conversations of Northcote' also, the old painter, speaking with a painter's wonder of the intricate design of the Waverley Novels, said, that one chief source of his delight in them was, that 'he never knew what was coming.'

"'Nor I either,' answered Sir Walter.

"Now, this reply," continues Mr. Ruskin, "though of course partly playful and made for its momentary point, was deeply true in a sense which Sir Walter himself was not conscious of. He was conscious of it only as a weakness—not as a strength. His beautiful confession of it as a weakness is here in my bookcase behind me, written in his own hand in the introduction to the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' I take it reverently down and copy it from the dear old MS., written as it is at temperate speed—the letters all perfectly formed, but with no loss of time in dotting *t*'s, crossing *t*'s, writing mute *c*'s in past participles, or in punctuation; the current dash and full period alone being used." Then follows the quotation, towards the close of which Scott says: "I think there is a demon which seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand, incidents are multiplied, the story lingers while the materials increase—my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly, and the work is done long before I have attained the end proposed."

A habit of mind and a method of work more different from Mr. Browning's it would be difficult to conceive. Neither in pride could he declare, or in humility confess, with regard to the development of his poetical conceptions, that "he never knew what was coming." A dynamical imaginative force which gathers increased momentum with every movement, and which, in its resistless action, rules rather than serves the creative mind, does not mark Mr. Browning. He never *surrenders* himself. He is always his own perfect master. He lays

hold of the subject he means to handle, the problem he means to discuss, masters it in all its details, and then proceeds to unfold it poetically. But the deliberately conceived purpose is manifest from the commencement and rules the composition. And therefore it is that Mr. Browning's poems are far tougher in their intellectual fibre than those of any other poet. For his intellect is always busy, and to follow him demands a distinct intellectual effort on the part of his readers. Much of the finest poetry of such writers as Byron, Shelley, or Tennyson, merely gives musical utterance to a *mood* of the writer's spirit—a mood conditioned by surrounding circumstances, while the intellect is all but passive. *We*, too, have our corresponding moods, to which these perfect utterances give voice, and we read with a languid but exquisite pleasure as the poet expresses *our* sense of world-weariness, of brooding melancholy, or of the raptures of spiritual vision.

Take, for example, this short poem from Heine :—

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler Höh':
Ihn schläfert; mit weisser Decke
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die fern im Morgenland
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

The verses tell how a lonely pine-tree, wrapped up for his long northern night in white coverlit of snow, dreams, in his drowsy slumbers, of a far-off palm-tree held silent and suffering in the motionless air of the parched and burning East. I repeated these lines not long ago to a friend of mine. "Is that all?" he said. "I thought he would have contrived a miracle to bring them together." Had Heine done so he might have made a pretty tale, but he would have spoiled a poem. For what gives the lines a poetical value is the fact that, in their broken incompleteness, they finely express our moods of unsatisfied yearning when we *feel* the bars of destiny which prison us with a sense either of weariness or pain. But we might, I think, search through Mr. Browning's volumes without meeting such a poem as this. And the reason is not, as it seems to me, because, as Mr. Hutton says of him, Mr. Browning has no moods, but rather because he never yields to them, in the sense of making a solitary sentiment the burden of a poem. And the reason he never yields to them is a note of the mastery of his intellect. Those moods of the spirit come upon us often we know not how. We cannot give an intellectual account of them. Mr. Browning will make no feeling or emotion

the subject of poetry unless he can give an intellectual account of it. If he be possessed strongly by some spiritual elation or depression, he does not merely express the feeling in verse, he sets himself the task of discovering how he came to feel as he does feel, and his conclusion, if it seem likely to furnish a new psychological suggestion, becomes the subject of a poem. It is this habit of making every human feeling contribute food for intellectual reflection which marks Mr. Browning as a poet.

And for the same reason he never yields to the *natural* impressions which any given incident is fitted to awaken. Much of the most popular verse is popular simply because it expresses finely our own thought, not because it supplies us with a new one. Who reads now the poems of Henry Vaughan? And yet who does not often murmur to himself at least two verses "on the death of friends:"—

They are all gone into the world of light !
 And I alone sit lingering here !
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

He that hath found a fledged bird's nest may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

These verses owe their success to the fact that they finely express the common, strangely-mingled feeling awakened by the death of friends in the minds of those whose Christian hope tinged, without quite dispelling, the darkness of a wondering ignorance. We read such poetry easily and pleasantly, because it returns a musical echo to our own thought. Mr. Browning never supplies such echoes. For just as he refuses to yield himself to the wayward swayings of a mood, the clue to whose origin he has lost, so too he refuses to surrender himself to the natural suggestions of any event or incident, but shapes and creates new ones by the originating genius of his vivid speculative intellect.

And it is this habit which gives to his work such a singular originality. For the disciplined and controlled *reflections* of a mind of the intellectual calibre of Mr. Browning's upon any human incident must always be more original than his first impulsive suggestions. The latter he would share with other poets ; the former are exclusively his own. To illustrate this we may recall the well-known poem entitled "A Grammarian's Funeral." The poem is the supposed hymn of the disciples who bore their master to his last resting-place. The incident refers to a time shortly after the revival of learning in Europe. The dead man was an earnest toiler in the new

paths. So eager was he that death found him still at work, classifying and arranging the parts of speech—

So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
Ground he at grammar ;
Still, thro' the rattle parts of speech were rife,
While he could stammer.
He settled Hoti's business—let it be,
Properly based Oun—
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic De,
Dead from the waist down.

The natural feeling suggested by this incident is one of half-pathetic, half-humorous pity at the sad tragedy of human destiny. We think how incommensurate was the result of his work to the toil of the worker ; what wealth in the doer, what poverty in the task ; and had we to write a poem on the theme of such a burial, we should, I think, describe the lonely labourer as being carried to some hidden lowly spot which might furnish an appropriate resting-place for one who had toiled so hard and achieved so little.

How differently does Mr. Browning write. It is to no lowly secluded spot that he makes the scholars bear their master.

Let us begin to carry up this corpse,
Singing together ;
Leave we the common croft, the vulgar thorpes,
Each in his tether,
Sleeping safe in the bosom of the plain.

Leave we the unlettered plain, its herds, and crop,
Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citted to the top,
Crowded with culture !
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels ;
Clouds overcome it ;
No, yonder sparkle is the citadel's,
Circling its summit :
Thither our path lies.

On the topmost peak alone can he be fitly buried. And why? Was it so grand a thing to study grammar, to exhaust life in perfecting the world's knowledge of the parts of speech? Yes, says the poet, for the grammarian displayed thereby a sublime and solitary trust in God. He was so supremely confident of another life that he was willing to give up the whole of this one in mastering the lowliest rudiments of knowledge.

Was it not great ? did not he throw on God
 (He loves the burthen)
 God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen ?

He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment ;
 He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
 Found or earth's failure ;
 " Wilt thou trust Death or not ? " He answered, " Yes,
 Hence with life's pale lure."

So Mr. Browning reflects on the life of this eager worker, still busied with Greek particles and struggling successfully with the doctrine of the enclitic *De*, while death was struggling successfully with him, till we find that he has interlaced our feeling of kindly pity with a strengthening fibre of spiritual trust.

Now, it will be readily admitted that the study of such poetry as this demands an intellectual effort. We can follow a writer who expresses exquisitely our own feeling, without any apparent effort ; it is widely different with the work of one who resolutely sets himself against our feeling and forces us into the position of fellow-thinkers with him. And this necessary effort is made yet more needful by Mr. Browning's poetical execution. He carries captive in his verse the spoils of a mind which has ranged all literature seeking what it might appropriate. Seldom has a more widely-cultured student written verse. Unfortunately, he assumes in his readers a knowledge equal to his own—a knowledge sometimes of matters even personal and domestic. His poems are full of obscure references. Unknown allusions, emergent and re-emergent, frisk and gambol like strange sea-creatures in the deep waters of his verse. We do not quite follow the poet, and we lose something in consequence. Even when he is most lucid there is still a certain obscurity, due to the assumption on his part that the reader is in his confidence and can take a hint.

Suppose we quote first without comment those abruptly-introduced but magnificent lines which close the introduction to his great poem the " Ring and the Book."

A ring without a posy, and that ring mine !
 Oh, Lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
 And all a wonder and a wild desire,
 Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
 Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
 And sang a kindred soul out to his face,
 Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart.
 When the first summons from the darkling earth

Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,
 And bared them of the glory—to drop down
 To toil for man—to suffer or to die:
 This is the same voice—can thy soul know change?
 Hail, then, and hearken from thy realms of help.
 Never may I commence my song, my due
 To God, who best taught song by gift of thee,
 Than with bent head and beseeching hand,
 That still despite the distance and the dark
 What was again may be—some interchange
 Of grace—some splendour once thy very thought,
 Some benediction anciently thy smile,
 Never conclude, but raising hand and head,
 Thither where eyes that cannot reach yet yearn
 For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
 Their utmost up and on—so blessing back
 In those thy realms of help—that heaven thy home,
 Some whiteness which I judge thy face makes proud,
 Some wanness where I think thy foot may fall.

These lines would be beautiful to the most ignorant. But if we happen to remember the reference to Hamlet and Ophelia in the opening line—if we know of the poet's true devotion to one sacred memory—a devotion which lengthens out *this* prologue with the expression of a love deeper than Hamlet dreamed of in his scorn—if we have read the inscription on the Casa Guidi at Florence; "Qui scrisse e morì Elisabetta Barrett Browning, che in cuore di donna conciliava scienze di dotto e spirito di poeta, e fece del suo verso *aureo anello* fra Italia e Inghilterra," suggesting the somewhat ambiguous title of the poem—then only do we realise their full beauty as we see how they unite the dignity of ideal thought with the pathos of personal affection. He found the "Lyric Love" whose aid he summons, singing in the pure atmosphere of lyrical joy. He saw her, smitten by the sorrows of the world, droop to earth to suffer and to sing. He held her to his heart for a little while. Once again she is removed from him, and this time by the harsher severance of death. But her soul can know no change. Ere he begins his song, he bends to receive the help and blessing of his teacher. As he ends it, he lifts his face filled with yearning love which strives and wrestles with the darkness; and as his eyes strain upwards, the unpierced vapours which roll between and veil her from him, seem to struggle for a moment with the wan light of a passing brightness—a brightness whose source, he fondly fancies, is the smile upon her glorified face and the tread of her radiant feet.

Poetry like this effectually dissipates the current opinion that Mr. Browning lacks passion. And yet the current opinion has

some foundation. For although Mr. Browning has true passion, though always under perfect control, no poet finds with more difficulty the appropriate language of passion. Passion does one of two things: either it intensifies utterance, till common speech becomes almost musical, as the jerky unbalanced words we usually send forth are steadied beneath the weight of a whole nature going out upon them, or else, if the feeling be *too* powerful, it stifles utterance. When Webster makes Ferdinand turn from the corpse of his murdered sister with the words "Cover her face; my eyes dazzle; she died young," he is as true to nature as Shelley is in the last great speech of Beatrice Cenci. But Mr. Browning can never master the pure eloquence of fluent verse, and his style is habitually so abrupt, we do not feel the transition sufficiently when he slightly emphasizes his natural manner. There is in Mr. Browning a rare amount of passionate heat; but it is for the most part the kind of heat which would be described in physics as latent heat. The ice has to be melted before the temperature is perceptibly raised. On account of Mr. Browning's style and diction, so many obstacles hinder the expression of his passion, so much frigidity has to be overcome, that the passion becomes in great part latent, and can be detected only by close examination. Only now and again a tongue of vivid flame pierces the stony crust of his rough boulder-strewn verse, to give significant hint of the central fire which fed it; as, for instance, the lines in which Sebald and his "spirit's arbitress, magnificent in sin," live over again the hours of their passion, in the interchange of their terrible memories, or the fine conclusion of the speech of the child-wife, Pompilia, when she flings the whole passion of her innocent nature into a defence of the chivalrous but too reckless young priest—

I would have sprung to these beckoning across
Murder and hell, gigantic and distinct,
O' the threshold—posted to exclude me heaven.
He is ordained to call and I to come;

where the last line seems to me great in the gathered energy of a deep passion.

So much has been said and written of the inequalities and rudenesses of Mr. Browning's verse, that beyond this critical remark upon the hindrance they impose to the successful expression of passion, little need be said. One remark, however, must be made. It ought to be observed how what ought to be a help to the artist becomes an increased hindrance, viz. the quality of rhyme. The

function of rhyme is to make the thought flow more freely. A verse is literally a *versus*, a turning, and the rhyme at the end of the line is meant to help the thought to get round the corner. This true end is defeated if it attracts attention to itself. When the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" writes of

Some such pious divine as
St. Thomas Aquinas,
Or, equally charming,
The works of Bellarmine;

or tells us how the *Times* declared Lord Brougham to be

Quite lost in his
Classic attempt at translating Demosthenes;

our admiration for the cleverness of the versifier destroys our sense of the melody of the verse. And it is too often the same in the case of Mr. Browning. His clever rhymes pull us up suddenly to examine them, like sign-posts at the meeting of the ways. We must pause, for example, to admire the skill which has found in the monosyllables "dab brick" a fitting rhyme for "fabric." If we compare these poems with a piece of perfect melody—as, for instance, the lines in "Christabel" commencing "Alas, they had been friends in youth,"—we shall see that in the latter there is not a single rhyme which is ostentatiously prominent, and that, consequently, the music flows gracefully and with ease. It is unfortunate that Mr. Browning, who needs such help as he could get from rhyme, more than Coleridge, so seldom uses it judiciously.

With a little care, however, in order to master the peculiarities of Mr. Browning's style and his favourite grammatical turns, we are able to read his poems without much effort. This care, however, is just what his determined critics will not take. The *Saturday Review*, for example, quoted last June from Mr. Browning's last poem the following lines:—

I have questioned and am answered. Question, answer, presuppose
Two points: that the thing itself which questions, answers, is, it knows;
As it also knows the thing perceived outside itself, a force
Actual ere its own beginning, operative through its course,
Unaffected by its end—that this thing likewise needs must be;
Call this—God then, call that Soul, and both—the only facts for me.
Prove them facts? That they o'erpass my power of proving proves them such,
Fact it is I know. I know not something that is fact so much.

The critic goes on to complain that these lines are obscure. "The last line," he says, "has scarcely been excelled in obscurity by

Hegel in prose or by Mr. Browning in verse. The meaning seems to be, 'It is a fact that I know I am ignorant of something which is also a fact.' But the *Saturday Reviewer* has himself created in great measure the obscurity. The poet argues that the existence of the soul and of God are prime facts of consciousness, authenticated by better evidence than is the existence of any phenomena. He knows that their existence is fact; if *it* is not, he knows of nothing which is—

Fact it is I know. I know not something that is fact so much.

But the critic seems carelessly to have read

Fact it is. I know I know not something that is fact so much.

What I have said so far of Mr. Browning amounts to this. His poems are not so much poems in the ordinary sense as the intellectual reflections of a true poet. The study of such work demands a corresponding intellectual effort on the part of the reader, and the necessity for this effort is increased by the range and obscurity of the poet's allusions, and by the turgidity and uncouthness of his verse. It will be easily understood why such a writer is not popular. The necessary effort to understand him will seldom be made. Mr. Browning, indeed, sometimes, though rarely, writes with a perfectly lucid beauty, and the memory of such triumphs as "The Lost Leader" and "Evelyn Hope" makes us more impatient of his customary failure. But these poems must either have been solitary inspirations, or else elaborated with unusual care. No doubt, if the latter be the case, it would seem to many that it would be far better were Mr. Browning to write less, and to write with greater care. Those who admire him most, will hesitate before endorsing this opinion. For the intellectual fertility of the poet, which supplies his greatest charm, never deserts him, and to limit his powers of production would be to rob us of admirable studies, with the doubtful equivalent, of improvement in one particular excellence, in which, however, he could never hope to rival the great masters of melodious verse. We should rather acquiesce in his own contentment with a limited circle of admirers, and take care, if we are included in the number, not to blind ourselves to his faults, or encourage him in the belief that his careless diction is a new poetical virtue.

A discriminating critic, however, might furnish one strong reason to justify the wish that Mr. Browning's literary productiveness might be limited. To Mr. Browning the human soul, in all its aspects supplying materials for intellectual reflection, forms the one subject of poetry. It is inevitable that, in course of time, he should come to exhaust the investigation of its normal moods, and begin to dwell

upon its more morbid and exceptional developments. This tendency has been noticeable of late, especially in such poems as "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," or "The Ring Album," although the latter contains, in other respects, what seems to me some of Mr. Browning's best work. And this practice damages yet more his popularity. For ordinary minds do not care for such exceptional studies, scarcely believe, indeed, in the possible existence of such morbid states of consciousness, and resent having them thrust beneath their notice. Take, for instance, the little poem, "Porphyria's Lover." The story is this. Porphyria is loved by one whom she loves in return. But circumstances are too strong for her. She is compelled to marry for the sake of gold and position. On the eve of her bridal, she comes down to the cottage of her lover, to bid him a last passionate farewell. He sits with his head upon her shoulder, while her lovely hair falls loose. He feels that she is his—

At last I knew
 Porphyria worshipped me; surprise
 Made my heart swell, and still it grew,
 While I debated what to do.
 That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
 Perfectly pure and good; I found
 A thing to do, and all her hair
 In one long yellow string I wound
 Three times her little throat around,
 And strangled her. No pain felt she;
 I am quite sure she felt no pain.
 As a shut bud that holds a bee,
 I warily oped her lids; again
 Laughed the blue eyes without a stain;
 And I unlightened next the tress
 About her neck; her cheek once more
 Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss.
 I propped her head up as before,
 Only this time my shoulder bore
 Her head, which droops upon it still,
 The smiling rosy little head,
 So glad it had its utmost will,
 That all it scorned at once is fled,
 And I, its love, am gained instead.
 Porphyria's love: she guessed not how
 Her darling one wish would be heard.
 And thus we sit together now,
 And all night long we have not stirred,
 And yet God has not said a word!

It is possible, of course, to enter into the feelings of "Porphyria's Lover." We can understand how he might be mastered by the pas-

sionate desire to end the life of his love while her heart was still pure, in the very climax of her passion, and we can realise, though we might not wish to share, the feeling which enabled a highly sensitive nature to sit through the dark hours of a wild night, with his arms around the lifeless form of what the world would call a murdered maiden, and with the awful consciousness of God upon him. But the bulk of its readers will simply think the story morbid or absurd, though perhaps they may admit that it is told in something more than Mr. Browning's best manner.

And some such complaint as has been alluded to is really justified. If, indeed, the morbid element were but a passing episode in the development of a soul, we could bear to have it described. Unfortunately, it becomes, in the hands of Mr. Browning, the exclusive subject of study. For Mr. Browning cannot paint the developments of a soul at all. Through his inability to represent dramatic action his works lose not only the scenic charm due to the picturesque play of circumstances, but they sustain the far greater loss of a power to picture the action of circumstances upon character. The slow changes of a nature, as it is beaten into shape by the "blows of circumstance," such gradual growth as George Eliot so powerfully describes in the history of Tito, or of the two Tullivers, these are not within Mr. Browning's power to exhibit dramatically. He can, indeed, tell us of the change. I know of nothing finer than his description, in the case of Pompilia, of

That strange and passionate precipitance,
Of maiden startled into motherhood,
Which changes body and soul by nature's law.
So when the she-dove breeds strange yearnings come
For th' unknown shelter by undreamed of shores ;
And there is born a blood-pulse in her veins,
To fight if need be, though with flap of wing,
For the wool-flock or the fur-tuft—though a hawk
Contest the prize—wherefore she knows not yet.

But the change is not described dramatically. What Mr. Browning has before his eye is a fixed mental attitude. His representations are a kind of "tableaux vivants." There is life, but little movement.

But, within his own range, his work is perfect. The state of mind he is bent on understanding and describing, he does succeed in understanding and describing. No contributing trait is overlooked—nothing forgotten. There is, of course, a tendency in such work to become too microscopic. If an interesting object will but stand still and submit, we like to see it enlarged beneath a lens ; and

the fixed passivity of Mr. Browning's studies makes such contemplation easy. Indeed, this microscopic tendency runs through all his poetry. No man has felt more profoundly at once the dignity and pathos of the naked elements of human life, and he seems inclined to exaggerate the lessons of sorrow or joy which a simple incident may supply—at least, what seems to duller souls an exaggeration. But this is an error on the right side. One who feels deeply, and can make us feel like Mr. Browning, the pathos and the beauty of the lowliest human life, can be pardoned a little exaggeration of the lessons of the common-place; and we can excuse his antipathy against those who seem to think human passions are not fit objects of study, unless theatrically dressed and lodged in the breast of a Giaour or a Corsair, or—of the poet whose creations they are.

One result of this tendency cannot, however, be overlooked, and must be condemned. Mr. Browning's sense of the worth of everything human causes him to feel that nothing is common; and this is true. But it also causes him to forget that there are many things which are vulgar. There are some things which only those poets with the very finest and most delicate powers of expression can speak of without the offence of coarseness. Mr. Browning, without these gifts, frequently speaks of them, the more so in his later works. A fine passage in his last poem is spoiled by a most vulgar reference. And even when Mr. Browning is not absolutely coarse, he fails often so perfectly to assimilate a homely figure as to leave no sense of unfitness in its use. For example, in that charming little poem, "Popularity," in which he seems rather defiantly to defend the rough unreadiness of his verse, he ends with the query, "What porridge had John Keats?" Now, there is certainly nothing coarse in this, and yet it may be doubted whether the effect of that last line be not to leave on the minds of many, as the resultant impression from the perusal of a lovely poem, a picture of the ethereal author of "Hyperion" and the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" sitting down to sup from off a preparation of that familiar cereal which Dr. Johnson (flashing a gleam of patriotic humour over the grave pages of his dictionary) described as "the food of horses in England and of men in Scotland."

The general judgment of Mr. Browning must then be that he is the most intellectually massive among English poets, and we have seen in what a variety of ways this very intellectual massiveness interferes with his legitimate hold on popular attention. Full justice will never be *popularly* awarded to his great qualities. It is to be doubted, however, whether Mr. Browning is greatly concerned

on account of any popular neglect. To the true worker, the service of his Muse is its own complete reward. Tycho Brahe was driven from the wonderful home he had made for himself at Hveen, through the disfavour of a monarch and his court. What mattered it, sings his countryman the Danish poet Heiberg, to the old astronomer, into what land he was exiled, since Urania was ever his friend, and her star-strown heavens were above him.

This criticism has dealt designedly with Mr. Browning's qualities as an artist. It has said nothing of the temper of his mind, or of the spirit in which he writes. And yet one must surely ask somewhat of that temper and that spirit. For, in the final audit of every noble nature, these furnish perhaps the decisive criteria of poetical inspiration. What is it to be a poet? How distinguish between the pretensions of rivals? Mr. Browning shall tell us in some of his very latest words :—

Dear, shall I tell you? There's a simple test
 Would serve when people take on them to weigh
 The worth of poets : " Who was better, best,
 This, that, the other bard?" (bards none gainsay
 As good, observe ! no matter for the rest) :
 What quality preponderating may
 Turn the scale as it trembles? End the strife
 By asking, " Which one led a happy life?"
 If one did over his antagonist,
 That yell'd, or shrieked, or sobb'd, or wept, or wail'd,
 Or simply had the dumps—dispute who list,
 I count him victor. Where his fellow fail'd,
 Mastered by his own means of might—acquist
 Of necessary sorrows—he prevail'd,
 A strong since joyful man, who stood distinct,
 Above slave sorrows to his chariot linked,
 Who knows most doubts most, entertaining hope,
 Means recognising fear ; the keener sense
 Of all comprised within our actual scope
 Recoils from aught beyond earth's dim and dense.
 Who, grown familiar with the sky, will grope
 Henceforward among groundlings? That's offence
 Just as indubitably : stars abound
 O'er head, but then—what flowers make glad the ground.
 So force is sorrow, and each sorrow force ;
 What then? Since swiftness gives the charioteer
 The palm, his hope be in the vivid horse,
 Whose neck God clothed with thunder, not the steer,
 Sluggish and safe! Yoke hatred, crime, remorse,
 Despair ; but ever mid the whirling fear,
 Let through the tumult, break the poet's face
 Radiant, assured his wild slaves win the race.¹

¹ " Two Poets of Croisic."

Nobler or truer words have seldom been uttered. "*His wild slaves.*" Mr. Browning knows the deep truth of Goethe's lines:—

Who never ate his bread in sorrow ;
 Who never spent the darksome hours
 Weeping and watching for the morrow,
 He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers.

But he knows as well that this naked truth must be qualified. For he knows that the wild and lawless, the fierce or petulant sorrows of the soul will never earn for it that spiritual vision, which can guide it to the goal of a poet's perfect victory. They must be purified and disciplined; they must be governed and controlled. The wild horses must become his slaves. Fierce and untamed "Tartars of the Ukraine breed," which can drag a self-tormented mind through Europe, are not the creatures he will harness to *his* car. He has made his dark sorrows the slave steeds of his nobler nature, and through the whirling dust of the arena, they will win for him the palm he covets, and crown him with the laurels of the truthful and the pure.

The last of the old Hebrew prophets, looking out upon the grey twilight, soon to change into that dolorous night which closed the day of his nation's history, gave promise to them that feared Jehovah's name that the Sun of Righteousness would, at last, arise with healing in his wings. In the deepest moments of our existence, the longing for that ampler sunrise, enchains our spirits in the bondage of a great desire. And he is no ideal poet who cares nothing for that rising. For it is the true bard's best privilege to yearn for it too, in song—perhaps to hasten it. It is his part to announce the coming splendour; his to anticipate the dawn. He wheels to the East the heads of those dark sorrow-steeds he guides. The longed-for orb will rise to the measured thunder of their hoofs. The manes they toss so proudly will be burnished in his golden glances. Through the long dark night, the poet drives, jubilant with the joy of hope. For he can read the face of the sky and discern the signs of the times; and he sees the rose-winged herald of a new humanity in that faint, far-off dawn-flush, which seems only the breaking of an earthly morning, to the generations of the evil and adulterous.

A. N. MACNICOLL.

THE OLD PHRENOLOGY AND THE NEW.

THERE has ever lain a strange fascination for culture and ignorance alike, in the attempt to diagnose the intellect and character of man from the outward manifestations of his face and skull. The problem of character and its interpretation is as old as Plato, and may probably be shown to be more ancient still. Egyptian soothsayers and Babylonian astrologers were hardly likely to have omitted the indexing of character as a profitable and at the same time legitimate exercise of their art. The forecasting of future events and the casting of nativities were studies likely enough to bear a friendly relationship to the determination of character from face, from fingers, or from skull and brain itself. But the histories of palmistry and soothsaying, with that of physiognomy, are they not all writ in the Encyclopædias? We shall not occupy space with an historical *résumé* of the efforts of philosophy in swaddling clothes attempting to wrestle with the great problem of mind and matter; nor shall we at present venture to oppose a scientific denial to Shakespeare's dictum that

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.

Darwin's "Expression of the Emotions," the development of facial contortions, and the interesting study of the genesis of smiles and tears, and of the thousand and one signs which make up the visible and emotional life of humanity, may form a subject for treatment hereafter. Our present study concerns the deeper but not less interesting problem of the indexing of mind, and of the relations of brain-conformation and brain-structure to character and disposition. If there exists no art "to find the mind's construction in the face," Lavater notwithstanding, may we discover "the mind's construction in the skull?" If the old phrenology, or the science of brain-pans, be regarded as practically obsolete amongst physiologists and scientific men at large, what hopes of successfully estimating the "coinage of the brain" may the new phrenology be said to hold out? To this *interesting* question, then, let us ask the reader's attention for a brief

period. We may premise, that if the march in ways phrenological be somewhat bellicose, our journey shall not be wanting in those mental elements which make for instruction in a field largely peopled with human hopes and fears.

The professions of phrenology are not by any means so correctly appreciated as might be thought, considering how well known is the name of the science, and how popular were its tenets within, comparatively speaking, a few years back. Although the name "phrenology" is but an echo in the scientific class-rooms, its professors still flourish, mostly in obscure localities in large towns, and often present themselves as modern representatives of the Peripatetici, in that they wander from town to town as travelling philosophers who usually unite a little electro-biology to their phrenological talents, and throw in an occasional mesmeric *séance* by way of offset to the more serious business of the interpretation of character. There are, it is true, phrenological societies and museums in several of our cities. The latter are chiefly remarkable for the varied collection of murderers' effigies and for the extensive assortment of casts of cranial abnormalities; the exact relationship of these contorted images to phrenological science being rarely if ever made clear to the visitor on the search for knowledge. Now and then in opticians' windows one sees a wondrous china head whose cubic capacity is mapped off into square inches, half inches and quarters, of veneration, ideality, comparison, benevolence, and many other qualities of mind. The contemplation of such a work of art excites within the mind of the ingenuous observer an idea of the literal awfulness of a science which dispenses destructiveness by the inch, and which maps out the bounds of our amativeness by the rule of three; whilst the profundity of its professors may by such a mind be compared only to that of Butler's *savant* who

Could distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side.

Nor would the admiration of the ingenuous one be lessened were he to enter the sanctum of the "professor" of phrenology, and submit his cranium to the ocular inspection and digital manipulation of the oracle. The very furnishings of the apartment are mystic, and impress or overawe the inquiring mind. Pope's dictum concerning "the proper study of mankind" embellishes the walls; and the advice "know thyself," meant to be interpreted and taken in a phrenological sense, is given gratis through the medium of a conspicuous, and usually illustrated, poster. The tattooed head of a New Zealander; a few skulls, occasionally supplemented by a collec

lection of stuffed lizards and other reptilian curiosities, and invariably flanked by busts of the ancient philosophers, complete the æsthetic furnishings of the modern temple of the delineator of character. To the proprietor, in due time, enters a certain moiety of the British public in search of knowledge. And thence issue the patients, each provided for a consideration with a wondrous chart of their mental disposition, wherein the moral quicksands are presumed to be duly marked, and the obliquities of character stamped, with a view towards future correction and improvement.

How does the phrenological professor succeed very fairly in reading character? may be asked at the outset by readers who have had those parts of their disposition best known to themselves delineated with accuracy by the oracle. The reply is clear. Not through manipulating those mysterious "bumps," nor through any occult knowledge of the brains of his votaries, but simply from a shrewd talent for scanning the personal appearance and physiognomy of his clients, and by the dexterous suggestion of queries bearing on those traits of character which the features and manner reveal. Your successful phrenologist is in truth a shrewd physiognomist. His guide to character is in reality the face, not the brain-pan. The dress, manners, and deportment of his clients, and not the grey matter of the cerebrum, form the real basis of his observations. If any one may be found to doubt how accurately one's character may be mapped out from its outward manifestations, let him endeavour to study for a while the acts and deportment of those with whose "mind's construction" he may be even slightly acquainted, and he will speedily discover numerous clues to the mental disposition in common acts and traits which previously had passed utterly unnoticed. Such a result accrues speedily to the professed physiognomist and shrewd observer of men, who, passing his fellows in professional review before him, speedily discovers types of character to which, with allowance for special proclivities or traits, his various clients may be referred. That character may with tolerable success be determined even from handwriting is a well-known fact; and it is difficult to see the superiority of the pretensions and claims of phrenology as a guide to character over those of the professor of caligraphic philosophy. One of the most convincing illustrations that even a practical knowledge of brain-structure is not necessary for the successful delineation of such superficial traits of character as can alone be determined by the casual observer, may be found in the fact, that very few "professors" of phrenology have ever studied the brain, whilst a large proportion *may never* have seen an actual human brain. A notable example of

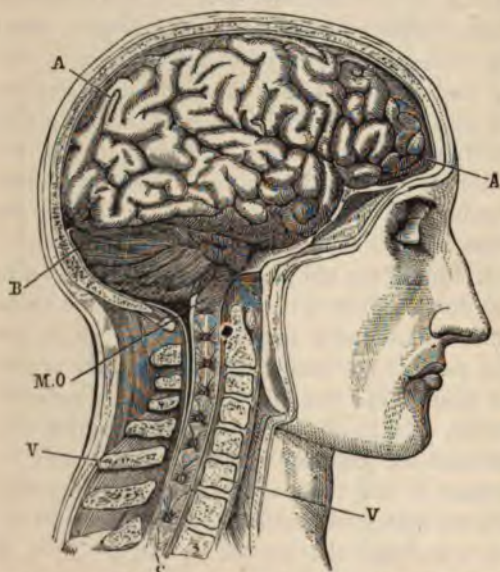
a successful practice of phrenology being carried on independently of any knowledge whatever of the brain, is known to the writer, in the case of a worthy police-sergeant, who attained tolerable accuracy in the art of reading "the mind's construction," but who had never even seen a brain, and who had the faintest possible idea of the appearance of that organ. Unless, therefore, one may logically maintain that total ignorance of the brain-pan is compatible with an accurate understanding of its contents and mysteries, the successful practice of phrenology must be shown to depend on other data and other circumstances than are supplied by anatomy and physiology—these sciences admittedly supplying the foundation of all that is or can be known regarding the brain, its conformation, structure, and functions. Empirical science—science falsely so-called—will not hesitate to assert its ability to accurately solve the deepest problems of character and mind. But the more modest spirit of the true scientist will hesitate before crediting itself with any such ability, or even before giving assent to such general rules of character as are exemplified by the saying, "Big head and little wit;" or by that of the worthy Fuller, who, in his "Holy and Profane State," remarks that "Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high."

The fundamental doctrine of the old phrenology is well known to most of us. Its great doctrine is pictorially illustrated in the china heads of the opticians' windows, and may be summed up in the statement that different parts or portions of the brain are the organs of different faculties of mind. The brain thus viewed is a storehouse of faculties and qualities, each faculty possessing a dominion and sphere of its own amongst the cerebral substance, and having its confines as rigidly defined as are the boundaries of certain actual provinces in the East, the status of which has afforded matter for serious comment of late amongst the nations at large. Thus, if phrenology be credited with materialising mind in the grossest possible fashion, its votaries have themselves and their science to thank for the aspersion. If it be maintained that feelings of *destructiveness* reside above the ear, then must we localise the desire to kill or destroy in so much brain substance as lies included in the "bump" in question. When vainglory besets us, we must hold, if we are phrenologists, that there is a molecular stirrage and activity of brain-particles beneath a certain bump of "self-esteem" situated above and in front of the ear; whilst feelings of veneration, of hope, or of wonder are each to be regarded as causing a defined play of action in particular bumps and special quarters of the brain. Were the deductions of phrenology true, or were its claims to be regarded

as a science founded on definite grounds, mind could no longer be regarded as a mystery, since it would be within the power of the phrenologist to assert that, when swayed by emotions of one kind or another, he could declare which part of the brain was being affected. This declaration logically follows upon that which maintains the localisation of faculties in different parts of the brain; but it is a conclusion at the same time from which physiology simply retires in outspoken disdain, as presenting us with an empirical explanation of mysteries to which the furthest science has as yet failed to attain.

That we may duly understand, not merely the falsity of the old phrenology, but the bearings of the new aspects of brain-science as

FIG. 1.



SIDE VIEW OF THE BRAIN AND SPINAL CORD.—(From Bourguery.)
 A, the cerebrum; B, the cerebellum; M.O., the medulla oblongata;
 V, the vertebrae, cut in halves; C, the spinal cord, and the origin
 of its nerves.

revealed by modern physiology, we must briefly glance at the general conformation of the brain. The organ of mind, contained within the skull, consists of the greater brain or *cerebrum* (fig. 1, AA), and the lesser brain or *cerebellum* (B). The latter portion is situated at the back of the head, and forms the hinder part of the brain; the spinal cord (c), which, as every one knows,

runs through the spine (vv), being merely a continuation of the main axis of the nervous centres of which the brain is the chief. When the surface of the human brain is inspected, it is seen to present a very unequal appearance, due to the fact that its substance is thrown into a large number of folds or *convolutions* (see fig. 1), as they are technically named by the anatomist. The brain, or cerebrum, is in reality a double organ, formed of two similar halves or *hemispheres*, which are separated by a deep central fissure, but which are also connected together below by a broad band of nervous matter

known as the *corpus callosum*. It is this latter band which brings the halves of the brain into relation with one another, and which thus serves to produce identity and correlation of action between its various parts.

To the nature of the convolutions our especial attention must be directed. The brain-substance consists of grey and white nervous matter. The grey matter forms the outermost layer of the brain-substance, and encloses the white; the opposite arrangement being seen, curiously enough, in the spinal cord. Now, one evident purpose of the convolutions of the brain is to largely increase the amount of its grey matter relatively to the space in which the organ of mind is contained; whilst the perfect nutrition of the brain is also thus provided for through its convoluted structure permitting a fuller distribution of the minute bloodvessels which supply the brain with the vital fluid. It is a very noteworthy fact that the structure of the grey matter differs materially from that of the white. In the grey matter nerve-cells are found in addition to nervous fibres, the former originating nervous force, whilst the latter are simply capable of conveying this subtle force. Thus it may be said that it is in the grey matter that thought is chiefly evolved, and from this layer that purposive actions spring. The white matter, on the other hand, merely conveys nerve-force and nervous impressions, and is thus physiologically inferior in its nature to the grey substance. The observations of Gratiolet, Marshall, and Wagner seem to leave no room for doubt that the convolutions of the brain increase with culture, and are therefore more numerous and deeper in civilised than in savage races of men. It is curious, however, to observe that certain groups of quadrupeds are normally "smooth-brained," and possess few or no convolutions. Such are rats, mice, and the rodents or "gnawing" animals at large, and it can hardly be maintained that in those animals intelligence is normally low or instinct primitive—although, indeed, the just comparison of human with lower instincts must be founded on a broader basis than is presented by this single anatomical fact.

A final observation concerning the anatomy of the brain relates to its size and weight as connected with the intelligence. The phrenological doctrine of the disposition of faculties must be held to include the idea, that the larger the brain, the better specialized should be the mental qualities of the individual; the greater the amount of brain-substance forming the good and bad qualities and regions of the phrenologist, the more active should be the mental organisation. Now, it is a patent fact that this rule tells strongly against the phrenologist's assumption. True, various great

men have had large brains; but cases of great men possessing small brains are equally common, as also are instances where insanity and idiocy were associated with brains of large size. The normal average human male brain weighs from 49 to 50 ounces; man's brain being 10 per cent. heavier than that of woman. Cuvier's brain weighed $64\frac{1}{2}$ ounces; that of Dr. Abercrombie 63 ounces; that of Spurzheim, of phrenological fame, 55 ounces; Professor Goodsir's brain attained a weight of $57\frac{1}{2}$ ounces; Sir J. Y. Simpson's weighed 54 ounces; that of Agassiz 53.4 ounces; and that of Dr. Chalmers 53 ounces. As instances of high brain-weights, without corresponding intellectual endowment, may be mentioned four brains weighed by Peacock, the weights of which varied from 67.5 to 61 ounces. Several insane persons have had brains of $64\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, 62 ounces, 61 ounces, and 60 ounces, as related by Bucknill, Thurnam, and others. With respect to the brain-weights of the fair sex, anatomical authority asserts that in women with brains weighing 55.25 ounces and 50 ounces, no marked intellectual features were noted. Below 30 ounces, the human brain becomes idiotic in character, so that there appears to exist a minimum weight, below which rational mental action is unknown. The anatomist's conclusions regarding brain capacity and mental endowments are therefore plain. He maintains that the size and weight of the organ do not of themselves afford any reliable grounds for an estimate of the mental endowments, whilst his researches also prove that a large brain and high intellectual powers are not necessarily or invariably associated together.

The foregoing details will be found to assist us in our criticism of the pretensions of the old phrenology as a basis for estimating "the mind's construction" and the mental habits of man. Primarily, let us enquire if development—that great criterion of the nature of living structure—lends any countenance to the idea that the brain is a collection of organs such as the phrenologist asserts it to be. The brain of man, like that of all other backboned animals, appears to begin its history in a certain delicate streak or furrow which is developed on the surface of the matter of the germ. Within this furrow the brain and spinal cord are at first represented by an elongated strip of nervous matter, which strip, as the furrow closes to form a tube, also becomes tubular, and encloses within it, as the hollow of the tube, the little canal which persists in the centre of the spinal cord. The front part of this nervous tube, which soon exhibits a division into grey and white matter, now begins to expand so as to form three swellings named *vesicles*. From these vesicles the brain

and its parts are formed. The foremost swelling soon produces the parts known as the optic lobes, and also the structures which are destined to form the hemispheres or halves of the brain itself. The middle swelling contributes to the formation of certain important structures of the brain; and finally the cerebellum or lesser brain, along with the upper part of the spinal cord and other structures, appear as the result of the full development of the hinder or third swelling. Nor must we neglect to note that at first the human brain is completely smooth and destitute of convolutions, and only acquires its convoluted appearance towards the completion of development.

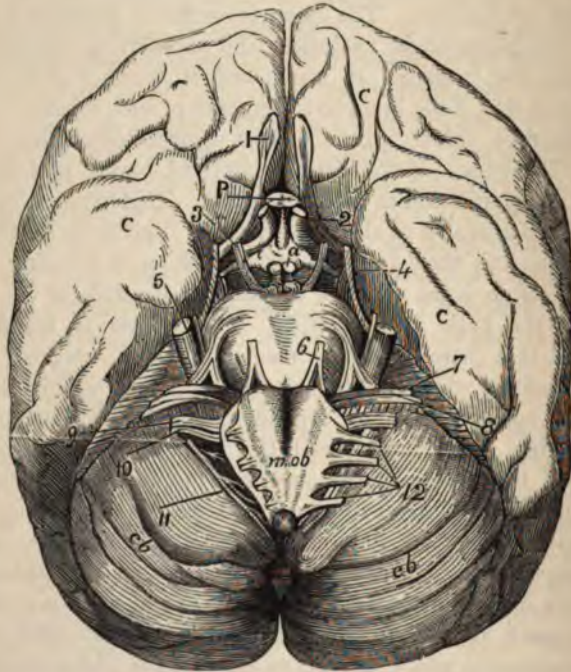
It is now an appropriate duty to enquire if the history of the brain's growth affords any countenance or support to the phrenological division of the organ into some thirty-five different organs and seats of faculties. The query is further a perfectly legitimate one. The phrenologist maintains the actuality of his deductions respecting the "organs" of mind, and it is only a fair and just expectation that, if the brain be a congeries of such organs, the anatomist should be able to see these parts as development has revealed them. The nature of the brain is asserted by the phrenologist to exist in its composition as a set of organs. That nature, argues the anatomist, if revealed at all, should present itself in its development, which alone can show us nature's true fashion of building a brain. What, therefore, is the result of the anatomist's study of the manner in which the brain is fashioned? The answer is found in the statement that there is not a trace of a single "organ" such as the phrenologist theoretically maintains is represented in the brain. There is no division into separate parts and portions, as the phrenologist's chart would lead the observer to suppose. The scalpel of the anatomist can nowhere discover in the full-grown brain an organ of veneration, or of hope, or of language, or of destructiveness, or of any other mental feature: nor can his microscope detect in nature's wondrous process of fashioning the brain any reason for the belief that the organ of mind is a collection of parts each devoted to the exercise of a special quality of mind. The arrangement which appears so clear on the phrenologist's bust is nowhere represented in the brain itself. And the organs of the phrenologist, in so far as their existence is concerned, may not inaptly be described in Butler's words as being

Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.

But if development gives no support to the phrenological

assertion of the brain's division into organs of the mind, neither does anatomy, human and comparative, countenance its tenets as applied to the examination of the brain-pan itself. To select a very plain method of testing the deductions of phrenology, let an anatomical plate of the upper surface of the undisturbed brain be exhibited, and having settled the position of certain "organs" from a phrenological chart, let anyone try to discover if the limits of any one organ can be discerned on the brain-surface. He will then clearly appreciate the hopeless nature of the task he has undertaken, and be ready to shrink from the attempt to resolve the complex convolutions before him into a square inch here of one faculty, or a square inch there of another. Moreover, one very important consideration will dawn upon the reflective mind which considers that the convolutions of the brain

FIG. 2.



THE BASE OF THE BRAIN.—(From Bourguery.)

C, under surface of the cerebrum; *cb*, the cerebellum; *m. ob*, the medulla oblongata. The nerves are numbered 1 to 12. 1, the olfactory nerve; 2, the optic; 3, 4, and 6, nerves which govern the muscles of the eyeball; 5, the trigeminal, which arises as shown by two roots; 7, the facial; 8, the auditory; 9, the glosso-pharyngeal; 10, the pneumogastric; 11, the spinal accessory; 12, the several roots of the hypoglossal. The figure 6 is placed on the pons varolii; the crura cerebri are between the third and fourth nerves on either side. Just above are *a*, the corpora albicantia, and P, the pituitary body.

are not limited to the crown and sides of the head, but, on the contrary, extend over the entire surface of the cerebrum, and are developed on its base (see fig. 2). No phrenologist has attempted, it is true, to get at the base of the brain by inspecting the palate; but it would be regarded as an absurd and unwarrantable statement to assert that the base of the brain has no functions, and that the mind of man is located only at the top and on the sides of the head. Yet the phrenologist is in the position of one making such an assertion; since his science takes no account of the base or internal parts of the brain—situations, forsooth, in which anatomy and the newer phrenology demonstrate the existence of very important sensory and other organs. The question of the relatively immense tracts of brain which lie without the utmost ken of phrenology, even on its own showing, is also illustrated by the observation, that the bulging or hollowing of the skull at any point affords no criterion of the thickness of the grey matter of the brain, a layer which we have already seen to constitute the most important part of the brain-substance. This grey matter is seen to exist in tolerable uniformity over large tracts of brain-substance, and it is invariably in the hinder region of the brain that it attains its greatest complexity and development. The form of the skull is dependent on the amount and disposition of the white matter, and not on that of the grey; and the former, as we have seen, has but a minor influence or part in the mental constitution, since its function is merely that of conducting, and not of originating thoughts and impressions. Since, then, phrenology lays so much stress on skull-conformation as a clue to brain-structure, it must be regarded as dealing rather with the results of the disposition of the white matter than with that of the grey—and this latter assumption of necessity involves a second, namely, that phrenology has no status as a science of mind at all.

There is one consideration concerning the practical application of the phrenologist's assertions too important to be overlooked, namely, the difficulty of detecting or of mapping out on the living head the various "bumps" or organs of mind which appear to be so lucidly localised on the bust or chart. The observer, who might naturally think the determination of the "bumps" an easy matter, has but to try to reconcile with a phrenological chart or with the brain-surface itself (fig. 1), the configuration of a friend's cranium, and he will then discover the impossibility of distinguishing where one faculty or organ ends and where another begins. How, for instance, can the exact limits of the four or five organs of mind, to be hereafter alluded to more specifically, which are supposed to exist

in the line of the eyebrow, be determined? What is the criterion of excessive or inferior development here, and how may we know when one "encroaches" upon another to the exclusion, or atrophy of the latter? The practical application of phrenology indeed constitutes one of its difficulties; and added to the difficulty or impossibility of accurately mapping out the boundaries of the phrenologist's organs, we must take into account the fact that we are expected to detail these organs through, in any case, a considerable thickness of scalp, which veils and occludes, as every anatomist knows, the intimate conformation of the skull-cap. At the most the phrenologist may distinguish regions; his exact examination of the living head *à la* the phrenological chart or bust is an anatomical impossibility.

But the anatomist has also something of importance to say regarding the actual existence of certain of the "organs" of mind mapped out by the phrenologist. Leaning trustfully upon their empirical deductions, the phrenologists have frequently localised faculties and organs of mind upon bony surfaces separated from the brain by an intervening space of considerable kind. In so far as comparative anatomy is concerned, phrenology receives no assistance in its attempt to localise mind-functions in man. An elephant is admittedly a sagacious animal, with a brain worth studying; just as a cat or tiger presents us with a disposition in which, if brain-science is applicable, as it should be, to lower forms of life exhibiting special traits of character, destructiveness should be well represented and typically illustrated. Alas for phrenology! the bump of destructiveness in the feline races resolves itself into a mass of jaw muscles, and the elephant's brain is placed certainly not within a foot or so of the most skilful of phrenological digits. The "frontal sinuses" or great air-spaces in the forehead bones of the animal intervene between the front of the brain, the region *par excellence* of intellect according to phrenology, and the outside layer of the skull. So that an observer could no more accurately construct a phrenological chart of an elephant than he could diagnose the contents of a warehouse by scanning the exterior of the building.

Not merely, however, are the difficulties of phrenology limited to the lower animals. Suppose we make a cross section of a human skull, through either the right or left side of the forehead, about half an inch above the upper border of the orbit or eye-cavity. We may then discover that man as well as the elephant possesses "frontal sinuses" or air-spaces in his forehead bone of considerable extent intervening between the exterior of the skull and the contained brain. Now, in such a section of the human skull, what phrenological "organs"

shall we cut through? Certainly those of "individuality," "form," "size," and "colour." In placing such organs across the eyebrows the phrenologist might naturally be regarded as having proceeded on the assumption that he was mapping out on the exterior of the skull a certain part of the brain-surface. What shall be said of his procedure, however, when the reader learns that a section of the skull made as indicated through these organs shows that they—*i.e.* the "organs" as marked on the outside of the skull—overlie the hollow spaces or "frontal sinuses," and are actually separated from the brain by cavities of considerable extent, in some cases exceeding an inch? Such a demonstration truly speaks for itself, and no less so does the anatomist's discovery that the "organ" of phrenologists known as "form" actually reposes in anything but a noble position on the cavity of the nose; that the organ of "calculation" is a solid bony (*orbital*) process; and that the size of the organ of "language" really depends upon the want of forward projection of the eye depending on the special development of a bony process on which the organ of sight rests, and which in any case has nothing whatever to do with the brain. Of language more anon; but enough has been said to show that a connection with the brain is not an invariable or apparently necessary condition for the construction of a phrenological "organ" of the mind—the fact that the brain is the organ of mind notwithstanding.

But neither does the case for phrenology fare any better when it is tested by the results of the examination of crania belonging to persons whose family or personal history was well known, and whose characters, in respect of their thorough and stable formation, would therefore serve as a test of phrenological or any other system of mind-explanation. In the heyday of phrenological discussion, and in Edinburgh as the very focus and centre of the arguments *pro* and *con* the system of Gall and Spurzheim, a Mr. Stone, then president of the Royal Medical Society, read in 1829 a paper in which the results of a most laborious and conscientious series of observations on the crania of well-known persons were detailed. These results, as will presently be shown, were fatal to any ideas which might have been entertained regarding the authentic nature of the data on which phrenological observations were founded. Fifty skulls were selected for measurement from the famous collection of Sir William Hamilton, fifty others being taken from that of Dr. Spurzheim himself. In the case of the skulls of fifteen murderers, whose crimes had been marked by unusual brutality and violence, and who might therefore be regarded as exemplifying cases in which the

largeness of the "organ" of destructiveness might be lawfully postulated by a phrenologist, Mr. Stone demonstrated by careful measurement and comparison that each of the fifteen had the organ or surface of "destructiveness" *absolutely less* than the average of ordinary heads, whilst thirteen of these skulls possessed this organ *relatively less* when compared with the whole contents of the brain-pan. Nor was this all. Thirteen of these fifteen worthies possessed a larger organ of "benevolence" than the average, and their "conscientiousness" was also as a rule well-developed. Their brains were not markedly deficient in front of the ear—the region of the intellectual faculties according to the phrenologist—nor were they unusually developed behind the ear, where the animal faculties are supposed to reside.

No less instructive were the comparisons instituted between the faculties of Dr. David Gregory, once Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, a friend and contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton. Professor Gregory's character was well known as that of an amiable, accomplished, intellectual man. In such a case the moral faculties would be expected to present high development, whilst the animal faculties and baser qualities would naturally be regarded as being but poorly represented. Mr. Stone's measurements, duly verified by independent observers, elicited the awkward fact that Dr. Gregory should, according to the phrenological interpretation of his cranium, have ranked in the criminal category, since his organ of "destructiveness" was found to exceed in size that of every murderer in the collection under discussion! In proportion to the general size and form of the brain, Dr. Gregory's "destructiveness" was larger than that of the notorious Burke, who was executed at Edinburgh for the cold-blooded murder of men, women, and children, whose bodies, along with his coadjutor Hare, he sold for purposes of anatomical inspection. Not to enumerate in detail the startling results which the fair and unbiassed examination of Dr. Gregory's cranium afforded, it may simply be mentioned that the Professor's "combativeness" was larger than that of any of the debased villains with whom his faculties were compared. Burke equalled him in "benevolence;" in "secretiveness" he excelled the noteworthy fifteen; his "acquisitiveness" exceeded that of Haggart and other noted thieves; his "causality"—the power of reasoning closely, and of tracing the relations between cause and effect, a faculty which as a mathematician he should have possessed largely developed—was less than that of the criminals; and his intellectual faculties at large were of less capacity *than theirs, as his animal faculties were present in greater force.*

No further illustration is required of the fact that, tested under exceptionally favourable circumstances, the deductions of phrenology are absolutely incorrect, not to say absurd. Nor is the case of the phrenologists bettered by their exercise of apologetics in face of the hard logic of the above and similar facts. Thurtell, with very large "benevolence" and with well-developed "veneration," yet committed an atrocious murder, and this without a special development of "destructiveness." "Nothing can justify the murder," said the phrenologists, but Thurtell imagined that he would "do a service to society by killing his friend" (where his benevolence?) "and hence his crime." Thus benevolence, by the exercise of phrenological apologetics, becomes an excuse for and an active cause of murder. Dr. Gregory's "destructiveness," said the phrenologists, was held in check by some other qualities—by which qualities it would be hard to say, seeing that, tested by phrenology, his whole mental and moral organisation was below that of the average murderer. So that we are to believe, in short, that "destructiveness," and the other base qualities of the Professor, being absolutely useless, must have been intended simply for show and not for use. Things, on this reasoning, truly are not what they seem; and phrenology thuswise cuts away from under itself its fundamental propositions, that its "organs" are the seats of faculties, and that their activity is proportional to their size.

But to proceed further would be to slay the slain. Thus much indeed we have said of the phrenology which still lingers in our midst, by way of contrast with the newer order of brain-interpretation which the advance of physiology has caused to arise amongst us. In the early days in which the battle of phrenology was fought and won as against the science of brain-pans, physiological experimentation upon the brain was an unknown and unworked source of information. In due time came Flourens, Magendie, Fritsch, Hitzig, and Ferrier, with their exact methods and results, enlarging the conceptions of the brain and its powers, and throwing here and there a ray of light upon the dark places and hidden corners in the domain of the physiology of mind. Hence our new "phrenology"—for the word itself is perfectly explicit as denoting a science of mind or brain—is gradually being built up from sure data and accurate experimentation, the results arrived at by one worker being tested by a host of fellow-experimenters ere his inferences become facts, and before they are allowed to form part and parcel of the scientific edifice. Let us briefly see what are the more prominent facts concerning the brain and its functions which recent science has elucidated.

No part of the brain has perhaps presented problems of such interesting character as the *cerebellum* or lesser brain which, as already

remarked, exists at the hinder and lower part of the head, and which moreover presents us with a structure differing from that of the cerebrum itself. Phrenologists located in the cerebellum the purely animal faculties. "A man," as we remember hearing a phrenological lecturer say, "with a head bulging out behind, is going backwards in the world;" and there was indeed, as we shall see, a modicum of truth (although he knew and understood it not) in the lecturer's remark, since without the cerebellum we could in reality proceed neither forwards nor backwards. We now know that the old phrenology of the cerebellum is utterly wrong and unfounded. The new phrenology has shown us that in cases of diseased animal appetites, which in our lunatic asylums are but too frequently represented, the cerebellum is not found to be affected—a result explained by the fact that the appetites referred to are indeed as much part of our "mental" constitution as is the exercise of benevolence or of any other mental faculty. Furthermore, the new phrenology supplies positive evidence as to the true functions of the cerebellum. When it is removed from a pigeon, for instance, the animal retains its faculties, it will feed, it can see and hear, but is utterly unable to maintain its equilibrium. If thrown into the air, it flaps its wings in an erratic and aimless fashion. In one word, it cannot "co-ordinate" its movements, that is, it cannot so adjust the motions of one set of muscles as to bring them into purposive harmony with another set or series. The cerebellum thus appears to be the great brain-centre whence are issued the commands and directions which guide the muscular actions and movements of our lives. Contrariwise, the true functions of the cerebellum are proved by experiments in which this part of the brain has been left intact whilst the cerebrum or true brain has been removed—an operation absolutely painless, as will presently be more particularly mentioned. A bird or higher animal in such a case will lose all power of volition; it will be deprived of sight, hearing, and other senses; it will die of hunger unless fed; it will exhibit no desire to move; and will in short present a condition utterly opposed to that seen when the cerebellum is removed and the true brain left intact. But with its cerebellum present, and *minus* its true brain, the bird can perfectly "co-ordinate" its movements. It will fly straight if thrown into the air, it will walk circumspectly enough if pushed forwards, and will exhibit in fact such perfect muscular control, despite its want of volition and intellect, that the functions of the cerebellum as a controller of movements are no longer matter of hypothesis, but have become stable physiological fact.

If, however, the old phrenology has been displaced from the cerebellum by the new, no less important is it to note that, regarding

the functions of the true brain, modern research has been equally successful in deposing the old ideas of the "organs" and their attendant faculties as exhibited on the phrenological charts and busts. Experimentation on the brain of higher animals, *quoad* the brain itself, is absolutely painless—contrary to popular notions and ideas. True there are certain parts of the brain which are exceedingly delicate, and in which the point of a needle would inflict at once a fatal injury. But the brain-substance itself is utterly non-sensitive, as every hospital-surgeon can tell us. Persons may actually recover from serious injuries of the brain in which several ounces of brain-substance may have been lost, and recover with good effect, and in many cases without any perceptible alteration of their mental peculiarity. The most notorious case of this kind is known as "the American Crow-bar case." A bar of iron accidentally shot off from a blast passed through the top of a young man's head at the left side of the forehead, having traversed the front part of the left hemisphere or side of the brain. The iron bar measured three feet in length, and weighed fourteen pounds. After the accident he felt no pain, and was able to walk without help in a few hours' time. The man made a good recovery, and for twelve years made a livelihood by exhibiting himself in the United States, his skull being now preserved in the museum of Harvard University. This patient undoubtedly lost a relatively large portion of his brain-substance. At one fell swoop there must have been a considerable destruction of phrenological organs. Yet he suffered from no deprivation of intelligence; and few would dream of associating the drinking habits which finally beset him with his accident and with his loss of brains, or otherwise maintain that he was less rational before than after the accident. Thus the misfortunes of existence and the experimentation of the physiologist positively contradict the old phrenology, and assert that localisation of function does exist, it is true, but that the "organs" of the phrenologist are mere theoretical nonentities, without a trace of substance to ensure their stability or real nature.

What amount of localisation, then, can be safely assumed to exist in the human brain as revealed by recent experimentation? It may be known to the generality of readers that the movements, acts, and probably ideas relating to one side of the body are regulated by the opposite side or hemisphere of the brain. Thus, convulsions affecting one side of the body were shown by Dr. Hughlings Jackson to be caused by disease of the opposite side, and the idea of the duality of the brain's action followed in a natural sequence on the observation of facts like the preceding. Thus, as a general rule, it may be affirmed that *brain-disease itself, or the ideas of natural*

existence, are so far localised that their perfect effects are only visible and appreciated when the same parts in both halves or hemispheres of the brain are affected. To illustrate what the new phrenology has to say regarding the localisation of the brain-functions, let us inquire what is known regarding the exceedingly curious condition known as "aphasia." Persons affected with this lesion understand perfectly what is said to them, but they are absolutely speechless, and cannot utter a single word. Now, it is a perfectly well-ascertained fact that aphasia is associated with disease of the front part of the *left* half or hemisphere of the brain—a part which may therefore be called the "speech centre." The curious fact must thus be emphasised, that aphasia is invariably associated with disease of the left, and never with disease of the right side of the brain. To the brief explanation of this curious fact we shall presently return; but we may in conclusion remark certain facts now known respecting the localisation of other functions. Professor Ferrier, of King's College, London, employing electricity as the only agent and means of stimulation to which the non-sensitive brain will respond, has succeeded in mapping out in the brains of higher animals the centres which govern many of the common movements of life, and which from reasonable analogy may be presumed to be represented in the human brain as well. As these acts are the practical outcome of ideas, the parts of the brain concerned in the production of definite ideas may thus be regarded as being in one sense mapped out and recognised; although it is hardly necessary to remark that the regions of Dr. Ferrier in no wise correspond to those of the old phrenology, whilst in many cases, indeed, they are utterly opposed to it. Thus the sense of touch is found to be localised in the inner surface of the hemispheres of the brain, and this fact alone tells against the phrenologist, to whom the mere brain-surface is the brain itself.

Thus the work of localising movements and important centres of the senses has so far proceeded with success. There yet remains for observation the curious case of aphasia or speechlessness, and its location in a "speech-centre" or "speech-organ" in the front of the left hemisphere of the brain. It is a noteworthy fact in brain-physiology, that when an animal has been rendered blind by the destruction of the sight-centre of one side, blindness disappears and sight gradually returns, since the remaining and normal sight-centre of the opposite side assumes the functions of its neighbour. Complete blindness only ensues when both sight-centres are diseased. *The same remark holds good of the movements of the mouth and tongue in speech, these being "bilateral," so that the centre of these*

latter movements on one side may be destroyed without causing paralysis of the tongue, provided the centre of the other side is uninjured. Movements of the hands and feet are, on the contrary, one-sided. Destruction of one centre governing these latter movements ensures complete cessation of the movements on the opposite side of the body. Now, in aphasia or speechlessness, we merely perceive the results of the destruction of the single speech-centre—the left—which man normally possesses. Just as we use the right hand in preference to the left in prehension and in writing, and as the movements of this hand are regulated by the left side of the brain, so our faculty of articulation is also unilateral and single-handed, so to speak. The memory of sounds and words forms the basis of our speech—"the memory of words is only the memory of certain articulations"—and those parts of the brain which regulate articulation are also the memory-centres for speech or the result of articulation. Thus, when the speech-centre is disorganised, not merely the power of articulation disappears, but also the memory of words. But whilst the left side is that of the speech-centre, there is no reason, as Dr. Ferrier remarks, apart from heredity and education, why this should necessarily be so. "It is quite conceivable," says this author, "that a person who has become aphasic by reason of total and permanent destruction of the left speech-centre, may reacquire the faculty of speech by education of the right articulatory centres." We speak with the left side of our brains, in short, not because we are unable to do so with the right side, but simply because habit and the law of likeness together strengthen and perpetuate the custom of speaking with the left. But it may be also supposed, that as a left-handed person must regulate the movements of his arms chiefly by the right side of his brain, so there may exist subjects who naturally use the right instead of the left speech-centre.

Whatever results may in future accrue to human knowledge from researches into the functions of the brain, no one may doubt the all-important nature of the knowledge which literally enables man to know himself, and to understand in some degree the mainsprings of the actions which constitute his daily existence. The subject is also no less instructive in the sense in which it shows the displacement of erroneous ideas by new and higher thoughts founded on accurate observation of the facts of life: whilst in a very direct fashion such higher knowledge may affect suffering humanity; since an educated medical science, furnished with secure data regarding the causes of mental affections, may successfully "minister to minds diseased," and even in due time raze out the troubles which perplex many a weary soul.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE VICISSITUDES OF TITLES.

THE vicissitudes of titles are twofold. In the first place, the same titles have been borne by different families: in the second, a family coronet may descend to persons very different indeed from the first possessor, and they again may transmit it to persons who seem to have nothing in common with their ancestors.

There were Dukes of Norfolk before the Howards, the best known to Englishmen being probably that Thomas Mowbray whom Shakespeare has rescued from oblivion. And before the Mowbrays, Norfolk had given an Earl's title to a son of Edward I. On the whole it may be said that few titles in the Peerage call up more forcibly the images of feudalism, of monarchy, of soldiery, of the old faith. And yet a decided majority of the Howard Dukes have been men of peace, while some have been Protestants, and one was almost considered a Radical by the Tories of his day. The friend and political coadjutor of Fox, he did not scruple to give the toast of "The People, our Sovereign," at a public banquet. But Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," appears to be sceptical as to the depth of the Duke's liberalism, which is perhaps not surprising when one remembers that an Earl Marshal has everything to lose and nothing to gain by "reforms" of existing institutions. Other Dukes of Norfolk have also wandered considerably from the ideal which would have commended itself to the bold "jockey" who first wore the strawberry leaves.

The Somerset title has had stranger vicissitudes than the Norfolk one. The Beauforts, descended from a natural son of John of Gaunt, played no mean part in our history as Dukes of Somerset. A natural son of the last Duke of that line took the name of Somerset, married an heiress, and became the founder of a new house, now represented by his descendant the present Duke of Beaufort. Henry VIII. created his own natural son (Henry Fitzroy) Duke of Richmond and Somerset. In the next century, James I. bestowed an "earldom of Somerset" on the infamous Carr. But it is the family of *Seymour* who have unquestionably done most to render the name

of Somerset famous in English history. A family likeness is perhaps more visible in these Dukes of Somerset than in the successive heads of any other house. Edward the first, who pulled down churches to build himself a palace, was the true ancestor of Edward Adolphus the twelfth, who recently distinguished himself by a smart pamphlet against the Christian religion.

Third on Garter's Roll comes the Duke of Richmond, whose title recalls to the mind some of the wisest and best of Englishmen, notably that Earl who was crowned on Bosworth field and reigned so well as Henry VII. Of the Dukes of Richmond, descendants of Charles II. and Louise de Quérouaille, little need be said, except that the name has not always been associated with the staunch Toryism and valour of the present Duke. It was a Duke of Richmond who moved one of the earliest addresses to George III. advising the king to recognise the independence of the American colonies. Chatham went down to the House of Lords for the last time to speak against the motion: the incidents of that most mournful of historic scenes are known to all who care about their country's history.

St. Alban's, now made into a cathedral city, has given a title to persons so widely dissimilar from every point of view as the author of the *Novum Organum* and the son of Charles II. by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn. Of course the bastard became a duke, while the great philosopher was only "Viscount St. Alban."

Passing the Dukedom of Leeds, of which the founder alone is remembered, one finds the Bedford title next inscribed on the Roll of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. The Russells have certainly left their mark on English history, but the most famous Duke of Bedford was a Plantagenet. John, brother of Henry V., and Regent of France during the minority of Henry VI., has furnished one of the most splendid portraits in the Shakespeare Gallery. One is pained to remember that His Grace of Bedford was at times sadly in want of cash, and even reduced to selling the few books which formed the contents of the Ducal library.

The Dukedom of Devonshire, created at the same time as the present Dukedom of Bedford, is one of those which illustrate the utter absence of meaning now attaching to territorial titles. There is a Duke of Devonshire and an Earl of Devon, as there is a Duke of Buckingham and an Earl of Buckinghamshire. Titles of this sort could not obviously have co-existed while Earls and Dukes had authority over the counties from which they were called. It may be observed that the Dukes of Devonshire, though they can show some four centuries of descent, are of a quite modern nobility compared

with the Courtneys, whose chief bears the humbler title of Earl of Devon. The Earl indeed represents an imperial line.

The Duke of Marlborough has precedence next after the Duke of Devonshire. It does not clearly appear for what reason Lord Churchill chose the title of Earl of Marlborough when offered a couple of steps in the peerage by William III. Charles I. had previously ennobled an eminent lawyer by the style of Baron Ley, of Ley, Co. Devon, and (in the year following, 1626) Earl of Marlborough. But the Churchills appear to have been in no wise connected with this family, whose title had become extinct before the revolution.

Among other Dukedoms, that of Portland is worth noting. The founder of the English branch of the Bentincks was made Earl of Portland by the Dutch master he served so well; and the Earl's son was made a Duke by George I. It is sad (or pleasing, as the reader chooses) to think that their descendants and successors forgot their Whiggism, and that one of them became a Tory Prime Minister of the most pronounced type. The present Duke, as everybody knows, is a pillar of the Ottoman cause, and has relieved the wants of the Turks with a munificence altogether princely.

Possibly it is a tendency of Ducal families to become Tory, however Whig may have been their beginnings. Certainly one cannot forget that His Grace of Manchester, albeit an honoured member of the Conservative party, does actually descend from one of "the Five¹ Members" whom Charles I. so intensely longed to hang.

"Duke of Newcastle," again, has been the style and title of three very different politicians in three successive centuries. He of the Cavendish line, better known as the "Marquis," was governor of Charles II. when that hopeful scion of Royalty was called Prince of Wales; and there is a most pathetic letter extant from the little Royal Highness to his governor, begging that he may be excused taking more physic. Whether the Marquis complied with the petition deponent knoweth not. Mr. Carlyle has described Montrose as the "Hero-Cavalier" of his day, but the famous Marquis of Newcastle was an equally noble embodiment of the best qualities to be found in the Royalist party. Abrupt indeed is the descent, in the moral scale, from the Cavalier to the Whig Newcastle, from the chivalrous

¹ We commonly speak of "the Five Members," forgetful that those champions (and well-nigh martyrs) of English liberty were six in number. There were, in truth, five members of the House of Commons and one peer, Lord Kimbolton, whom the King wished to arrest. Lord Kimbolton was ancestor of the Dukes of Manchester.

servant of the Stuarts to that curious politician who may be said to have been not a jobber but jobbery itself. The late Duke of Newcastle was, of course, of the same family as George II.'s remarkable Minister, but a man of an altogether different stamp—one of those thoughtful, honourable statesmen, whose one fault is over-caution—a peculiar product of our Parliamentary life. The careers of the two Dukes had, however, one circumstance in common. The one and the other managed to be politically associated with the most extraordinary character of the day. The name of the one Newcastle is not more closely bound up with that of Chatham than that of the other is bound up with the name of Mr. Gladstone.

The Northumberland title is suggestive of Harry Hotspur, and Otterbourne and Shrewsbury fights. But the Percies were more than once dispossessed of their Earldom, which was held for a short time during the period of the Roses by a Neville, brother of the "King-maker," Warwick. In the next century, John Dudley, who already enjoyed the old title of the Nevilles, being Earl of Warwick, further obtained of Edward VI.'s Government a grant of the Percy estates (once more forfeited to the Crown) and the title of Duke of Northumberland. Lord Guildford Dudley, husband of the Lady Jane, was his fourth son. The Percies soon recovered their old title and lands, but the male line, in which alone the former descended, became extinct in Charles II.'s time, when the King took an early opportunity of making one of his natural children Duke of Northumberland. The youth selected for the honour was one of His Majesty's three sons by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, the other two being made Dukes of Southampton and Grafton respectively. He of Grafton alone counts a descendant at the present day.

The actual Duke of Northumberland is a Smithson, but represents the House of Percy in the female line.

The Smithsons are a family of respectable antiquity, and could probably trace back their descent to the sixteenth century. One of them was made a Baronet at the time of the Restoration for services rendered to the Royal cause.

The little borough of Wellington does not appear to have given a title to anybody before Sir Arthur Wellesley's time. The title next it in the Peerage is one of the most famous in history; it is said, too, to be one which has always brought misfortune to its possessors. Certain it is that no one line of Dukes of Buckingham has extended beyond three or four generations. Of the Staffords, two were executed as traitors; of the Villiers, the first was assassinated, the second—his son—died poor and little considered.

The Sheffields, Dukes of Normandy and Buckinghamshire, were also a short-lived race.

Of the Grenvilles, Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos, it is sufficient to say that, from whatever cause, the ascendancy of the family in English politics seems to have come to an end about the time that its head attained to the first rank in the Peerage.

The premier Marquisate of England was founded by that courtier who managed to please four successive sovereigns, all of different religions. "I'm of the willow, not the oak," was his explanation to a friend who scarcely understood how Lord Winchester had kept his head, to say nothing of his place, in these unsafe times. He is said to have been 97 years old at the time of his death. Of the oak rather than the willow was made the gallant cavalier, his descendant, whose defence of Basing House is the most honourable fact in the family history.

Among other Marquisates, that of Lansdowne is of considerable interest to the student of heraldic antiquities. Lord Shelburne, the Prime Minister, who was so strangely eclipsed by his young colleague Pitt, appears to have set a higher value upon titles than might have been expected of one of his robust understanding. He asked to be made a Duke; George III. declined to comply with his request, alleging that he meant to reserve the title henceforth for members of his own family. Lord Shelburne was thereupon fain to content himself with a Marquisate (of Lansdowne). Lansdowne had already given a title to one of the mediocre poets, whose lives Johnson wasted some valuable time in writing.

The third Marquis of Lansdowne seems to have had the rare merit of exactly understanding his own abilities, and of knowing what he wanted. He saw that the Premiership was beyond his powers, and he steadily declined it. Yet no Whig Cabinet was considered complete without Lord Lansdowne, so long as Lord Lansdowne chose to take office. He was indeed one of those men whose power is none the less a fact because their names do not appear in the newspapers so often as those of others. He managed, too, to play the difficult part of Mæcenas with eminent success, and amongst other good work brought Macaulay into Parliament.

Of a plainer sense than his father, Lord Lansdowne declined a Dukedom.

For the name of Salisbury, Shakespeare's Henry V. predicts an immortality that shall make it as a household word. The name indeed recurs again and again in the historic plays. William Longsword,

Earl of Salisbury, appears in King John. Another Earl (John de Montacute) appears in Richard II. He, by the way, was beheaded, without trial, at Oxford, shortly after the accession of Henry IV. Other Salisburys followed, most of them hard-hitting warriors. But as famous a line as any was to be founded by a man of peace. One Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, by the way, wandered so far from the political and religious tenets of his famous ancestor, Elizabeth's and James's Minister, as to turn Catholic; while the present Marquis would scarcely have agreed on the most serious subject with the founder of his house's greatness. Robert Cecil, first Earl, was Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; Robert, third Marquis, is Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

The name of Lord Salisbury not unnaturally links itself at the present time with that of his relative, Lord Derby, whose motto is "*Sans changer*"—rather a curious one for a house which may almost be said to have been founded by an act of treachery, and the heads of which have professed a variety of political opinions. James, seventh Earl, who was taken prisoner at Worcester and beheaded by the Cromwellians, would assuredly have marvelled much at the opinions professed by Edward Henry, fifteenth Earl. For the rest, the most famous holder of the title of Earl of Derby was Henry Plantagenet (son of John, Duke of Lancaster), afterwards Henry IV. Henry was only created Duke of Hereford in 1397.

Huntingdon gives a title to the third English Earl, whose title dates from 1529. But the greatest men of the House of Hastings have not been Earls of Huntingdon, though more than one, including the Marquis of Hastings, Viceroy of India from 1813 to 1823, have been connexions of the family. Warren Hastings sprang from an entirely different line, though all the Hastings are supposed to be anxious to trace their descent back to a pirate, that Hasting who gave such sore trouble to our order-loving Alfred. Unquestionably the coronet of Huntingdon was never so honourably illustrated as by the excellent Countess Selina, a woman whose vagaries it is easy to laugh at, but whose virtues are not so easy of imitation. It is understood, by the way, that Earl of Huntingdon was the title selected by Cromwell when he was negotiating with Charles I. for a Peerage and a Garter. One can only regret that the treachery of Charles made the conclusion of the arrangement impossible. As a regularly-constituted Minister of the Crown, Cromwell could have rendered immense services to his country. Nearly all that he had done for England, while usurping the supreme authority, was undone at his death. He left us, indeed, little beyond the remembrance of his great

deeds, and a doubtful example to public men. And Cromwell is to a certain extent responsible for Napoleon, even as the judicial murder of 1649 became a precedent for that of 1793.

Another title which has passed through many vicissitudes is the Earldom of Essex. It was conferred in April 1540, on Thomas Lord Cromwell. Three months later, the Earl of Essex was arrested on a charge of high treason, a bill of attainder speedily passed through a compliant Parliament, and on July 28 Cromwell had lost both his coronet and his head. Walter Devereux Viscount Hereford next obtained the title, on a grant by Elizabeth in 1572. His son it was who terminated a brilliant career on the scaffold and broke the heart of the Sovereign, who was after all but a woman. His son again commanded the Parliamentary army in the civil war. The domestic history of this nobleman is of the most curious. He was last Earl of the Devereux line. Upon the Restoration, Charles II. revived the title in favour of Arthur Lord Capel, whose father had been beheaded by the Roundheads in 1649. He is ancestor of the present earl.

The Earldom of Shaftesbury has never been in any other than the Ashley family, but it would be difficult to say what ideas are connoted by the title. Statesmanship of an altogether American "smartness," if one thinks of the first Earl,

For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit.

Sceptical epicureanism and æstheticism if one thinks of the third; but if of the seventh, a vision of Exeter Hall straightway looms in the distance; also, it must in fairness be added, of a practical benevolence which has nothing in common with the philosophies of the academy or the garden.

In 1759 the Earl Brooke, owner of Warwick Castle, obtained the title of Earl of Warwick, which has remained with his descendants till this day. Before it was given to the Grevilles the title had been borne by the chiefs of the house of Rich; in the sixteenth century it belonged to the Dudleys, in the fifteenth to the Nevilles, while in the fourteenth it had been conferred on a Beauchamp. Henry Beauchamp, who succeeded to the earldom in 1439, was in 1444 created Duke of Warwick. In the following year Henry VI. bestowed on him the astonishing title of King of the Isle of Wight, and crowned him with his own hands. The dignity seems to have proved too much for the king-duke, who died the same year.

The Earldom of Orford has had a singular fate. No distinguished

man who has ever borne it is remembered in history by that name. We speak of Sir Robert Walpole, and of Horace Walpole, but both father and son ended as Earls of Orford. Again, the victor of La Hogue is far better known as Admiral Russell than by the title to which he was raised by William III.¹ It may be added that the present Earl, though a Walpole, descends from neither the Prime Minister nor the master of Strawberry Hill.

Lord Granville, who narrowly missed the Premiership in 1859, and is pretty sure to hold it before many more years are passed, would be the second Prime Minister of the title. Lord Carteret, who became Earl Granville in 1744, was never indeed at the head of the Treasury, but was virtually chief of the Cabinet formed on the retirement of Walpole. Though far from being the ablest or the most patriotic of English Statesmen, there are perhaps few on that bead-roll of fame who could more justly be styled "men of genius" than he. We too seldom understand such men until they are dead, and it is not surprising that our fathers should have termed Lord Granville's "the drunken administration." Of course to a certain extent the epithet was literally just, yet no one would have thought of the Minister's fondness for claret had he been dull and incapable instead of brilliant and incapable. The present Lord Granville's title dates from 1833, when it was conferred on his father, of whom the late M. Thiers was wont to say that he realised the beau idéal of a diplomatist.

The Earldom of Leicester has been held by a De Montfort, and in more modern times by Dudleys, by Sydneys, and by Cokes; that of Ellesmere by Egertons and by Leveson Gowers; that of Stratford by Wentworths and by Byngs; that of Feversham by a Duras and by Duncombes. There has been but one Earl of Beaconsfield; but Lord Beaconsfield was the title selected by Burke when about to be raised to the Peerage. Before the patent could be made out Burke's only son died, and the father had no longer a motive for accepting what to him could only be an empty honour.

Among extant Viscounties that of Halifax undoubtedly recalls the most august memories. George Saville, Viscount and afterwards Marquis of Halifax, was succeeded in the title by his son, who died without male issue in 1700, when his honours became extinct. Charles Montague was created Lord Halifax the same year, and Earl of Halifax in 1714. Sir Charles Wood's claim to take the title of Viscount Halifax might be justified by his

¹ The Russell Earldom of Orford became extinct at the death of the first Earl in 1727.

long representation of the borough in Parliament. For a similar reason it was lately rumoured that Mr. Gathorne Hardy was nearly becoming Lord Oxford instead of Lord Cranbrook. About the same time a stranger rumour was afloat, to wit that a descendant of the De Veres was about to claim the famous Earldom inseparably associated with their name.

The vicissitudes of the various Baronial titles would occupy too long a time in the telling. Nearly all the old titles on the list are Baronies in fee, and follow a different rule of descent from ordinary Peerages. The first fifteen Barons thus derive their titles through female ancestors. The Barony of De Ros, first on the list, has passed through more than one family; and indeed it would be difficult to find half a dozen Peers whose direct ancestors in the male line had been heard of in the year 1264, when the premier Barony was created.

To dwell on the curious fate of certain Episcopal titles might be more interesting, as to the profane mind it would doubtless prove amusing. But one forbears: only trusting that so meek and unassuming a prelate as Dr. Thomson feels happy in the chair of Wolsey, and that Dr. Tait has never been disturbed with doubts as to the genuineness of his spiritual descent from such confirmed papists as St. Augustine and St. Thomas à Becket.

E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

THE NOVELS OF CERVANTES.

IN a preceding article¹ the comic novels of Cervantes were chiefly considered: the present paper will have regard to those which complete his collection, and which are by Spanish writers classified as serious. In these, some tragic circumstance is always present; but as they invariably end happily, they would, if reduced to a dramatic shape, fall under the category of Comedies in Shakespeare's or Cervantes' time.

That Cervantes does not, as a serious writer, engage our attention and imprison our interest in any extraordinary degree, is perhaps a little owing to his minor power in tragic composition, but much more to that exaggeration of sentiment, and almost bombastical utterance, which ever preponderate in Castilian sorrow. For the tare and tret of Spanish trouble a sufficient deduction is rarely allowed by the English reader. Cervantes asks for as little as any of his nation, but he would not be a Spaniard if he asked for none.

The amatory novel of "The Lady Cornelia" is a half-way house between the sober and the sportive stories of Cervantes, and may be considered, as indeed it is called by one of its characters, a tragi-comedy. It gives a capital idea of the power the writer possessed of suddenly interesting his readers. He hurries them, after Horace's advice, at once into the midst of matters. Isunza and Gamboa are two well-born Spanish students who have left the University of Salamanca, whither their parents had sent them, and of their own accord settled at Bologna. Cervantes' heroes are seldom amenable, excepting in marriage, where their disobedience is least to be condemned, to parental authority. Before they have been at Bologna many days, and before the reader has read a dozen pages of the story, he finds Gamboa presented in the dead of night, by a waiting woman, at the door of a palatial residence, with a newly born babe enveloped in swaddling clothes of surpassing richness. He is also rewarded soon after with a hat ornamented by a belt of diamonds of the value of some twelve thousand ducats, by its owner, a gen-

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1878.

tleman whom he has defended, near the spot where he received the baby, in a brawl against six assailants. In the mean time Isunza has brought home with him an unknown lady whom he has met under mysterious circumstances, and who is "the greatest beauty ever seen by human eyes."

This is a commencement fairly calculated to arouse a curiosity, which is well sustained by the pages which succeed. To enter into a title of the subjects of collateral interest in the tale, would be—to borrow a phrase from Cervantes himself—*proceder en infinito*. Shortly, the mysterious unknown turns out to be the Lady Cornelia, who has been kept in strict seclusion by her brother, Lorenzo Bentivoglio. They are both rich, but without parents; however, as Cervantes says sententiously, "of orphanage, wealth is an alleviation." Impossibility, the knife of hope, cuts off this lady's lovers one by one, till she is at last spied out by the lynx eyes, conquering the eyes of Argus, of Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara. When her frock begins to betray the freedom of her intercourse with her ducal admirer, she is despatched secretly to the house of a convenient cousin, and it is here that she gives birth to the infant delivered to Gamboa. The owner of the diamond hat is of course the duke himself, and the leader of his six assailants is Lorenzo Bentivoglio, who had by some luck discovered this insult, as he considers it, to his honour. Since the duke is perfectly ready to marry the Lady Cornelia, all might end happily at once, were it not for a cursed housekeeper, who, says Cervantes, "as if animated by the devil, to disturb, delay, and intricate the lady's remedy," persuades her to leave Isunza's house. This housekeeper, the chief comic character of the story, in point of honour holds herself some ten miles higher than the heavens. No little extravagance of humour afterwards arises by the accidental presence in Isunza's house of a second Cornelia, one of the world's lost ones, introduced by a page for his own delight in his master's absence. The duke at last discovers his lady in the cottage of a country priest, whither the housekeeper had conveyed her. Instead of embracing her at once, he rushes out of the room, thereby causing general astonishment in the company, and particular lamentation in Cornelia. This action is unworthy of Cervantes, for we find, after a page or two, that he has only gone to send a servant to summon her brother and the two students, that there may be a general rejoicing. But that should have been done hereafter: as Macbeth says, there would have been a time for such a word. He returns, however, immediately after the transaction of this business, and kisses his beloved, drinking her breath, says Cervantes, without regarding in

this rhapsody the injurious results on the system of carbonic acid gas, until the dinner hour comes, inevitable as death, and interrupting all things. Nor, when the expected friends arrive, will the duke at once acquaint them how matters stand, though he was in such a terrible taking to send for them. On the contrary, without any other reason apparently than to increase the length of the story, he tells them he has changed his mind on the subject of his marriage with Cornelia, and means to wed a poor peasant woman who is then in the house. For this untimely piece of wit he is very nearly knocked on the head by Cornelia's honourable brother and the two students. In fact, he only avoids that catastrophe by introducing Cornelia and the baby, which has been adorned, perhaps somewhat prematurely, in an edition of the novels handsomely illustrated by a Spanish artist, with a luxuriant head of hair. Then it is on all hands agreed that the duke has put on them the "most discreet and savoury jest in the world," and so the tale terminates.

This novel of Cervantes has been very closely imitated by Fletcher in his "Chances." The later writers, says Hallam, did not fail to appropriate many of the inventions of Fletcher : it is very certain that Fletcher in his turn did not fail to appropriate, on more than one occasion, the inventions of Cervantes. He who cares to investigate the matter will find the novelist's Zamboa represented by Don John, his Isunza by Don Frederic, his two Cornelias by two Constantias, and his Lorenzo by Petruccio ; the Duke of Ferrara remains unaltered. Exactly as in the novel, the scene of the play is in Bologna and the adjacent country, though all the characters are apparently Spanish : with the exception of the fifth act, the incidents of the novel are photographed without addition or omission in the play. Even the little point of the duke's hat is in no way changed ; the dialogue is, however, everywhere inspired with Fletcher's own grotesque humour. For instance, when Don John receives the baby in a bundle, he rails roundly at the fate which would have him raise a dairy for other men's adulteries, and only resolves to keep it as a memento and warning for his own improvement, as people wear death's heads in rings. But the fifth act entirely diverges from and is superior to the novel. Instead of the absurd behaviour of the duke, and that his "most discreet and savoury jest in the world," we have a really interesting and powerful conclusion. The spectator finds himself in the house of Peter Vecchio, a teacher of Latin and music, and a reputed wizard, one who can raise spirits or devils at his will. The duke, who is inconsolable for the loss of his love, asks Peter if he can show her to him. Peter puts on fantastic habiliments, communes with his familiars, and produces the lady, by

means of a magic song set to soft music. The duke's desire to see the gentle shape again that left him looking back at him with smiles, the admonition of the conjuror that she is but weak apparition and thin air, forcibly recall the restoration of Hermione to Antigonus by Paulina, in the "Winter's Tale." Dame Gillian, who represents the housekeeper in the novel, holding the baby in her arms, afterwards appears, convinced by a spell alluding to her gout and her lameness, her love for old claret and canary. Finally, she explains that Peter Vecchio is one of her kinsmen, whose house she had sought with Cornelia and the baby, in order to guard against accidents and to "torture their Donships for a day or two."

The moral of this story of Cervantes it is not easy to perceive. What is the profitable example, to justify its title of "Exemplary"? How is it capable of establishing any salutary doctrine or of curing any mental deformity? It seems to have as little ethical value as the story of Susannah, which yet we know, on the authority of St. Jerome, the Church is wont to read solely for example of life and instruction of manners. It certainly falls far short of poetical justice in the matter of the meddling housekeeper. That lady's services ought to have received some recognition at the hand of the artist. Her impertinent interference was within an ace of ruining for ever the happiness of the chief characters of the tale, but she escapes scot-free. Still, the author who leaves her flourishing like a green bay-tree did but copy nature. The experience of the world had taught him that folly more often than not is the mother of good fortune, and prosperity the daughter of imprudence.

The next novel is lurid with the dark clouds of contending passion: only one stray sunbeam, in the person of a parasite, steals once across the stage occupied by the angry jealousies of two rival women, of whose modesty the author has laboured to convince the reader with much more sedulity than success. The novel, however, of "The Two Maids"—which, as far as one of them is concerned, is certainly a misnomer—interests the reader incontinently, like the "Lady Cornelia," by introducing him to a traveller on horseback, young and handsome, who one cold, dark winter night dismounts at a wayside inn, some distance from Seville, and immediately afterwards falls into a deep swoon, on the stone bench set beside the door. The traveller, who turns out to be a woman, and of course of noble birth, named Theodosia, has been seduced by a certain Mark Antony, a man possessing those goods which, says Cervantes, alluding to their origin, the world calls fortune. In a soliloquy she informs us that she expects to be murdered by her brother,

in accordance with the exigencies of his honour, and that, having regard to this same honour, she will herself murder Mark Antony if he does not marry her. Mark she describes in stilted terms, here intended to be serious, but which are far more naturally set in the ludicrous lyric of which they form the burden, sung by the impudent Altisidora to soften the hard heart of the heroic Don. "I will go seek," cries Theodosia, "this second deceiver Æneas, this cruel and faithless Birenus." The reader will remember the bold waiting woman's

Cruel Bireno, fugitivo Eneas,
Barabbas te acompañe, allá te avengas.

Birenus, by the way, whom not everybody perhaps recalls so readily as Theodosia and Altisidora, is a subsidiary and comparatively unimportant character in the Orlando of Ariosto—a certain Duke of Zealand, whose abandonment of Olimpia, daughter of the Count of Holland, on a desert island, is copied from Ovid's Epistle of Ariadne to Theseus. Theodosia's brother Raphael soon arrives at the same inn in search of her, and, delaying for the nonce a sanguinary vengeance on his sister, accompanies her in search of her fugitive swain. She has sufficient cash for the expedition, for, as she naively confesses—apparently as a matter of course, and without the least confusion—she put her hand, before leaving home, seven or eight times into her father's strong box, and drew it out each time full of gold crowns. The reader will compare her conduct with that of Jessica in the "Merchant of Venice," gilding herself with her father's golden ducats on the night she left the unhappy Jew for ever, in the Christian company of her lover Lorenzo. This, however, is a point in which honour is not interested, and it passes accordingly without observation. On their way they meet with one who has been robbed and left half naked, bound to a tree by *bandoleros*, or highwaymen. This person, after telling them three gross falsehoods in succession—another point in which honour is as little interested as in theft—is found by the astute Theodosia to be a woman. Her ears have been barbarously bored, and, says Theodosia, afterwards recounting the circumstance to her brother, "through the windows of her ears I spied the truth." It is certain she was very little likely to get it out of her lips. She advises Leocadia—for so this lady is called—to close these tale-telling orifices with a morsel of pink wax. Leocadia, the other maiden heroine, is of much the same complexion with Theodosia. She too is of noble birth, she too has been betrayed by the faithless Birenus, who has sent his soul into her through his eyes, though fortunately only in the minor

promise of marriage, and not after having gathered from her, as from the luckless Theodosia, *le dernier don de l'amoureux merci*. She too is determined to seek Mark Antony, and to exact vengeance, not forgetting to murder Theodosia if she can meet with her; and she too, in fine, has robbed her father. "Without any fear," she says, "I stole a dress from one of my father's pages, and a considerable quantity of money from my father himself;" and she adds the moral reflection that opportunity facilitates and levels all inconveniences to carry into effect an evil design. One of the strange reasons she adduces for quitting her home is, that she might be able to tear her hair more at her ease abroad. Raphael and the two so-called maids arrive at Barcelona, of which Cervantes takes occasion to give an exceedingly complimentary description.

The party is represented reaching that city a little before sunset. After admiring its beautiful situation, they go on to praise it in such highflown terms as in most Spanish writers would give evidence of extravagant insincerity; but which in Cervantes, as he is more sparing in the use of them, may be taken perhaps with a very trifling discount to represent his real sentiments. In the estimation of that company, he tells us, Barcelona was the flower of all fair cities of the world, the honour of Spain, the fear and terror of neighbouring and distant foes, the darling and delight of its inhabitants, the defence of strangers, the school of chivalry, the example of loyalty, and, in fine, the satisfaction of all that of a great, famous, rich, and well-founded city a discreet and curious desire could demand. The greater part of this panegyric is still supported by the latest editions of Ford's "Handbook." He allows the site to be one of the loveliest in Europe, but the tall smoking chimneys, the children of manufacturing industry, though they have increased its riches, have added little to its loveliness.

On the way to this lauded city Raphael falls in love with Leocadia; in a metaphor, common apparently to all languages, his heart burns for her. Her beauty acts on him, says the author, like a spark on gunpowder. Finally, he resolves to get the lady by fair means, if not by foul. At Barcelona they find Mark Antony the betrayer, distinguished by a green hat, garnished with a rich band apparently of diamonds. This diamond hat, of course, recalls that in the "Lady Cornelia." It was obviously one of the foolish fashionable extravagances of the age. Immediately both maids set themselves one on each side of him, as Lucy Lockett and Polly Peachum in the case of Captain Macheath. Mark Antony is engaged in a street squabble, and both ladies perform feats of arms

ruins of the luckless Nicosia, ruins on which the blood of your brave and unhappy defenders is yet hardly dry!" Then, addressing the broken stones just as if they understood him,—the proper condition, says Cervantes, the student of human nature, of the afflicted who, carried away by their imagination, say and do things entirely out of reason and propriety,—“Ah me!” he cries, “if you possessed sense of grief, as indeed you do not, we might now in this solitude in which we are bewail together our miseries, and maybe lessen them by the sympathy of a common misfortune. You truly, O fallen towers, have still the hope of being some day raised once more, though not indeed for so noble a defence as that in which you fell; but I, unhappy, what hope remains for me, even though restored to my former state of freedom, of escape from sorrow? Such is my distress, that even in my liberty I had no delight: how then can I have any, or hope to have any, in my present slavery?”

Several curious Turkish customs are described in this novel, as, for instance, the ceremonies on the investiture of a new Pachalick, and the delivery of the sealed parchment containing the *residencia* or formal account of the administration of the new Pacha's predecessor. Also we hear that all suits except matrimonial are despatched out of hand, or, as the Spaniards say—with that remarkable yet by no means rare opposition in idiomatic language—on foot. Among these barbarians, if, says Cervantes, they are so in this matter, the Cadi is competent judge of all causes. He abridges them on his nail, and gives sentence in a single puff, beyond all appeal. Also, he tells us that “this damned sect,” referring to the Mussulman religion, has the greatest respect for grey hairs: in which, by the way, it presents a favourable contrast to the piety of most of the author's Christian protagonists, both male and female. Also, we learn that matrimonial infidelity on either side is not confined to Christendom. Leonisa, hardly less lovely than Helen, and of whose excellence human knowledge, it seems, can scarce do more than spell the alphabet's first letter, is the occasion, like her, of no small measure of tears, no little amount of crime, falsehood, robbery, and murder. Like Helen, too, she lights on lovers wherever she appears. Two Pachas and a Cadi, in addition to the Liberal Lover and his rival Cornelius, are competitors for her affection. The Cadi's heart especially becomes cinders for her, and the plot is formed out of their different devices to obtain their common end. But unlike Helen, or La Fontaine's “Fiancée du Roi de Garbe,” Alaciél,

Veuve de huit galants, il la prit pour pucelle,

setting aside the peccadilloes of the two ladies, who, to follow their Teuton, deceive both father and mother with as little compunction of conscience as sweet Anne Page, what can be said in defence of the conduct of the gentleman? To seduce one woman, to deceive another by promise of marriage, and to speak lightly of both circumstances as things of little importance and to be done without any scruple—such conduct as this, though common enough in fashionable society, is scarcely such as we should expect to meet with in an exemplary novel. This is rather the destruction of good manners than their edification. Cervantes, instead of building by his story the walls of the city of morality, as Amphion by his song the walls of Thebes, has caused them to fall down flat, as Joshua with his priests and his ram's horns demolished the walls of Jericho. Such conduct in a professed moralist is hard to be understood. Its meaning is enwrapped, like the "suum mun nonny" of Edgar in "King Lear," in much painful uncertainty. It can only be regarded as one of the eccentricities of genius, and set down in the same category as Wagner's particoloured raiment during composition, or Comte's introduction of his maid-of-all-work into his Positivist Calendar of Saints.

In the time of Cervantes the Mediterranean Sea was infested by the light piratical quarter galleys of Barbary and Algiers. The houses of Spanish, Italian, and Sicilian gentlemen resident on the sea-coast were harried by these corsairs. Incursions were made into their pleasure-gardens, and all the festive company carried off at one fell swoop. Ransom was the object which these marine robbers had chiefly in view. "The Liberal Lover" is the title of one of Cervantes' tales, in which a certain Richard, the hero, and a lady named Leonisa, whom he loves unloved—"a lioness for me, but for others a meek sheep," laments her lover, punning on her name—are the wretched subjects of one of these numerous piratical raids. They have one May morning, observes Richard with pathetic exactitude, just one year, three days, and five hours ago, been taken from Trapano in Sicily, and meet once more after various adventures in Nicosia, a rich and renowned city of Cyprus, which was actually lost by Venice in an engagement against the Turks in 1570.

The novel is chiefly distinguished for the elegant opening address to this city uttered by the captive Christian hero, while gazing on its ruined walls and battlements. Richard is represented standing on a hill in the early morning light, overlooking the lately dilapidated town, bitterly lamenting his own lot, and comparing it with that of the devastated city before him. "Alas!" he sighs, "lamentable

in his occasions ; the latter is the Cadi's wife, whose proposals to Mahamut's friend have been of such a nature as might make Mahamut doubtful as to the advisability of committing himself lightly and wantonly to a contract in which she is the other contracting party, and which death only can dissolve. When we read about the natural conduct of Cervantes' novels, and the propriety of action of their several characters, we cannot include under this panegyric the representation of the behaviours of the several persons, sometimes unknown and sometimes opposed to one another, whose necks we find, nevertheless, brought under the nuptial yoke to satisfy the public craving of his time.

"It is an ill wind," says the adage, "which blows nobody any good." Cervantes' imprisonment in Algiers was no doubt sufficiently irksome to himself. In "The Spanish-English Lady" he calls liberty the thing most loved not only by rational, but by irrational animals. In the novel of "The Liberal Lover" he speaks of a return to one's native land safe and sound after a long captivity, and a victory over one's enemies, as the two greatest contentments which this life allows. But had his lines fallen for him always in the pleasant places of home, we should probably never have received from him, certainly not invested with such accuracy of detail, his comedy "La Gran Sultana," in which the heroine, a Spanish lady, reaches her rank at the cost of her Christianity, nor the two novels already mentioned, nor the story of the captive in "Don Quixote," nor the "Trade or Custom of Algiers," nor the "Baños of Algiers," which was published towards the end of his life. This last, which he calls a comedy, is about equally comic with Dante's "Inferno." Both dramas and novels, which have another similarity than that of a common subject, were very likely written with a purpose. Cervantes, remembering his own sufferings, was probably animated by a zeal for the redemption of captives, and longed to become the leader of at least a literary crusade.

"The Liberal Lover" has been often dramatised. Perhaps two of the best versions of it for the stage are those of De Scudéri and Guerin de Bouscal. These versions were produced much about the same time. What little changes have been made by their respective authors are questionable improvements. The sentiments of Scudéri, the rival of Corneille, as Elkanah Settle was the rival of Dryden, offer a curious contrast in their extreme artificiality with the natural sobriety of those of Cervantes. Both Bouscal and Scudéri have preserved the ridiculous conduct of the hero in the last act, in giving a *mistress* whom he adores to a rival whom he despises, for no other

reason, apparently, than to maintain his title of "The Liberal Lover." The latter has however added to extravagance of action extravagance of language. Leandre, for instance, the protagonist, addresses Leonise and his rival thus :—

Puissiez-vous en jouyr un long nombre d'années ;
Que vos félicités ne soient jamais bornées :
Ciel, exauçant ma voix qui s'eslève pour eux,
Rend les aussi contens que je suis malheureux.

Bouscal has made his hero speak with much more reserve. Cervantes was a favourite of Bouscal. Besides a travesty of "The Liberal Lover," he added his grain to the Spaniard's pile of glory by his comedies of "Dom Quixote de la Manche," and "Le Gouvernement de Sanche Pansa."

The only novel of Cervantes not already considered is "The Spanish-English Lady." Sismondi contents himself with alluding to it thus :—"L'Espagnole-Anglaise, il est vrai, nous montre combien Cervantes était loin de connaître ceux qu'il nommait les hérétiques, autant qu'il connaissait les Maures." Cervantes, as we have seen, made some curious mistakes in Moorish matters, but his representation of English matters was not so foreign to our country in his time as the reader of Sismondi, without further examination, might imagine. In the first place, the story is built upon an event which actually happened—that is, the capture of Cadiz in 1596 by Elizabeth's commanders. Nor was the fear of a Roman Catholic family altogether groundless in those days, nor the interference of the Maiden Queen in the marriage of one of her subjects grossly unlikely. Cervantes has merely erred in matters of minor moment. Among these may be included the somewhat rare English names of the persons of his narrative. We have a Captain Clotaldo and his wife Catalina—the name, by the way, of the wife of the author himself—who bring up Isabel the heroine in their house in London. Another English naval captain is called the Baron de Lansac, and one of the maids of honour of the Queen, Lady Tansi. Isabel, the maid of Cadiz, is red-haired. Perhaps from a Spanish point of view, or indeed an English one in Elizabeth's days, such a coiffure might be regarded as a recommendation, as it undoubtedly was in the Augustan era of ancient Rome. At present, popular opinion is not prejudiced in favour of this particular accident of ornament. Certainly, Cervantes was well content with her. "She seemed," he says, in a passage which shows his easy and elegant use of similes,— "she seemed a star or exhalation moving through the region of fire on a still and serene night, or a sunbeam which at daybreak discovers itself

through a mountain gorge." With such fairness she is soon furnished with lovers. Of these the favoured one is Richard Clotaldo, the captain's son. He cannot marry her, however, since no marriage among those of noble blood in England is legal without the Queen's consent. Elizabeth takes an interest in this couple, which will not seem improbable when we remember the sentence attributed to Lord Digby, that her gallants were her ministers, and her ministers her gallants, and that her reign was happy because it was a reign of love. Sent on a naval expedition by Elizabeth, Richard captures—with the disgraceful device, by the way, of hoisting false colours—a vessel laden with diamonds, and pearls, and spice, and bearing amongst its passengers Isabel's parents, whom he takes back with him to London. The anagnosis is effected by a mole on the right ear. The valorous Richard, armed with all his rich and resplendent armour, is about to receive the hand of Isabel, when a small black cloud arises in the shape of another suitor. This is the Count Arnesto, the son of Lady Tansi. He too has had his soul burnt in the light of Isabel's eyes. His mother, finding other methods of preventing Isabel's marriage with Richard ineffectual, conceives with a woman's ingenuity, and with a woman's resolution carries out, the idea of poisoning her, under the pretext of giving her medicine for her good. The luckless Isabel swallows the dire dose in a dish of sweetmeat, and soon after becomes black in the face. Nor this only. She loses her eyebrows, eyelashes, and red hair. She had certainly died, but for some marvellous medicine, pulverised horn of unicorn, which her gracious Majesty happened to have by her. Becoming from a marvel of beauty a monster of ugliness, she returns to Cadiz, but not before the faithful Richard has promised to follow her thither, and claim her for his bride. At Cadiz she receives, after a while, a letter from London, telling her that Richard has been assassinated by Count Arnesto. She determines therefore to devote herself to a religious life, and is on the doorsteps of a nunnery when Richard himself appears. He has escaped with a severe wound, been captured on his way to Cadiz, and sent to Algiers, whence he has been redeemed by the Fathers of the Holy Trinity, an existent society of the time, dedicated to the redemption of Spanish captives from the Moors. They marry, and all the multitude of people give thanks to God for His mighty marvels. Of this novel the author has himself given us the example or moral. It may, he says, teach us of how large power is virtue, and of how large, loveliness : since they suffice in society, and each by itself suffices, to enamour even their very foes ; and how Heaven is able to produce out of our greatest adversity our greatest profit.

Whatever may be thought of the morals of Cervantes' tales, few will deny what unfortunately, in this degenerate world, is of far more importance—their entertainment. The opinion expressed by Hallam is, that they are too short to rivet the interest. The fables of Æsop are not remarkable for their length, but, if they are really uninteresting, generation after generation has been agreeably deceived. Short as Cervantes' stories may be in words, they are not deficient in deeds. Few authors, perhaps, have been able to comprise so wide a variety of incident in so small a quantity of pages. At least, Cervantes has avoided an error far more common than that charged against him by the critic. His tales are never so lengthy as to make our interest languish, never so tedious as to make us earnest to look upon the shore. Not unwisely, he stops before men with uplifted hands cry "Hold, it is enough." At least, it cannot be said of the Exemplary Novels as Johnson said, probably without much fear of contradiction, of Milton's "Paradise Lost,"—"Sir, no man ever wished it longer."

These tales have delighted many times, and have been translated into many tongues. Not alone for their author have these imaginings been companions in captivity, and made society out of solitude: many people of many lands have they sustained in sorrow, and led kindly to content. Our own interest in them ought to be no light one, for, beyond their intrinsic worth, we owe to them, according to Mr. Lockhart, the romances of Waverley. Scott, says that amiable author, expressed the "most unbounded" admiration for Cervantes, and allowed that his novels, of which he was a constant reader, inspired him with the ambition of excelling in fiction. How greatly the stage is indebted to them has been only shown in some small degree. To dilate on Cervantes' power of painting character and of expressing affection, on the natural sequence of his events, and the limpid chasteness of his reflections, on his generally entertaining selection of circumstance and its concise expression, would be but *actum agere*. It has been done over and over again, and a man may be better occupied, as the Italians say, than in bottling a cloud. One, however, of his excellences seems to have been not sufficiently eulogised, and one of his excesses—for, with Sadi, we must not regard his thorns as the jasmine and the rose—not sufficiently censured. The excellence is that of his originality. Not many writers have less to thank their predecessors for than Cervantes. He did not, as his great contemporary did not, require the spectacles of books to read Nature with. Every one of his nose-gays is made up of flowers gathered out of his own garden. He has not, like many another author, furnished for

his own part nothing but the ribbon by which they are bound together. He has not endeavoured to make light from darkness by a dim, cold painted copy of another's ardent flame. If he has, as we have seen, treated more than once the same subject, he has varied its tone by the unconfined spirit of his imagination, as the colour of every day is diversified by the many-tinted radiances of the dawn. His excess is to be found in his poetry, for which he was, according to the best Spanish critics, eminently unfitted, and which he has unfortunately haled by the hair into too many of his tales. Above all, "The Little Gipsy Girl" has cause to lament this luckless introduction. His true poetry lies in his prose, and his metrical attempts seem, as was said of those of Dr. Johnson, to be the result of a pure effort of diligence and little beside, made with labour, as a man casts up his ledger, but without love.

His novels generally are not of those which a man takes up, looks at, lays down, and never remembers to take up again. He is a master of the affections, and his simple style irradiates the dullest intelligence, as daylight illumines the darkest room. He is not wholly free—perhaps no man can be—from the superstition of his time, but when he sails across that idle sea, at least he sails across it in the bark of wisdom. The night of ignorance now and then overshadows us, but in that night we may always behold a star.

JAMES MEW.

OVER-STIMULATION IN WOMEN.

FEW men of acute observation, and very few medical men, can have failed to observe the increasing use, or rather one should say abuse, of alcoholic stimulants by women during the past ten or fifteen years. When I say by women, I do not confine the observation to any particular class. I believe over-stimulation among women, just now, affects every grade of society. My own personal experience is chiefly confined to the middle classes, and to these my remarks will for the most part refer ; but I have no reason to doubt, both from what I have observed and read, and also from what I have heard upon reliable authority, that this habit of over-stimulation is prevalent, to a considerable extent, among ladies of the upper classes. How this increasing vice is pauperising still further the homes of the poor, few will deny. Here let me remark, lest I may be thought a partisan, that I have but scant sympathy for total abstainers. I believe that the moderate use of good beer, wine, or even, in some cases, spirits, is decidedly conducive to health and longevity. I am unconvinced even by such advocates of total abstinence as Drs. Carpenter and Richardson. I still regard alcohol as a food. Under medical supervision I believe it to be an invaluable medicine ; and certainly it is a luxury. As a luxury, of course, it is unnecessary ; but so also are more than half the articles which make up a modern dinner : for that matter, chairs and tables are not necessary ; but they add to our comfort. If the moderate use of alcoholic beverages be not hurtful to our health or longevity, we have no more business to cry out against it than we have against soup, fish, and *entrées* at a dinner-party. Let us be consistent, and if alcohol be proved prejudicial to health in any and every form, then we must discourage its use even in the strictest moderation. I deny that it is injurious in moderation. On the contrary, I not only give it a place as a luxury, but claim for it a place as a medicine, and as a food. Any one who has watched its effects in fever or pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs) of a low type, will readily class it as a medical agent of high value ; while as a food, who can deny it a place as such that has seen patients in the last stage of consumption, or other wasting diseases, live entirely on

wine and spirits for weeks? Notwithstanding all this, Dr. Richardson himself cannot more highly disapprove of the general use of wines and spirits by *women* than I do. Let me observe here that I exclude all reference to over-stimulation by *men* in this paper: it is a separate subject; and, also, I exclude all the arguments for and against total abstinence, as foreign to my subject; I, further, dismiss the so-called religious phase of the question. Violent partisans may, however, be reminded that the first miracle of Christ was to change water into wine at a wedding-feast, and at His last supper He and His apostles partook of wine. Having so far cleared the ground, let me, so to speak, enunciate my text, which is this: *That in the present day women, in every class of society, over-stimulate.* Of course, I need hardly say I do not mean all women; but I do mean a considerable number of women; and I maintain that the number is largely increasing year by year. Now, how am I to define *over-stimulation*? Where is one to draw the line between that amount of alcohol which is detrimental and that which is conducive to health? It is not possible to lay down any absolute rule as to quantity; but I absolutely assert that a woman ought never to take stimulants, except during illness, and then only under medical advice, *unless with her meals*—only with dinner and supper, or lunch and dinner, as the case may be. There are special reasons why the female sex is liable to fall into excess in the matter of stimulation, which will be referred to presently, and which render the strict observance of the above rule most advisable. I repeat, it is difficult to define the precise *quantity* which a woman may take daily, and yet it is very necessary to be precise in this matter. Women always say they take “very little,” even an habitual drunkard will gravely assure you that she only takes “very little.” We must never be led into giving a woman such indefinite advice as that of St. Paul to Timothy, “Drink no longer water, but use a *little* wine for thy stomach’s sake.” Most probably Timothy was dyspeptic, and St. Paul’s advice was wise; but only tell a woman with feeble digestion to take a “little” wine, and fail to define the exact quantity, and the chances are that in twelve months she will take it in excess of what is required, or is compatible with health. I do not at all mean that the woman will become a drunkard: I only say she will lapse into over-stimulation—she will injure her health. I may remark that it is not the person who gets drunk occasionally who is so much ruining his constitution, as the individual who day by day indulges in over-stimulation. It is in this way that the foundation of disease is laid—slight daily excess; and the *end* is certain, if the person live sufficiently long. We can assure any

woman who is constantly over-stimulating that one day she will get gout, or kidney disease, or brain disease, or disease of the liver—the fatal cirrhosis—followed by dropsy. I stated how difficult it was to define the amount which a woman may daily take with impunity, and I insisted upon only taking stimulants with food. Now, it is quite certain that, unless contra-indicated by disease, a woman in health may take with advantage a glass of good ale with lunch, and also with dinner, or with dinner and supper, according as the meals are arranged. Those who prefer wine may have, instead of beer, a couple of glasses of claret, carlowitz, hock, chablis, or burgundy; and such as can afford it may drink, instead of these, two glasses of champagne. Port and sherry are dangerous wines for women, and had much better be avoided. Such is moderation, and such will most certainly conduce to health and longevity.

Let me now examine what actually obtains in the world around us, and I will divide society into three classes, for the sake of convenience, viz. the upper, the middle, and the lower classes. Of course, what I am about to say does not apply to children or to very young girls; it is not even general; but the vice is increasing, and it must be exposed. And, first, let me deal with the upper classes.

The calls of modern society upon the upper classes are very burdensome. Our ancestors dined at noon, and retired to rest about the hour when the fashionable world now dines. During the London season a lady of fashion works really hard, and she works in a crowded town, keeping late hours, and living in hot, gas-tainted rooms. These are just the conditions which induce a languor that a glass of sherry will, for the time, quickly relieve. I feel certain that many ladies have no exact idea as to the precise quantity of stimulants which they consume, as it were unconsciously, each day during the London season. Let me just sketch roughly the life of many ladies of fashion during the season—I mean with reference to stimulation: at lunch a couple of glasses of wine, generally dry sherry; in the evening a dinner party, either as hostess or guest, involving wine with soup, again with fish, more wine with each of the seven or eight courses of which a modern dinner is made up. Why, what is the result? before the drawing-room is reached the greater part of a bottle of wine is consumed. But the day is far from over yet. A ball follows the dinner-party: Terpsichore reigns, but Bacchus is also in attendance, and between the dances come sherry and ices. Then follows the champagne supper, after which dancing again begins, and there is more sherry and ices; and so the day, or rather the day and night, is spent. Now, the above indulgence in such an

excessive quantity of wine would, if only taken, say, once a month, do no more than give a headache or some indigestion the next day; while if this over-stimulation be continually indulged in, soon a craving for alcohol is created, increasing day by day; each month and year the craving grows stronger, and more and more is taken. Then the health gives way, the appetite becomes impaired, sleeplessness ensues, and the unfortunate woman complains of a constant feeling of *sinking*, only to be relieved, as she says, by a little brandy or a glass of sherry. Still the habit grows; it is not now the taste or flavour of the wine that is longed for; indeed, very frequently it is rejected by the stomach almost as soon as it is swallowed; the craving is for the sensation of stimulation. In this stage of drink-craving there is no meanness to which women, even of high position, will not stoop in order to procure drink, if their indulgence be interfered with. The next stage soon now comes: self-respect is lost, and that which was at first only the habit of taking occasionally a glass of wine between meals, as when returning from a drive in the park or while dressing for dinner or some reception, has now developed into actual drunkenness. This extreme wreck is, I am informed, rare among the upper classes; but the preceding stage of over-stimulation is in the end not less injurious, destroying the fine organisation of the nervous system, inducing insanity, kidney disease, hepatic disease, dropsy, and early death. Now let me pass on to examine the case of the *middle classes*. Here we have no daily dinner-party and ball; no seven courses, with all kinds of variety in wine and liqueurs to tempt frail humanity. But we have causes at work just as powerful for evil. Now, I believe the chief cause of drinking among ladies of the middle class is the good-natured but unwise habit which young married men have of insisting—I use the word advisedly—on their young wives drinking some stimulant when they themselves do; and, further, making their wives promise to take a glass of wine at this time or that, while they are away at their professional or business duties. Fatal error! The habit once acquired in women can seldom be given up. I will mention another cause of female intemperance in this class of society. A woman has a serious illness, and she is advised by her medical attendant to take wine or spirits so many times a day. Of course, the patient is right to obey the directions of her doctor, and the latter considers it necessary for the patient's restoration to health to order the stimulants. But, let me ask, is the doctor always careful to see, when the necessity for the stimulant has passed away, that it is discontinued? I fear not; and I say it with regret,

that medical men are not sufficiently careful to recommend with just the same force the discontinuance of wine and spirits, as they were to sanction or prescribe their use. It is a curious circumstance that the use during illness of alcohol by men does not to the same extent create a craving for drink. Again, during *lactation*, it is a vulgar tradition, at all events among a considerable number of persons, that the nursing mother cannot take too much malt liquor, in the form of stout especially. It is considered necessary under such circumstances, for the *sake of the baby*, to have a glass of stout in the morning, about eleven o'clock; a couple of glasses with dinner, at one or two o'clock; another glass during the evening, about seven o'clock; and another couple of glasses with supper, followed by some hot whisky-and-water at bedtime! All this is considered quite orthodox and absolutely necessary for mother and child; and if a medical man should mildly suggest milk, instead of more than half the above quantity of malt liquor, all the mothers in the neighbourhood will pity his ignorance. But even admitting the necessity, which I deny, for all this extra quantity of stimulants during lactation, it should at once be discontinued as soon as weaning is begun. But here is often the difficulty: a habit has been acquired which cannot easily be overcome, and too often in this way is laid the foundation of chronic over-stimulation. Extreme cases are not general or even usual, but I again repeat, I am directing attention to what I believe to be a growing evil in this latter half of the nineteenth century.

I mentioned the habit of taking some hot spirit and water at bedtime by women. I cannot write too strongly against this evil practice. Again and again have I known it lay the foundation of drunkenness. I emphatically declare that women ought never to drink spirit and water, except by the advice of a medical man; and I say further, that a medical man ought never to order a woman alcohol unless he felt the distinct necessity of so doing, and then he should be careful that the spirit was discontinued when the necessity for its use no longer existed. Referring again to this spirit and water, or *toddy*, at bedtime, I believe the habit is formed somewhat in this manner. A number of men in the middle, as in every class, now smoke, and at bedtime it is customary "to take a glass of grog with the pipe" after supper. Well, the affectionate husband begins by *insisting* on his wife taking a wine-glassful of toddy out of his glass. At first she probably dislikes it; but the kind husband thinks it would appear selfish to drink alone, so he makes his wife join him. Little by little this habit grows on the poor woman, and what was at first a wine-glassful, taken reluctantly out of her husband's glass, is now a

full tumbler of toddy, eagerly longed for, taken with her husband, but often followed by another obtained surreptitiously. Soon the unfortunate woman cannot sleep without this spirit at night ; then the liver and stomach become deranged ; the sleep becomes disturbed, and a restless night is followed by no appetite for breakfast. Such women tell you that they "only care for a cup of tea in the morning, and want nothing to eat ;" and they are irritable and good for nothing until the morning stimulant has been taken—until the daily round of alcoholism is once more begun. Added to all this, let us suppose an increasing family, with its many cares and anxieties, and, further, as is frequently the case with clerks, for instance, no corresponding increase of income—what happens ? I need scarcely say, the downward course only too often ends in the abyss of dipsomania.

The working man does not know physiology, but he ought to be taught that women readily take to habits of intemperance, and he should shield his wife from temptations to drink, and check in the bud the fatal habit of taking stimulants, except with meals, and then in strict moderation. Alas ! is it not true that, in a large number of instances, the drunken husband is followed only too readily by the drinking wife to the gin palace ? Is it not often the case that a man who at one time proved a good and sober husband is driven to the public-house by an over-stimulated, cross, dirty wife ? I often read in the daily papers of sad and cruel cases of wife-beating and ill-usage—one is horrified at the violence to which helpless women are exposed from the fury of a drunken husband. One is pleased with the well-chosen language in which the worthy magistrate points out to the culprit the heinousness of his crime and its cowardly nature. But does the magistrate, or do the sympathetic public, sufficiently weigh the provocation this guilty and cruel husband may have received ? Let me not be misunderstood. I am far from defending such men as wife-beaters ; but I really believe that oftentimes there are extenuating circumstances, such as children neglected by a drunken wife ; a home dirty, cheerless, and untidy ; wages earned by honest labour perverted from buying food for the family to procuring gin for the drunken wife : all due to what was at first only a "little" drop taken between meals. Who can wonder at a man's rage if he even finds the furniture and clothes pawned by his wife for drink ! I would remind my readers that a drunken woman includes every vice, and I would warn the working classes to forbid spirit-drinking among their wives. The true treatment is prevention. Long before a woman becomes a drunkard is the time to act and check ; for if we *once allow the stage of over-stimulation to last, the final stage will*

inevitably follow, and then we must get the Habitual Drunkards Bill passed into law before we can hope to reclaim the now hopeless dipsomaniac. Let husbands, then, who give their wives a "sip" out of their glass, remember that a drunken woman has a beginning in her downward course, and let them weigh well the risks they are incurring. It is well to reflect that such a woman as is mentioned in the following extract, taken from one of the daily papers for August, 1878, was once a respectable and sober woman:—

Margaret M—, a married woman, aged 45 years, was charged with being drunk and disorderly in the Vauxhall Bridge-road. The prisoner is one of the most incorrigible drunkards that are frequently brought to this court, and has been in custody something like 50 times; her husband, a hard-working man, having paid no less than £198 in fines in a few years. Mr. D'Eyncourt has done his utmost to discourage her, and sent her to prison more than once without the option of a fine; but this has had no effect. She had not long been out of prison when, last Friday, she was brought to the station in one of the new ambulances provided by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in lieu of the ordinary stretchers, and fined 8s. On Monday she again appeared before Mr. Woolrych, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and was fined 21s. or 21 days, his worship remarking that she was a most incorrigible drunkard. She then exhibited a card, for the purpose of showing that she had joined the teetotallers, and declared that she would never drink again, as it made her mad. The fine was paid; but in a few hours she was again in the hands of the police. Charles Everett, 185 B, proved that at five o'clock on Monday he found the prisoner drunk, stopping the vehicles in the road, and making a noise. She threw herself on the ground, and caused a great crowd to assemble, and was locked up. She said nothing to the charge. Mr. Woolrych fined her 25s., or three weeks' hard labour.

Had the stage of over-stimulation been recognised and checked in this case, such a sad history would not have been written.

Such are a few of the phases of over-stimulation, and of its natural sequence in women, drunkenness. I have described the vice as it affects different classes of society; but in each class the evil has some special features. Thus, for instance, among the poor, and even among a large section of what one may describe as the lower middle class, the cost of the drink is a serious consideration. I don't mean the cost of the glass or two of beer or light wine, which I believe to be beneficial with meals, but I mean the cost of everything beyond this. If the money spent by women on over-stimulation were saved, many a comfort and even luxury could be purchased, home made brighter and more attractive for the husband, and cleaner, healthier, and happier for the children. I have observed—and I believe this is common to all grades of society—that women who over-stimulate endeavour to avoid going into society, and also to

break off intimacies with their old and hitherto loved and highly-valued lady friends, indeed, with all friends. A woman is never a social drinker, she is always a secret drinker. It is, therefore, from the fear of being found out in her habit that she avoids her friends; and also, perhaps, because the claims of friendship and society may interfere with her getting the craved-for dram at the desired moment.

Women are made irritable in temper by over-stimulation, as many a husband and child could testify.

The chances of recovery from acute disease, such as typhoid fever or pneumonia, are greatly lessened by chronic intemperance. Over-drinking, also, I have no doubt, demoralises the whole nature of a woman, and sends many a wife to play the part of respondent in the Divorce Court. I have already mentioned some of the diseases brought on by over-stimulation—indigestion, liver disease, kidney disease, skin eruptions, gout, rheumatism, brain disease, and paralysis, and dropsy. But there are two evil consequences from drinking to which I wish specially to refer, viz. insanity, and the hereditary transmission of drink-craving from parent to offspring.

I would ask women's attention seriously to these two dreadful results of dram-drinking; and I would warn fathers, if they love their children and care about their future, to discountenance the first beginnings of over-stimulation in their wives. All observers agree that keeping the brain and nervous system in a chronic state of excitement by alcohol is a fertile cause of insanity in women. Look, for instance, at the delusions of *delirium tremens*, the most common result of drunkenness. How easy is the transition from the horrors and delusions of *delirium tremens* to the delusions of insanity! The brain of woman is more acted on by the poison of alcohol than that of man; hence, as one would expect, we find insanity increasing alarmingly among women; increasing in females in a higher ratio than in men, because over-stimulation is on the increase among women. In the last report of the Commissioners in Lunacy we find that insanity is on the increase in every class of society. On January 1, 1878, there were registered in England and Wales, as "lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind," 68,538; of these 31,024 were males, and 37,514 females. The registered numbers were 1,902 more than those recorded a year before by the Commissioners. That insanity is on the increase particularly among women is strongly shown by one report of the Commissioners. In the "pauper" class, the number registered on January 1, 1878, as compared with those registered on January 1, 1877, showed an addition of 774 to the male lunatics, and 1,033 to the females. Thus insanity is spread-

ing more quickly among women than among men in the masses of the people. It is now well known that the children of intemperate parents, or of parents who continually over-stimulate, have a well-marked liability to take on habits of intemperance: not, as was at one time supposed, from the evil example of their parents, or from their peculiar surroundings, but as an inherited disease. In the same way as we transmit to our offspring a palsy, a rheumatism, a cancerous, or a tuberculous diathesis, or insanity, so we transmit a drink-craving diathesis. I myself believe, as the result of personal observation, that this transmission of the love of drink is just as strong as the hereditary transmission of consumption, or of any of the above-mentioned diseases. How many children of consumptive parents, or of pious parents, go through life and live to a great old age without developing these diseases! The exciting causes have been avoided, such as neglected cold or improper food. So with drinking. The children, and especially the female children, of intemperate parents, if not guarded from temptation and from opportunities of over-stimulating, will surely develop the hereditary taint. Let husbands bear this in mind when they induce their wives to take stimulants. Let physicians and surgeons remember it when they prescribe wine and brandy. Let parents think of it when they give their children a taste out of their glass—thus developing a liking for stimulation. And let us all recollect that over-stimulation is the road to drunkenness, and a drunken woman is one of the most repulsive objects on the face of the earth. What does not a drinker woman incite? She will descend to any meanness. I may say vice, to procure drink. I have known a woman in a good position in life, by no means a drunkard, only an over-stimulator, feign chronic distress for months, so that she may have an excuse for leaving her husband's room in the middle of the night to get her dram of brandy: I have known a woman pawn her wedding-ring to procure gin: But why multiply examples? Is there no remedy for this over-stimulation in women? Can we not check this horrible canker?

I believe it can be checked, and ultimately almost cured. There are various agencies to be employed.

First, I would mention, as affecting alike women in every class of society, *public opinion*. During the early part of this century it was not considered at all an offence for a gentleman to get drunk: now it is simply regarded as disgraceful. Just in the same way must public opinion condemn over-stimulating among women. Unfortunately, women as a class are secret drinkers, and public opinion cannot so easily affect them; still it will do much, and when

women realise how men abhor over-stimulation or sherry-drinking between meals, how men detest a woman that is continually tipping brandy, whisky, or other spirits, it will not cure those already advanced on the road of "over-stimulation," but it will in time make its influence felt, checking some and preventing the taste being developed in others. It is well for women, and men too, to know, that sal-volatile and red lavender are strong spirits under the cover of medical names.

Again, I would hope for much good from the influence of the medical profession. I would urge my brethren not to order a woman to begin over-stimulation without weighing the possible consequences, and particularly to see that the wine or spirit, when ordered, is immediately discontinued when the necessity for its administration has passed; particularly is this necessary after such prolonged illnesses as typhoid fever. Husbands and fathers too can do much in their families by example and precept.

But our Legislature has two duties to perform before we can hope for much improvement. One is to repeal the grocer's licence, and the other is to pass into law the Habitual Drunkards Bill, or some such measure.

The grocer's licence is the means by which half the over-stimulation among women of the middle classes is effected. Women who would never condescend to ask their servants to fetch them spirits from the public-house, and who dare not go for it there themselves, can, quite compatibly with the strictest regard for respectability, order all they may require from the family grocer; and, if necessary, can have wine, brandy, or other spirits, entered in the pass-book, for the edification of their husbands, as tea, coffee, or anything of the kind.

For the confirmed over-stimulated and for the helpless dipsomaniac there is no hope but restraint. The Habitual Drunkards Bill must become law, so that these now hopeless victims may be kept from the temptation which they are powerless themselves to resist. Restraint is the only remedy for such women. They cannot conquer the irresistible craving for stimulation; and it is only by close confinement that this longing can be overcome.

The over-stimulator has no control over herself; she will indulge, unless the opportunity for so doing be removed. She may promise, she may swear, to give up her stimulants; but she has not the power to keep her promise or oath. Such women must be protected from themselves; must be treated as if insane, and their mental infirmity recognised as a disease requiring treatment and control.

Thus the habit will get broken, the craving for drink will cease, and the mind will become capable of realising the course which was being pursued, and its penalties—the loathing of our fellow-creatures, continual misery and ill-health, and soon a premature grave.

**The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.**

FREDERICK H. DALY, M.D.

TABLE TALK.

A FEW months ago Mr. Proctor suggested in these pages the idea that commercial panics will, one of these days, be associated with sun-spots. He was jesting, of course; though equally of course, if wind and rain, famines and shipwrecks, are dependent on the solar spots, commercial relations must also, to some degree, be affected by solar maculation. His prediction has not remained long without fulfilment. Prof. Stanley Jevons has established to his own satisfaction the existence of a $10\frac{1}{2}$ -years' period, in which (on the average) commercial panics recur. Unfortunately for his reasoning, however, he seems to have been unacquainted with the fact that the dates of all the sun-spot maxima and minima since the beginning of the last century can be tolerably well ascertained from the records of solar observations by astronomers in different countries. So that we are able to compare the dates assigned by Prof. Jevons to the periods of great commercial depression with the dates assigned by Prof. Wolf (and unquestionably with considerable accuracy) to the sun-spot maxima and minima. When this is done we find that of the seventeen panics or epochs of depression dealt with by Prof. Jevons, only two fell within one year of an epoch when sun-spots were fewest; two more fell within two years of such an epoch; three fell about midway between epochs of maximum and minimum solar maculation; and the remaining ten fell nearer the time of most than of fewest sun-spots. Two of the most marked panics as closely approached epochs of greatest solar disturbance as the two last panics (which probably suggested Jevons's theory) approached epochs of least disturbance.

Failing close agreement between the quality of cereal crops and the condition of the sun, a M. Schuster has advanced the theory that years of good vintage may be expected when the sun shows fewest spots.

ONE of the quaintest customs connected with Christmas still survives in South Wales. It is, perhaps, little more than an unusual form of that method of breaking the silence of the night

commonly known as Christmas carolling; but instead of going out into the road, and singing a greater or fewer number of hymns, more or less out of tune, the Welsh people take unto themselves the skull of a horse. This they adorn with many-coloured ribbons, and fasten it upon the head of one of the performers, whose figure is concealed by a sheet. By means of a string attached to the lower jaw of the skull, he claps and rattles the bones to the real delight and pretended terror of the maid-servants. His companions sing Welsh songs of various kinds, make a show of restraining the vagaries of the monster, and receive what pence may be bestowed upon them. In some remote parts of "the stormy hills of Wales" the ancient ceremony, of which this mummary is the relic, still lingers. In it the horse's skull and the rest of the paraphernalia are only adjuncts of the custom. The party who thus decorate one of their number stroll from one farmhouse to another, and wherever they call they challenge the inmates to a poetical contest. This is conducted between the insides and the outsides, after the pastoral fashion of Melibœus and Tityrus, in alternate verses. If, as usually happens, the party of the horse's head succeed in keeping up verse-making longer than the other, they have the right of coming in and being regaled with cakes and ale. If, on the contrary, the farm people manage to perpetrate the last rhyme, the wanderers must go further in search of a supper. No doubt, the custom is now giving way to more crowded dwellings and more modern ideas; but it is interesting to come across it now and then, still existing, as it has probably done from the time of the Druids.

MR. EDISON'S discovery has struck out the most wonderful sparks of information. Electricity, it seems, is to be procured almost anywhere, and there is far from a reduction on taking a quantity. One scientific gentleman describes how he produces it from one of his offspring, "still in knickerbockers," by "striking his little legs pretty briskly, but not too hard," while standing on a stool with glass legs. It is comforting to be informed that he does not do it "too hard;" but, on the whole, I had rather not be the son of a savant—in knickerbockers.

The testimony of the Canadians upon this subject is, however, the most remarkable. The dryness of the weather in Canada has, it seems, the charming peculiarity of making everybody a lightning conductor. If you trail the sole of your shoe on the carpet, your whole body becomes saturated with electricity, and enables you "to light gas with your fingers," or—joy of joys!—

“to charge a Leyden jar.” For my part, however, I should not think of doing this last, and especially if it was my own property. The climate, no doubt, is favourable to the development of electricity; but, as it appears to me, this occasionally detracts from its social merits. “On the floor of our dining-room,” writes a Montreal Professor, “and near the fire, we had a buffalo robe or skin, and it was a by no means infrequent occurrence to see a magnificent disruptive discharge of electricity pass from the hand of a servant to the hand of a guest, while the former, standing on the rug, was in the act of handing a plate. The shock produced was often of sufficient force to cause considerable discomfort to both persons involved.” The Professor evidently does not see the fun of this, nor doubtless did his guest or servant. I do not understand whether a clap of thunder accompanied the “disruptive discharge;” but if so, it completes the picture of Canadian hospitality. I have no doubt the discharges from carpets and buffalo robes are taken into account in the servant’s wages; but conceive the astonishment of a British “John” or “Mary Jane” at the consequences of handing a plate before they become acclimatised!

IT was Sydney Smith, I think, who said that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman. A similar process is requisite to give an average Englishman a notion of taste. Our educated classes are in this respect behind the working classes, who have some idea of beauty. Philistinism, however, in England loves ugliness better than beauty. It has so long lived in square rooms and in houses of square streets, that it can conceive nothing beautiful that departs widely from this formal style of architecture. I am in time to enter my protest against a piece of vandalism which is now going to be committed, though I may not be able to arrest it. Visitors to Hampstead know that one of the most attractive routes leading from the Heath is what is known as Well Walk, situated at the end of the footpath that crosses from Millfield Lane by Highgate Ponds. Here is a stately row of lime-trees, beneath which the poet Keats used to stroll. A portion of the path is, indeed, known as Keats’ Walk. The directors of a charitable institution, which owns the adjacent land, are about to cover it with modern villas. Lamentable as is this idea, I cannot blame the directors for the action they take. Unlike private proprietors, who may indulge in a taste, if they possess one, these gentlemen are compelled to do the best they can for the poor or sick, whose trustees they are. They propose, however, I am told, to cut down these beautiful trees in pure

wantonness, for the purpose of forming a straight road to the villas. They do not see that a remote suburb is a different thing from a town. In spite of the ugliness of Gower Street, it may be maintained that the straightest line in a city is the best. In the country, however, a road cannot well be too winding or too umbrageous. To pull down these trees for the sake of making an ordinary carriage road is a piece of barbarism that should give those guilty of it a place in the public pillory next the men that attempt to fire our cathedrals. Some public action should be taken to prevent this reproach. The question of felling trees seems to be one of importance nowadays, if it is true that the example of their chief is being followed by some conspicuous members of the young Liberal party. These may, perhaps, be induced to look into the matter. It is with trees as it is with souls, according to Cassio. "And there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved," says the whilom commander in Cyprus. "And there be trees must be felled, and there be trees that must not be felled," I continue, and the trees of Keats' Walk are among the latter.

WHEN a person who has proclaimed his infidelity becomes ill, or poor, or is run over by an omnibus, the orthodox are prone to say, "It is a judgment on him." But it has escaped the notice of good people that the death of Percy Bysshe Shelley, which of course comes under this category, was predicted by himself, and *as* a judgment. The circumstance was pointed out to me the other day by a great critic, but I believe it has entirely escaped the general observation. It occurs in "Julian and Maddalo," who, as everybody knows, were Shelley and Byron. The latter says,—

'Tis strange, men change not. You were ever still,
 Among Christ's flock, a perilous infidel—
 A wolf for the meek lambs. If you can't swim,
 Beware of Providence.

Now, Shelley, not long after the date of publication of this poem, was drowned in the Mediterranean.

THE electric light is talked of everywhere; but if one listens to all that is said about it, one finds that strange ideas are entertained respecting this system of lighting. The other day I heard a very curious exposition of the subject by a fellow-passenger on the L. C. and D. Railway. It is worth repeating, if only as an illustration of the exercise of imagination in matters scientific. The expounder, let me remark, spoke with fluency and verbal correctness,

and the exposition was given for the enlightenment of two younger fellow-travellers, who also appeared from their bearing and language to be intelligent and well-educated. "I gather, from what I have read on this subject," said the elder, "and I have read a good deal, that electricity is now collected in reservoirs much as gas is, and that by means of powerful machinery it is forced through suitable pipes. The burners have been hitherto made of carbon, because such burners as we use for gas would be melted by the intense heat, when the electricity is lighted. But Edison, it seems, has invented a plan for making burners of platinum, preventing the metal from melting by causing a jet of cold air to be directed, when necessary, upon the heated metal. He has invented an instrument called a tasimeter, by means of which the cooling jet is turned on automatically as soon as the platinum begins to get too hot for safety." "But what," said one of the younger travellers, "is the Jablochhoff candle?" "It is a compound burner made of carbon and plaster-of-Paris, and instead of being upright like common burners, it is horizontal. By this arrangement, it appears, the burner lasts much longer than by the older plan. The carbon burners were consumed so quickly and were (in consequence) so expensive, that electric lighting was not practically available when they were used. But with Edison's burners, the Jablochhoff candle, and other burners, the light may be divided at moderate expense." And so the absurd explanation went on, to the satisfaction of learners and teacher.

A SUCCESSOR to Thackeray's tuneful Policeman X has been discovered in one Sergeant Peck. This present Laureate of the Force does not, however, confine himself to Ballad poetry. He has written a work called "On Duty"—not an Essay, but an Epic—of no fewer than 366 stanzas. On two classes of his fellow-creatures his divine wrath is freely expended: one—

The brutal London Rough,
Of whose clan there are enough
To populate a large provincial town;
In their rookeries they thrive,
There's no viler race alive,
And a fearful task it is to keep them down.

And the other, we regret to say, the Reporter:—

There's another dreaded foe,
As most policemen know,
Whom they meet with, and who sits at work in Court
Like a spider on the watch,
Unsuspecting flies to catch,
Ever weaving a sensational report.

At the table there he sits,
 And his inky venom spits,
 And a story strange from nothing can concoct ;
 And the public, if it knew
 Just how much of it was true,
 Would often be less edified than shocked.

If the gallant Sergeant's poem is not so dramatic as some of Mr. Browning's, it has the merit of simplicity ; and if it has not the sensuousness of those of Mr. Swinburne, it is cheaper. Let us hope the whole edition will be "taken up."

I CANNOT resist the inclination to draw attention to the "double dummy" problem of Mr. F. H. Lewis, supplied three months ago in the "Westminster Papers," and answered last month. In spite of the celebrity of the famous Vienna coup, as it is called, problems of this kind are novelties. The one to which we refer is certainly a marvel of constructive ingenuity. If the reader will look at it carefully, without turning to the solution, it is a hundred to one he will not find out the key to its mystery. I have myself fallen so completely into the trap it put before me, that I feel bound to give those of my readers who are whist-players a chance of proving themselves more clever than I. While talking of whist, I may say that a "hand" which has been much discussed in the so-called "society journals" during the past month is not a novelty. I heard of it many months ago.

IT is said that the would-be regicide who attempted to slay King Humbert denies that he is connected with any secret society, and asserts that his action was simply due to the hatred he felt for those whose state of splendour contrasted most with his own poverty. Such a motive is at least possible. I know a case almost analogous, though no weapon was used, and the man assaulted was not a monarch. An officer of distinction, returning from a levée in full regimentals, had rung the street bell of his residence, close by Jermyn Street. As the door was being opened, he turned round to the street, received a crushing blow between the eyes, and fell back in the arms of his servant. The assailant was captured, tried, and condemned. When sentence had been passed, General — obtained an interview with the criminal.

"Were you ever under my command?" he said.

"No, never."

"Have you any grievance against me?"

"None."

"Why, then, did you hit an old man a blow that has nearly killed him, and must shorten his days?"

"I don't know. The Devil tempted me. I was poor, and down on my luck; and you looked so well dressed and so prosperous, I thought I would give you one."

He certainly did give him "one," for the General was never the same man afterwards, and his life was, as he thought would be the case, shortened by the blow.

IN the story of the "Ancient Mariner" there are two often-quoted lines, Wordsworth's, not Coleridge's, which, as usually punctuated and emphasised, are as absurd as two lines of poetry well can be, which is saying a good deal. I mean the lines in which the wedding guest says to the old sailor—

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

Wordsworth must have been rather proud of these lines, for he was careful, on more than one occasion, to claim them as his own,—and always, I think, with the punctuation given above. (It is worth remembering, by the way, that Wordsworth attributed the ill-success of the "Lyrical Ballads" to the "Ancient Mariner," ten times worth, in reality, all the rest of the book; and that Southey thought the poem "the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity he ever saw.") Yet it is impossible to believe that Wordsworth originally conceived the lines as commonly read and written. He knew that the ribbed sea-sand could not properly be called long and lank. Unquestionably he wrote the lines, or intended them to run—

And thou art long and lank, and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

In "The Princess" there is a similar absurdity, through a misplaced comma, in the lines running—

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face
Grow long and troubled like a rising moon,
Inflamed with wrath.

Put the comma, which here follows "moon," after "long," and the lines are well enough, though not very fine. As they stand, they are utterly absurd.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1879.

UNDER WHICH LORD?

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

CHAPTER IV.

SISTER AGNES.

OF the ladies in Crossholme, Hermione was the first to call on the new vicar's as yet unknown sister, because the first to be told that the house was now so far in order as to render it possible to receive visitors; and told in a manner that conveyed a special and intentional grace. In all his intercourse with Mrs. Fullerton, which somehow he managed to make of daily occurrence—though he never saw her husband, and not always Virginia—Mr. Lascelles gave her to understand that she was his first thought, his principal social care; and that both for herself as a human being—"the most interesting woman he had seen for years," he told her once; "uniting the simplicity and innocence of a child with the experience and strength of a woman"—and on account of her position here as the lay rector—how he hated those rights of hers!—the largest landed proprietor of the place and the Lady of the Manor, she was the one who ought to be most considered.

He was never weary of thanking her for what she had already done for God and the parish, while drawing vague but gorgeous pictures of the future when she would do yet more. And somehow he always contrived to convey the impression that he and she were allies against her husband; but this was only an impression, and so craftily suggested that Hermione never found the moment when to protest against it. She used to ease her conscience by speaking warmly of her husband's goodness when these uncomfortable little shadows were cast; but after a time she was obliged to give up even

this not too ardent advocacy, and content herself with wifely loyalty carried in silence. Something in Mr. Lascelles froze the words on her lips, and made her ashamed to bear testimony in favour of her infidel lord. It was the only subject on which he did not agree with her, and where he was not eager to bring his assurance of sympathy. For the rest he was her sworn friend and knight ecclesiastic. Had he not been a clergyman, and one professing so high a standard of morals, it might have been supposed that he was flirting with the wife of Richard Fullerton. He said such soft things to her, and pressed her hand with such tenderness—fatherly of course; but tenderness all the same. It was long since the pretty woman had heard herself so delicately flattered—and ah! how pleasant it was! What a pity that Richard was so dull and heavy and absorbed, instead of being alive at all points like Mr. Lascelles!

By this time, comparatively short as it was, a good deal of ignorant gossip concerning both the vicar and his sister had been set afloat in the place, and monstrous stories passed from lip to lip as to their lives and actions. Many said that they were Jesuits in disguise, if such transparent masks as theirs could be called disguises at all. And some of the more hostile and imaginative among the men prophesied the loss of all parochial liberty, and a time of ecclesiastical tyranny almost as severe as in the olden days, when the Abbot was lord of all, and the whole population were his serfs forced to obey his will on pain of worldly loss and spiritual excommunication. Some said they were mad; some curled up their lips and said—no, not mad, but bad. Few believed in their real goodness; fewer still in their sincerity—for all that the outer ordering of their lives, by which their faithfulness might be considered best tested, was simple almost to poverty, and strict to partial asceticism. They were like foreign birds of strange plumage settling down among the barndoor fowl, which gathered round them, wondering what they were, and indisposed to give them welcome, simply because they were strange; and for the first few weeks scarcely a voice was raised in their favour.

Then the vicar, as the vicar, was much disapproved of. He cut up the services into distinct "offices," as he called the various parts; demanded uniformity of position—and that the eastward—at the Creed; and every Sunday gave out some novelty at which his hearers gaped and wondered where things were going to. Now it was Wednesday and Friday morning prayer; now a Saint's day to be observed; now a startling bit of doctrine; and now "early celebration." His sermons were of only twenty minutes' duration; he preached in his surplice, and he began his discourse abruptly, without the usual

prayer and with only the invocation "In the name of." He bowed and knelt and inclined at strange places in the service, and openly expressed his disgust with things as they were and his intention of changing them radically. And if that was not enough to set a sleepy old conservative parish against its new vicar, what would be?

But Hermione Fullerton stood out boldly from the rest, and spoke of Mr. Lascelles warmly and with thorough-going commendation. Where others sniffed jesuistry and proclaimed hypocrisy with all the other vices given by ignorance to novelty, she made herself his liberal-minded champion, and maintained that he wanted only what was right and good for the parish, and that this prejudice was un-English and unfair.

So it was; but looking at things from the conservative point of view these innovations were unpleasant, at least in the beginning, and until men's minds had become attuned to novelty. And again, looking at things from his own special anti-clerical point of view, her husband had some reason on his side, if also some bitterness, when he one day said to her quietly, after a rather passionate harangue:

"It may be unfair, my dear, to assume that a particular snake of a venomous kind will sting you, and in this belief to kill it as it lies. Still, common knowledge of the breed leads you to suppose that it will if it gets the chance; and you kill it if you can before it has time to kill you. And a knowledge of what priests of every religion have been in all ages, and still are—what they have done to oppress and enslave the minds of men and still do where they have the power—warrants wise men in resisting their first endeavours to gain influence."

"But a clergyman ought to have influence in his own parish. Why is he here if every ignorant ploughboy is to judge of religion as well as he?" said Hermione, with unusual warmth and acerbity.

"The law gives him more than is good for him or the people as things are," said Richard. "We need not strengthen his hands by extra grants. For remember, Hermione, every inch of ground gained by the Church is so much lost to freedom, truth, and science."

"Richard! how can you be so unjust? I have never known you so bad as this before," she cried almost passionately. "The Church has been the best friend of man for all these ages; and you speak like this!"

He laughed his pleasant good-humoured laugh.

"So bad as this before?" he said. "Am I always so bad then in your eyes, my wife? And when was the Church the best friend of

man? When the Huguenots were massacred? when the *auto da fé* was a common institution in Spain? when Servetus was burnt? and when Romanists and Protestants lighted the fires in Smithfield in impartial alternation?"

"You uphold liberality in principle," said Hermione, not answering him, but going back to her personalities, which interested her more than his historical reminiscences; "and you are just as illiberal as anyone else when you speak of what you happen to dislike. It is really too bad of you, calling Mr. Lascelles a snake!—your own clergyman, and so good and kind and well-bred as he is! I wonder at you, Richard."

"I know the tribe, my dear, better than you do; and granting them all the private virtues to which they can lay claim, I dread them as mental guides—as spiritual leaders—as much as I should dread that obnoxious snake, which offended you, if he came to coil himself about your throat or mine."

"I will not discuss the subject with you; you are too unreasonable," said Hermione loftily.

"Do not be vexed with me, for a matter that cannot touch either of us personally," he returned kindly. "Mr. Lascelles may be privately good or bad; that is not our affair; and for the rest, his influence will never invade our house, and so what is it to us? We are one thing, he another, and there is no reason why we should dispute about him between ourselves, is there?" He leaned forward to pat her flushed face, while she turned away from him. "Don't, Richard!" she said pettishly, in a parenthesis. "If you like him, dear," her husband continued, rather astonished at her petulance, but supposing it was nothing, and certainly not of so much importance as to be noticed, "I will not annoy you by saying that I do not. But in truth, wife, I do not! and," more gravely, "I should be glad if you saw him and the whole subject with my eyes."

"That I cannot do, and do not wish to do," said Hermione, still peevish, and unlike her usual self. "I do not hate religion as you do, Richard. I believe in God and the Church, and a future life, and the value of prayer; and I see Mr. Lascelles as a devoted clergyman—a good high-minded Christian gentleman: and you see him as some monster."

"No, not a monster, only a priest; the consecrated enemy to truth and freedom; the barrier *ex officio* to progress," he answered, finding that roll-call of articles of faith a little difficult to digest.

"Truth!" retorted Hermione disdainfully. "How do you or any of us know what truth is?"

"We may all know what it is not, if we choose to use our reason," he said. "It is not a collection of old-world fables, current at a time when science was nowhere, when the laws of evidence were not understood, and when men were so ignorant that they could be made to believe the most monstrous lies which the imagination could invent; just as the Breton peasantry of our own day are made to believe in trumped-up miracles."

"I suppose, though you do think so hardly of our vicar, you do not object to visit him? to my calling on Miss Lascelles? Of course I am your wife and have to obey you; and if you refuse to allow me to go, I cannot and will not. But I suppose I may? I have your permission?" said Hermione, shifting her ground suddenly and speaking with a disagreeable air of false submission as unlike her usual self as was indeed all the rest. "I suppose your insane hatred of the Church does not go so far as this?" she continued; "your dislike of the Bible does not include ill-breeding and want of hospitality to a gentleman and lady, because they happen to be our clergyman and his sister?"

He laughed again. Her ill-humour with him was patent, but it was so childish that he could not choose but smile at it. She had never been so petulant as this; and Richard was too philosophic and easy-going to cross swords readily; especially with a woman, and that woman his wife, so trusted in, so beloved.

"No," he said. "Call on them by all means. Ask them to dinner here if you like, and as often as you like. As neighbours, my house is open to them; it is only the priest to which I object."

"And you?" she said, not noticing his permission. Somehow it grated on her more than it pleased. "Will you not call with me, Richard?"

"No; take my card; that will do as well, or perhaps better. Mr. Lascelles and I have not much in common, and I do not wish to break through my habits of not giving up the afternoon for a man whom I do not specially affect. You and Virginia can go; and my pasteboard."

"Well, I will do as you wish, of course," she answered with a sigh. "I think you are very wrong, Richard, very unjust and illiberal, and not acting well; but you are your own master, of course, and I will make your excuses."

"Give me a kiss after all that storm," he said, half tenderly, half playfully.

She turned away her eyes. She was still ruffled and heated, still unlike herself altogether, and in no loving mood anyhow.

"Don't be so foolish," she said again; and went out, leaving him with a certain numbness rather than pain, like a person startled and amazed. He did not often ask for a kiss in these days; and never before now had she refused a glad response to his tenderness when it had come. Now something seemed to have stolen into her heart that had hardened it, at least for the time.

Mother and daughter made a strange contrast to the vicar's sister in her severe dress and studied absence of all grace and ornament. Hermione in a light grey silk, delicately touched with pink, and small grey bonnet, also with the same light touches of pink to give it life, set among her golden curls; her wrists clasped with bracelets; her neck in a broad gold chain; her whole attire luxurious, rich, elegant, and in the latest fashion of cut and pattern; Virginia, in the traditional maiden white, with more simplicity, but as much conventional elegance as her mother; and Miss Lascelles in her Sister's dress, plain, black, and eloquent of her renunciation of the pomps and vanities—yes, they were indeed strangely contrasted!

The house too which the Fullertons had left and that to which they had come were as unlike as themselves. There everything was costly and luxurious; everything was beautiful in itself, but upheaped, overcrowded, and so far failing in perfect taste—the central idea, if ever there had been one beyond the upholsterer's notions of things handsome and necessary, having got overlaid by excess in the parts. Here in this drawing-room of the vicarage the furniture was almost oppressive in its severity, and the general expression was cold and insufficient. The table was deal, with heavy, plainly-squared legs, and a plain, unornamented "autumn-leaf" tablecover; the old oak chairs were stiff, hard, and straight-backed, and there was not an armchair, nor a lounge, nor a sofa anywhere. The cold grey walls were hung with a few pictures—all sacred subjects: some in oils, copies from the Old Masters, and some of the Arundel Society set in plain white frames, without even a gilded edge. A few flowers in grès de Flandres vases gave the sole signs of living life there were; but these were only on two brackets which flanked the feet of a large carved ivory crucifix—an antique—that hung against the wall. A Mater Dolorosa was on one side, an Assumption on the other; and below was the hollowed side of a pecten shell. It was a room which suggested more than it expressed, and which was as utterly unlike the ordinary drawing-rooms of society as Sister Agnes herself was unlike the ordinary ladies of the world.

"I am glad to see you," she said with extreme sweetness, coming

forward to meet them when the Fullertons were announced, and giving a hand to each. "My brother has told me of you, and I have been longing to make your acquaintance."

Her manner was gracious and cordial, but it was not the grace nor cordiality of society. It was a strange manner altogether, and unlike any that Mrs. Fullerton had ever seen. It was and was not condescending; friendly and yet not social; somewhat the manner of an official superior, with a certain false kind of fraternity, as if to encourage his inferior. The Honourable Miss Lascelles and Mrs. Fullerton of the Abbey were social equals, and their first meeting would naturally have been one of more or less stiffness; but Sister Agnes, high in the order of grace and Church enlightenment, was in the foremost ranks of a hierarchy where this pretty, well-dressed heathen was but a stranger at the gate—a Gentile in the presence of one of the Chosen. She was as a child needing encouragement and teaching, and Sister Agnes, half unconsciously, treated her as one; patronizing her by the very sweetness and disregard of social formalities with which she had received her.

"You are very good," said Hermione, a little taken aback and yet flattered. "I am much interested in your brother—in his plans," she answered, half awkwardly.

"Yes, he is a very pure creature; so devoted, so thoroughly in earnest! Our dear Mother Church has no more dutiful son, no stronger champion," said Miss Lascelles, smiling.

"He seems to be so," said Hermione, not in the least understanding the worth of what she said. But she knew it was something to which she ought to assent.

"He hopes to do much here," Miss Lascelles continued. "Things have been fearfully neglected, and it will take some time to bring them into order. But we have courage and the consciousness of a good cause and Divine help;—and we count on your support," with a charming smile.

"I shall be happy to do what I can," said Hermione. "I feel the truth of what you say. Things have been neglected. Mr. Aston was old, and no one"—she hesitated.

"No one cared to fan the embers which he allowed to die out." Miss Lascelles finished the broken speech neatly. "Now, however, all will be changed. We must get the parish into good working order, and the services of the Church better organized. And everyone must help. You, dear Mrs. Fullerton, and your child among the foremost." She took Virginia's hand and looked tenderly into her face. "It is such as you young innocent creatures whom the

Church asks to give the first fruits of your strength and life to God; and to you," turning to Hermione, "bountiful woman of means and energy, that she looks for her true support."

But she turned back to Virginia. She knew that Hermione was already somewhat entangled; and that she was her brother's special charge, where the girl was to be hers.

"I shall be very glad to have something to do," said Virginia with quiet intensity, involuntarily clasping the thin hand held in hers with more fervour than she knew of. "It will be so happy for me to know what to do."

"And you do not now?"

"No," with a half sigh.

"You shall not be long without guidance," said Miss Lascelles. "You will have your district assigned you very soon. The vicar means to speak to you about it to-day, and that will give you an interest beyond what you can imagine now. Then, I am going to establish a Church working society, to meet here at the Vicarage two or three times a week. We want vestments, altar-cloths—everything! I can show you how the things are to be done. Will you make one of us, Mrs. Fullerton?"

"With pleasure," said Hermione.

"And you, my child?"

"Yes," said Virginia, her face brightening; "I will do anything you wish me to do."

This was a large promise for Richard Fullerton's daughter to make; he who characterized the clergy as snakes, and who was devoting his life to the destruction of their influence and the substitution of knowledge for faith—science for religion. But already Miss Lascelles had touched her;—and if here was to be found food for her starving soul?

At this moment Mr. Lascelles came into the room. He smiled when he saw Hermione sitting there with his sister; but quietly, with reserve; not hilariously, as a man unconsecrated might; and came forward with that kind of tender courtliness, of grave eagerness, which sits so well on a handsome priest.

"So glad to see you!" he said, with finely subdued cordiality, pressing Hermione's hand gently as he spoke.

The blood rose up into the pretty woman's fair face. How young she looked! In her light colours, with her fluffy golden hair, fair skin, and flushed cheeks, she did not look more than five-and-twenty. Grave, pale, if no less beautiful, Virginia might have been her sister rather than her daughter.

"Thank you," she said simply; but she was glad to see his evident pleasure.

"Now come with me into my study, and I will show you how I have mapped out the parish. I want your opinion also on the restorations which I have resolved to make in the church. The chancel will be your care," smiling. "No, you need not bring your daughter. My sister will take care of her."

Mr. Lascelles said all this with perfect courtesy and good breeding, but in the tone of a man accustomed to be obeyed and who did not anticipate refusal now.

"If I can be of use," said Hermione rising; with an odd fluttering at her heart as she left the room, giving to another man than her husband the same unquestioning obedience, the same womanly submission that had marked her life with him. How strange it was to have this new authority over her—shadowy, subtle, vague, as it yet was! but it was pleasant in spite of its strangeness.

"And now, child, tell me something of yourself," said Miss Lascelles to Virginia, drawing a low stool close to her own chair. "Come and sit at my knee, like my child, which you are to be in Christ, and tell me of your life."

"I have nothing to tell," said Virginia, raising her eyes, always so full of secret yearning, of nameless melancholy, to the smooth, satisfied face bending down to hers. It was so evidently the dark seeker and the enlightened finder—the unsatisfied life and that which was fulfilled.

"No sense of God's grace; no consciousness of sin and pardon?" she asked.

"No," answered Virginia confusedly. "I have no religious life at all. I wish I had, but I have not. I do not know what to do or what to believe."

"Poor child! poor child! but you shall have now what you want. You are seeking for Christ, and you shall find Him. I, by our Holy Mother Church, will lead your first steps, poor wandering darling, and my brother will consecrate you to the true life. You do not know what happiness is in store for you, child, nor what a load of misery and heaviness you will lose! I can see it all in your face—the yearning, the blankness, the want, the seeking, and the darkness;—all to be supplied from the Everlasting Fountain! Do you say your prayers?"

"Yes, sometimes," said Virginia, tears in her eyes. "But they are not answered; light does not come, though I ask for it."

"It will," said Miss Lascelles. "You believe in the goodness of

God, and the influence of the Holy Spirit?" with a reverent movement of her head and hands.

"Yes," she replied; "for some perhaps, but not for myself."

"Do you believe in the power of the Church to enlighten and absolve?" the Sister asked.

"I scarcely know which I believe, Miss Lascelles!" said Virginia, laying her arms across the elder woman's lap; she would not have done so to her own mother. "All is so confused at home! Papa is so good, so good, but he believes in nothing at all—neither in God nor a future life—and mamma seems not to know what is true or what is not. We go to church; but then we do not keep Sunday as Sunday at home, and we never have prayers or anything of that kind. And it seems to me that if religion is true at all it is the one thing to live for, and that it ought to be made one's whole life. Or else let us disbelieve it entirely, as papa does."

Miss Lascelles gave a little shudder.

"Dear child, you don't know what pain it is to me to hear such an awful alternative from those young lips, which should repeat only prayers and praises! Do not say such a thing again. Do you know what it means?"

"No," said Virginia a little scared.

"It means that you place before you the alternative of worshipping God or the Devil." She made the sign of the cross as she spoke, and rapidly repeated the Lord's Prayer.

"Papa says there is no devil," said Virginia. "He says it was an invention of the Jewish priests to frighten the people, and borrowed from them by the Christians."

"Pray to God, my child, that he does not find it to have a reality," said Miss Lascelles solemnly. "But I do not care to discuss your father's religious opinions—or rather want of them—with you. My object is to save your soul, not condemn his. Yours must be saved, and now it is—lost!"

Virginia shuddered and turned pale.

"I feel lost," she said in a low voice.

Miss Lascelles bent over her with a tender smile—the smile of a mother to her grieving child.

"All will come right, dear one," she half-whispered. "God is even now calling you. He has sent me to be your salvation. But first—do not call me Miss Lascelles; call me Sister Agnes."

"That would be a liberty," said Virginia, blushing gravely.

"No, that is my name in the Church and by which our dear Mother Mary knows me. Saint Agnes is my patron saint, and I do her work, and obey her wish when I call myself by her name."

"Her wish?—do you believe in the saints?" cried Virginia with irrepressible surprise.

The Sister smiled.

"Do I believe in the sun and moon and stars?" she said. "Of course I do! The dear saints and our blessed Mother Mary are half the good influence of religion, half the foundation of the Church."

"If I could but believe in the saints!" cried Virginia. "But papa says that it was part imposture and part disease; and I have never dared to let myself believe in the things that I have read of them. How I wish I could! and how I wish I could feel what they did!"

"Child, I must make this stipulation with you—do not bring your father's authority between us. He is a good man, I have no doubt; but he has trusted to his own strength, and God has abandoned him and given him over to destruction. I will believe that it is only for a time; but for this time, to quote him, when I am teaching you, is like one of your own rustics objecting to be taught how to spell properly, because his father has always written heaven with two r's. What a joy it will be for you, darling child, if you are made the blessed instrument of bringing him to the light of God's knowledge!"

Miss Lascelles spoke earnestly, but with perfect temper when she mentioned this obnoxious father. He was horrible, dangerous, devilish; but she wished to convey the impression of a fine Christian liberality, which could find room for even such a sinner as he.

"Ah!" said Virginia, raising her face, with a certain rapt look like sunlight stealing over it. Then it clouded. "But I must first be enlightened myself," she said sorrowfully, the tears starting.

Miss Lascelles kissed her forehead.

"Good, dear child! Now I have your soul," she said fervently; "now I know that my saint has heard my prayer, that the Blessed Mother will be gracious, and that you are to be counted among the beloved and the saved. You are one of the lambs to whose salvation I am consecrated, and through God's grace, and with the help of my dear saint and the Blessed Mother, I shall be permitted to save you!"

Silently, quietly, but with a strangely abrupt motion, she knelt by the girl's side.

"Kneel with me," she said softly; and Virginia knelt, not abashed, not confused, not uncertain, as would have been natural to her an hour ago, but rapt and overcome, part in pain, and part in ecstasy. Had she then at last found that home for which her soul had been

seeking? and should she be admitted, if indeed this were that home?

Sister Agnes made a prayer. It was short but fervent, and was addressed to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, beseeching her for her special grace to this lost child who was seeking her, and whom now she brought to her beloved feet. Then there was an invocation to Saint Agnes, reminding her that she was the special patroness of young girls, and how this girl above all needed her care and protection. When it was over she kissed Virginia again on the forehead; her eyes bright with tears. Virginia's were overflowing.

"This is the first act of your consecration, my child," she said softly. "Ah, how good the dear Mother has been to me to give me this blessed work as my first fruits in a strange land!"

"How good you are!" murmured Virginia, leaning against her bosom while she threw her arms round the Sister's waist. She felt more mothered on that breast than she had ever felt before.

"No, Saint Agnes is good, the Blessed Mother is good, and our dear Lord and our Father. It is they who have given you to me. I am only their instrument. Through me you hear them. Now I want you to wear this for my sake and theirs, to remind you that they have called you and that you have promised to obey. Wear it under your dress, and keep it as a secret between Heaven and you. Your spiritual mother gives it to you."

She took off from her own neck a small silver crucifix which she wore on a slender elastic thread, concealed under her collar. She kissed it, made the sign of the cross, and whispered a prayer as she placed it round the girl's throat.

"Never take it off," she said; "wear it as the sign of your first consecration, till my brother or I give you another. And read in these books and pray from them," she added, lifting up her apron and taking from a large pocket in her dress two small books of devotion—one of prayers, with those to the Virgin and Saint Agnes specially marked, and one of exhortations and obedience to the Church and her ordinances. "We will talk again," she added, as she heard steps through the hall. "Come to me whenever you feel the need of comfort or advice. Remember, I am your spiritual mother, and you are my child whom God has given me."

Then the door opened, and Hermione and the vicar entered.

The mother and daughter did not stay long after this. Both were excited, both moved. Mr. Lascelles had been discussing with Hermione his project for the restoration and embellishment of the church, and had insisted both plainly and strongly on the duty which



"Now, I want you to wear this for my sake and theirs."



lay before her of undertaking the chancel at her sole cost. When she hesitated and said that she did not think her husband would consent, he had told her still with the same plain, if so quiet speaking, that she owed a higher duty to God than even to her husband; and that this was for the glory of God, which ranked before servile submission to a professed atheist, let his relations to her be what they would. She must make a stand, should Mr. Fullerton object. The money was really hers, and she would be called to account for its use on that Great Day when a woman's fears would not save her soul. And even, setting religion aside, for the decency of the parish the thing ought to be done; and she, as the Lady of the Manor and the lay rector, ought to bear her part nobly. She therefore was silent on the way home. Her heart was full of perplexity and the new and the old were warring together; an aroused conscience and a love, though irritated by no means dead, were jostling each other through the mazes of her tangled thoughts, and she could not find comfort in the meaningless nothings which made up her usual conversation with Virginia. And to the girl herself silence was also necessary; she held that sacred link between Heaven and herself as a holy secret which even her mother must not share; and the cross stood as a barrier between them. At last the girl said, lightly touching her mother's arm:

"Mamma, she is an angel! She is Sister Agnes, not Miss Lascelles, and she says that I am to call her Sister Agnes. She believes in the saints, and all those beautiful stories are true."

Hermione as lightly touched her daughter's hand.

"Gently, gently, dear," she said, with a sudden impulse of caution. Between wishing to make the church beautiful in an artistic sense and to see something like a religious feeling in the place, partly as a good thing for the poor, if also in part as that form of personal excitement which makes a handsome clergyman very precious to a woman nearing forty—between this and believing in the lives of the Romish saints, was a wide step. "You must not believe all you hear, nor all at once," she added.

"I believe in that, because Sister Agnes says so," answered Virginia, all her soul in her eyes. "And oh, mamma! so will you some day!—and so will papa."

Hermione's face fell.

"Your father will never be brought to believe in God, still less the saints," she returned with an odd kind of sad impatience. "If he will allow me to do as I think right, I can hope for nothing more."

"Oh, papa is so good, so kind, so noble, he must believe in

time!" said Virginia fervently. "He wants only to know the truth to follow it."

"He thinks he has the truth now," she answered bitterly; "and he is too old to be convinced. To him a bit of dead matter is God:—and what can be expected from him—hating the clergy as he does? No, dear, we must look for nothing from your father; but he will probably be just to us, and will let us act as I think right for us both."

Virginia touched the place where the small crucifix hung. It was like a talisman to her, potent enough to work the miracle of reclaiming to the Church even one so set in his own way and so convinced of the rightness of his views as was Richard Fullerton, her father, a professed agnostic for his own part, and the ardent teacher of denial and infidelity to others.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST TESTIMONY.

"HERE is Ringrove, wife," said Richard, some days after that memorable visit, during which time more intercourse had been going on between the Vicarage and his womankind than he knew of or would have liked had he known. "He will stay to luncheon if you ask him."

The young man followed his host into the drawing-room, his handsome face beaming with pleasure. Ever since she was a girl of fourteen, Virginia had been the feminine ideal to his highest self; and for the last two years he knew that he loved her as a man should love the woman whom he longed to make his wife. He was waiting now until she should ripen into love for him in return. She had given no sign that way as yet; but he was always hoping that it would come. Her very reticence and virginal modesty, her quietness of speech and manner, her sweet unconsciousness of self or sense, her absolute freedom from all kinds of girlish vanity—those very qualities which made her cold to him as to all other men, and indifferent as yet to his love, attracted him more powerfully than would the most beautiful woman's most voluptuous, most enticing charms. Not that he would have been insensible to these last. He was young and an Englishman, and by no means an anchorite; but he would *not* have made even Aspasia his wife. He must be the first, last, and

only one to the woman whom he should marry; the magician armed by love to awaken the sleeping, and give form to the formless; and the honourable name confided to the keeping of another, he must feel assured would be held as sacred as the life of her child is sacred to a mother, or the holiest symbol of his faith to a devotee. He was a man to whom purity in a woman was an essential; and he loved Virginia more because she was pure than because she was beautiful. Venus as Anonyma would not have enthralled him, but he would have given his life to be Endymion to Diana.

For all his bright good humour and carelessness of certain conventional forms, Ringrove Hardisty was both proud and arbitrary; and with the possibilities of jealousy if once aroused that made him as potentially formidable as he was now lovable. Like so many of us, he had the double nature of good and evil in almost equal power; and it would depend greatly on the facts of his life which gained the upper hand.

In things spiritual he was just the average strong man in the full vigour of youth and life, who was content to live honestly and not give himself much trouble about them. He would maintain the Church as it was, because it was English and national, and helped to keep the poor in order; but he would have it strictly subordinate to the State, and he had a healthy horror of priestly domination. He had not reasoned the thing out from its elements like Richard Fullerton, but to a certain extent he had accepted the results to which the elder man had come. He stood on the neutral ground of supposing that something in religion was true, but not half so much as was made out; and he supposed that the future would see some modification in the present faith so that it should be brought more into harmony with scientific truths and modern enlightenment. This, however, was not his affair; and meanwhile, his duty as an English landed proprietor was to uphold the existing order of things as socially valuable, and to oppose with equal zeal dissenting fanaticism, clerical encroachment, drunkenness, immorality, and pauperism.

This was where he stood, and on the whole Richard Fullerton was satisfied with his position—recognizing, as he so often said, the need of crutches for the lame, and that while men and women are mentally so weak as to require the aid of external authority, they had better have it. But he gave his life to make them strong enough to do without it, and he would not have been sorry had Ringrove done the same. He went with him who said that he would rather see England free than sober; and if in pulling down the power of the Church, other things were lost beside the supersti-

tions that it held—well, those other things would grow again all the more luxuriantly for the loss of those superstitions, like flowers when the wood is felled.

That with such a nature as this of Ringrove's—strong, wholesome, pure, manly, but entirely without spiritual enthusiasm—Virginia should have much sympathy, seemed by the very necessity of things unlikely, and as matters stood between her and the Vicarage more so than ever. The only chance in the question had ever been—would his own strong and honest love, his fine moral qualities, the social fitness of things—not to speak of his personal beauty, which perhaps would not weigh much with him—warm her into the life of love; or would her natural disinclination to marriage carry the day over all other considerations whatsoever? This was the question which Ringrove had set himself to resolve, though he did not put it in that form. His blunt, but no less true thought, was: "I love her, will she ever love me? If she will, I will make her the happiest woman in the world, as I shall be the happiest man."

But he knew no more than Richard Fullerton what was going on at the Vicarage; he no more than the father suspected the strong hold which Sister Agnes had already got over the girl and was daily increasing; or knew of the "consecration" which had claimed her as one of the lambs of the Sister's patron saint, and turned her yet more with her heart towards heaven and her face from the world. As yet everything was concealed; the time for public profession had not yet come. When it should, no one would be more bold at confession than Sister Agnes or her child; but, meanwhile, the best policy was the quietest.

"I hope you do not think me a hungry nuisance, Mrs. Fullerton," said Ringrove with his frank laugh and clear carrying voice.

"No; I shall be very glad if you will stay—if you are not too hungry. I cannot undertake to supply you with an ox roasted whole," said Hermione pleasantly. She liked him, and would have been glad had Virginia liked him too. At one time she had done what she could that way, but lately she had rather forgotten him. "Where have you been?" she asked. "We have seen nothing of you lately. But you have been away, have you not?"

"Yes, I have been in town for the last month," he answered. "It was so hot and stuffy! I was glad to get home again, I assure you."

"I should think so. I should not like London at this time of the year, when the country is at its loveliest," said Hermione. "Would you, Virginia?"

He turned to Virginia, sitting pale and quiet at her own special little table embroidering a strip of white ribbon with coloured silks.

"But you do not care for London at all, do you?" he asked.

"No, I never did," she answered; "I wonder who could!"

"And have you been well and gay since I last saw you?" he asked, with that strange awkwardness of a man speaking before others to the woman whom he loves and who does not love him.

"Quite well, thank you," she answered tranquilly.

"Gay!" said Hermione uneasily. "Are we ever gay at Crossholme?"

"What pretty work! what is it for?" he asked, touching the ribbon in her hand.

"Yes, it is very lovely," she answered evasively.

It was a marker for the lectern Bible; but Sister Agnes had told her not to tell its purpose, if she could conceal it without positive falsehood. This doctrine of reserve was one of the girl's greatest trials. If not communicative, she was entirely candid, and to evade a question was as difficult to her as to tell a falsehood.

"What are those things?" he asked again.

"Roses," she answered.

"Oh! heraldic fellows."

"Conventionalized," said Virginia, who knew her lesson.

"I like them better when they are more natural," said Ringrove. "These are so stiff, they are not like roses—they are like geometrical figures."

She handled the work as if considering whether she should assent or not, but in reality because she did not want to continue the conversation.

"Why, Lady-bird! I did not know that you could do anything so smart as that! Show it to me again," cried Richard, who was standing at a little distance from the two, looking at them with paternal pride and satisfaction, and feeling sure that in time things would come about as he desired. But only in time. There was no hurry. Virginia was but a child yet; but when the times were ripe he should like that better than any other match she could make. He knew Ringrove, and could trust him with his darling's happiness. A strong man of character—honour—what more could he want?

Virginia rose, and took her work over to her father reluctantly.

"I have never seen you do such as this before," he said. "What is it for—a pair of braces? If you have no special use for it, give it to me, lassie. I shall prize it as my little girl's first handiwork of the kind."

A look of pain and perplexity came on the girl's transparent face. She loved her father dearly, but if the cross had stood between her and her mother, how much more was it a barrier against him!

"I am afraid I cannot give it you, papa," she said.

"No? Well, make me another like it," he said tranquilly. "Who is your first favoured—Ringrove?" with a little laugh.

Virginia looked at her mother. Hermione—never quick at an excuse and less apt at subterfuge, at a loss how to direct herself in moments of difficulty and utterly unable to help another—looked down and made no response to the mute appeal. Her daughter must get out of this little tangle by herself: she foresaw thorns enough for both of a sharper kind than this of a promised strip of embroidery.

"No, not Ringrove; it is for Sister Agnes," said Virginia, with the courage of sincere youth.

"And who may Sister Agnes be, my love?" her father asked.

"Miss Lascelles, papa."

"Are you so intimate as that already?" he asked again. "Do you call her by her Christian name and make her presents?"

"Sister Agnes is her real name, and the one that she wants me to call her; and this is a marker for the new lectern Bible," said Virginia.

"Did they ask you to do it?" said her father with a shade of displeasure in his voice.

"Yes, papa," she answered.

"Are you going to belong to their fantastical school? to be made a new light?" he asked with a certain forced merriment that meant uneasiness.

She looked at him with tender reproach. She loved him well; who would not, who knew him?—but though she loved him she was bound by a higher law to think him wrong, and to show him that she did not agree with him.

"I only want to do what is right; and that is all which they want," she answered gravely but gently.

His face took almost a woman's softness as he put out his hand to take hers, so cold and white.

"You are always right, my lassie!" he said tenderly. "My little one never gave anyone any trouble since she was born, and never will!"

"We are all going to be shaken up and put in our places with a vengeance, if all I hear is true," laughed Ringrove, ignorant of danger and the lay of the land within the Abbey walls.

Hermione flushed with displeasure; Virginia looked down, and her pale face became rather paler than usual. It was as if a man of

sin had touched the veil of the anointed with the one, and the other resented the presumption of this mere youth who dared to laugh at the doings of one who seemed to her the most notable, the most splendid man she had ever seen.

"Mr. Lascelles hopes to do much good in the parish," said Hermione coldly. "Things have been so disgracefully neglected in Mr. Aston's time; it is only right that they should be put in order now."

"Yes, if he does not go too far," said Ringrove carelessly. "I do not think that Crossholme will bear very much, and these ritualistic fellows go to such extremes!"

"Please not to speak of Mr. Lascelles with disrespect in this house," said Hermione. "He and his sister are not people to be laughed at."

Virginia raised her blue eyes, full of gratitude to her mother. How glad she was that she spoke so openly! It would have been impossible for her to have defended them; but mamma was able in every way; and how well she took their part!

"Do you know them, Ringrove?" then said Hermione, holding her head a little stiffly.

"Not yet. I have seen them, but I do not think that I shall care to know much of them at any time. I am not in their line, and they are not in mine."

He spoke quite good-humouredly, but without mincing the matter. At all hazards he too must stand faithful to his side.

"Then how can you judge of them, if you do not know them?" She spoke with a severity rare in her at any time—though less rare of late than it used to be; but still unusual. "Is it fair to prejudice people in this manner? I am tired of all this illiberality! One would think that a sincere Christian were really a monster, and a clergyman who wished to do his duty a criminal, for all that has been said of Mr. Lascelles since he took the parish."

Ringrove looked at her for the moment aghast. She spoke with so much warmth and bitterness, it scarcely seemed to be Mrs. Fullerton speaking at all.

"These ritualistic parsons have some kind of spell over women," said Richard, turning to Ringrove, half smiling and half disturbed. "Here are my wife and little girl bewitched at sight!"

"I am sorry for it," said Ringrove gravely. "I do not think the clerical influence, carried too far over women, a wholesome one."

"It is not being bewitched to see how good and faithful Sister Agnes is, papa," said Virginia, touching the crucifix beneath her dress

as she spoke, gathering courage from the contact. "If you knew her as we do you would see for yourself how good and noble she is!"

"And it is not being bewitched to see that things are disgracefully neglected, or that they might be improved," added Hermione coldly.

"But improved, how? With what will prove to be a rod of iron," said Ringrove.

"What rubbish, Ringrove! How can you talk such nonsense!" she said tartly. "In common fairness and good feeling, it seems to me that all you who hate the Church and religion might wait till Mr. Lascelles has done something outrageous before you condemn him as you do. As far as he has gone yet, he has proposed what every one in the world must agree to; he has wanted nothing extreme."

"Well, here is Jones, and luncheon is ready," returned her husband as the man-servant came into the room. "Do not let us discuss these new-comers further. I confess it somewhat amazes me to see the readiness with which you have given in to them; but you are your own mistress, dear, and you will come all right."

"Thank you," said Hermione disagreeably, as she took Ringrove's arm, the father holding Virginia's hand while they crossed the hall into the dining-room.

The luncheon was dull and heavy. Ringrove did his best to bring a lighter spirit into them all; but he had gone too far on the wrong track to be able to set himself right, and he felt that he had hurt his cause both with Hermione and Virginia herself more than he should be able easily to heal. Hermione was irritable and uncomfortable, especially to her husband, whose temper she seemed to do her best to ruffle; looking at him with eyes full of provocation that turned to tenderness which was akin to tears, and these again quenched themselves in anger. Virginia was pre-occupied and Richard was troubled, but in spite of her advocacy and in spite of her temper, less for his wife than his daughter. That good Hermione was fixed as a rock, he thought—settled in loving obedience to him, in oneness of heart, in perfectness of marriage. He had but to exert his authority, and he would be obeyed—as he would if things went too far. But Virginia was young; plastic; her character was still to make; and he dreaded this new influence more for her than for her mother. He had not the hold on her that he had on that mother;—what father has? and she might be warped, his child though she was. He must speak to his wife. He must remind her that she was the *natural* guardian of their darling's discretion, and that religious

enthusiasm carried to excess and Church devotion into zealotry were not discreet in his daughter. He imposed no authority on anyone. His method was to convince by reason, not to forbid or command; still something was due to him as the head of the house, and it was scarcely fitting that his child, still educable, should be trained in a manner so directly opposed to his views.

Wherefore, the three chief personages being each so full of thought and care, the meal, usually pleasant enough, was silent and dull, and Ringrove felt as if something had come into the house, or had gone out of it, since he was there last.

While lounging in the drawing-room yet a little time before leaving, doing his best to bring back Mrs. Fullerton to her usual smiling graciousness, and to make Virginia's sweet eyes look tender, or her grave mouth relax into a smile, as he told now a plaintive story and now a merry one, visitors were announced; and Mrs. Nesbitt and her eldest daughter, the pretty, soft-eyed Beatrice, came in.

They too came partly to discuss the new order of things beginning in the parish, of which Mrs. Fullerton was openly said to be the chief supporter. And it was such a strange bit of contradiction that the wife and daughter of the confessed infidel of the place should be quoted as the ardent disciples of an advanced ritualist, that Mrs. Nesbitt and Beatrice hesitated to believe it until assured by word of mouth.

The three girls of Crossholme, Virginia, Beatrice Nesbitt, and Theresa Molyneux, were all good friends enough; but Virginia was less intimate perhaps with either than were Beatrice and Theresa with each other. She was more reserved than they, and she did not care so much for the natural pleasures of youth as they; hence they found her a shade cold and unconformable, and she found them a shade frivolous and uninteresting. Still they were intimate enough for Beatrice to be able to say in an under voice:—

"Virginia, dear, it is not true, is it, that you and Mrs. Fullerton have promised to support Mr. Lascelles in everything he wishes? They are saying so everywhere."

"I do not know what that means, Bee," said Virginia. "I can only say that I have made no such vague promise, because I have not been asked for it; and I am sure mamma has not either."

"Everyone says so," repeated Beatrice.

"People always say a great deal more than they know," said Virginia, unconsciously copying a speech which Sister Agnes had made to her. "Whatever Mr. Lascelles and Sister Agnes have asked

us to do we have done, because they have only asked what is good and right, and so I suppose it will be in the future."

"But he is half a Roman Catholic," said Beatrice, opening her big brown eyes. It was as much as if she had said he was half a dragon or a sea serpent.

"He is an Anglican Catholic, which is not quite the same thing," answered Virginia, repeating her lessons.

"But Miss Lascelles wears a cross, and the dress of a nun," insisted Beatrice, as if she had found the weak spot now, and one which there was no getting over.

"She only wears the dress of her Order; and no Christian can object to a cross, surely, Bee!"

"That is just it. She is of an Order, and we have none in our Church," the other said.

"Yes, we have indeed—a great many—and Sister Agnes belongs to one of them."

"You are so intimate with her as to call her by her Christian name already!" cried Beatrice, as Richard Fullerton had said before her.

"She is Sister Agnes, just as much as a man is a captain, or you are Beatrice Nesbitt. That is her name," answered Virginia. "When she was in the world she was Miss Lascelles, and now that she has given up the world she is Sister Agnes."

"Well! I cannot understand it at all," said Beatrice, full of perplexity.

"Nor do I," put in Ringrove. "The new vicar and his sister may be charming people on their own account, but I am sorry they ever came here."

"Oh, don't say that, Ringrove!" cried Virginia, carried out of herself. "They are the salvation of the place!"

"I don't think we wanted so much salvation," said irreverent Beatrice, taking Ringrove's part, as she always did.

"Bee! don't!" she answered, really distressed. Then her angel's face became more angelic even than usual, as she said with a kind of concentrated enthusiasm, looking at Beatrice first and then at Ringrove: "You must not say now what you will be sorry for hereafter; you will both come to the truth; and Sister Agnes will be your spiritual mother, Bee, as she is mine!"

"I don't want any mother but mamma," said Beatrice; "and I do not think that I could let any stranger come between me and mamma."

"A spiritual mother does not interfere with our earthly mother,"

said Virginia gravely. "My mother is just what she always was, but Sister Agnes has led my soul into the way of truth."

"How dreadful all this is!" thought Beatrice. "She talks cant as if she had been used to it all her life. It is all too true, and she is more lost to us than she ever was."

"You are always so good," said Ringrove, finding this one of the most difficult moments of his life. "But indeed you must be a little on your guard against too much enthusiasm for those new people. We have to know them first before we can trust them so thoroughly as you and Mrs. Fullerton have done."

"I want no more than I know now," she said; "we do not want to learn more than the sunlight. It shines; and that is enough."

"Poor Ringrove!" thought Beatrice. "It is all over with him!"

She raised her dark soft eyes to him pitifully. She was his confidante, and had heard again and again the whole story of his love for Virginia, and walked every step of the way, now of hope and now of despair, and ever of suspense, that he had trodden for the last two years.

"True for the sun," he answered; "but not for the application. I will wait a little longer before I think our new vicar such a lord of life as this."

"Do," said Virginia in the simplest good faith. "And you will be rewarded."

Mrs. Nesbitt found no more satisfaction in her talk with Hermione than Beatrice had done with Virginia. Her half-apologetic fishing—sorry to repeat such foolish talk, but thinking it due to her old friend to tell her what was said—had been met with indignant acceptance. Hermione had defended not only her own adhesion, but the vicar himself, stoutly; and had maintained the worth of all that he was doing here at Crossholme, and the crying need there was of more religious life in the parish, and more decency and beauty of service in the church. But, as Mrs. Nesbitt said when she repeated the conversation to her husband, it seemed so odd that Mrs. Fullerton of all people in the world should go on so about religion and all that, when it was her own husband who had done everything he could to make the people as great infidels as himself, and when everyone knew that up to now she had never given the subject a thought.

As it was, however, Hermione had reason to a certain extent on her side; and as no unreasonableness of excess had yet appeared and the new vicar wanted only what was just and right, she carried her colours out of the discussion and left Mrs. Nesbitt without an argument, but unconvinced all the same. She used so far her

woman's privilege, that, while obliged to assent verbally to all that Hermione said, she kept still that central point untouched which she expressed by: "I cannot argue with you, but I feel that you are wrong."

From this day she could not deny that her friend Mrs. Fullerton was the new vicar's right hand and supporter, and that both she and Virginia had been completely won over. And how Mr. Fullerton would bear it was now the question beginning to be asked by the community of Crossholme.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE VICARAGE.

WHAT might be called the personal part of the parochial management of Crossholme went actively forward; but as silently as actively. Working parties at the Vicarage were organized for three afternoons in the week, where Sister Agnes was the clever teacher of all sorts of beautiful embroidery for church purposes, and where sometimes the vicar came in and read while the ladies stitched. He generally read such books as Wiseman's "Fabiola," or Newman's "Apologia;" but always beginning with milder portions of the "Churchman's Manual," teaching them when to bow their heads in the services, and how to stand and kneel, with certain other observances in use among the ritualists. But he was cautious in this and went softly; knowing, as do all his sect, the value of a judicious reserve and the safeguard of silence, and how it is necessary to lay well the lines before drawing in the net, if at times a bold stroke is the best and safest policy. There was much to do, and he had time before him; this was only preparing the way of the future.

Yes, there was indeed much to do before the church services would be made even outwardly decent according to the Lascelles idea; still more before the parish would be as well in hand and as spiritually submissive as it was intended to make it. Altar-cloths—which were always called frontals—of various colours and patterns, according to the ecclesiastical season and the special service, had to be embroidered; stoles and copes, also varied; eucharistic emblems and linen for the communion; banners for the processions which had to come;—there was no end to the work in hand, but the true meaning of what they were doing was kept from most of the workers.

Sister Agnes, like the vicar, trusted to the love of women for useful things to ensure that amount of diligence which was necessary for the purpose ; and to their pride in seeing their own handiwork publicly honoured and admired, for their active partizanship should avoid the possibility of collision with the men arise. What comes from afar and from unknown sources may be dangerous, like clothes that carry the taint of the plague ; but the roses and lilies and sacred monograms and interlaced needlework which our own Susan and Sukey have embroidered can hardly contain no secret spiritual poison ; and Susan and Sukey and their own artistic stitches.

All this the brother and sister understood to perfection ; and they were well aware also that if they told too much prematurely, in all probability the Crossholme Susans and Sukeys would become frightened before their time, and would strike, leaving the work half-done to be completed by strangers. And they had it at heart to make the ladies of the parish commit themselves, first by their co-operation and then by their certain desire to see what they had done utilized and appreciated.

The most constant in attendance and the most useful, each in her own way, were Hermione and Virginia Fullerton, Theresa Wynneux and her Aunt Catherine. The first two were the deftest needleworkers ; Aunt Catherine laid the straightest hem and sewed the neatest seam ; and Theresa, who had everything to learn, practised her future art on the rougher kinds of material and the simpler patterns, which it would have been a waste of strength to have taught to proficients.

Other ladies of the parish also attended, but as they are of no special value to this history they need not be particularized. They made up the numerical strength of the society ; helped to swell the increasing number of female adherents to the new order of things by the way of bowing, position, lowly inclinations, and the like, during church service ; and they ensured a certain amount of work accomplished and of animation among the workers. And here their value to us ends. Among them, however, was neither Mrs. Nesbitt nor Beatrice. Mr. Nesbitt did not approve of any scheme, how innocent soever in its appearance, which might end by giving undue influence to the church ; and, unlike Richard Fullerton, he allowed no exercise of free-will in his family, but ruled his household as he thought best. Above all things he held to the belief that a woman's duty lies in her home and a wife's honour in submission to her husband. On her other side, Mrs. Nesbitt felt that she had too much to do with her own family to give her strength to ecclesiastical æsthetics ; and Beatrice

followed her mother in this as in all other things, and assented to the truth of what she said, as if no second reading were possible.

When Sister Agnes proposed that they should join her working parties, Mrs. Nesbitt set the matter at rest then and for ever after by her frank straightforwardness, which was in no wise offensive—quite the contrary—but also in no wise to be mistaken.

“Why no, thank you, Miss Lascelles,” she said; “Mr. Nesbitt would not like my leaving home so often; and Bee and I have really too much to do for the little ones to make it practicable.”

“Power comes by the use,” Sister Agnes argued with a bland smile; “the time given to the service of God takes nothing away from your family.”

“I don’t see how that can be,” said Mrs. Nesbitt in perfect simplicity of good faith. “You see, there are only eighteen hours of the working day, and if every one of them is filled up, as it is, and as much is done as can be got into the time, I do not see how doing more will make the days longer. I have as much to do now as I can get through, and if I were to undertake new duties I should simply have to drop some of my old ones.”

“Try it,” said Sister Agnes with the same bland smile. “Try it, and prove for yourself that the same power which fed the multitudes from a few loaves and fishes can also help you, and that what you give to the Lord is never lost to man.”

But Mrs. Nesbitt shook her head.

“I do not believe in present miracles,” she said. “And if I take two hours in the afternoon three times a week for church work, I cannot do for my children what I do now. If I am here I cannot be there; and if I am embroidering linen I cannot be walking with them or my husband, or doing the same amount of work in the house that I must, to keep things straight—that every woman must, who is her own housekeeper.”

“Perhaps you do too much, Mrs. Nesbitt. You are rich, with servants and governesses and all the usual aids and helps to mothers. There can be no need for all this active superintendence, still less for your daughter’s assistance.”

“I assure you I find that there is,” said Mrs. Nesbitt, with undisturbed equanimity. She thought it odd in the vicar’s sister to lay down the limits of her domestic activities; but then, clericals are odd and take liberties which no one else would dream of. “And I do not think that any woman whatsoever, with so large a family as mine, can find time for more than her home duties and the social intercourse which must be kept up.”

"Like Martha, encumbered with much serving," said Miss Lascelles with half a smile and half a sigh, deftly concealing a well-bred sneer.

"Yes, if you like to say so," answered Mrs. Nesbitt simply. "But I keep my dear children well and happy. I do not let them get into bad habits for want of my care, nor be made unhappy by others; and I do as my husband wishes. And then you know, Miss Lascelles," she added smiling, "I am of the old-fashioned school, and hold to the value of a wife's obedience to her husband and a mother's superintendence over her children."

"In short, you are as obedient as Mrs. Fullerton."

Sister Agnes spoke so quietly that no one could say whether the words were sarcastic or simply assertive; and Mrs. Nesbitt was not the woman to find out sneers or hints unless very patent.

"I hope so," she answered cheerfully. "I am thankful to say that in Crossholme we have no unhappy marriages and no disobedient wives so far as I know. We are very fortunate in that way, and give no cause for gossip. I do not know one unhappy household—not one!"

"I congratulate you," said Miss Lascelles, a little coldly, "and yet—there is something greater and holier in life than domestic peace."

"No, no; there can be nothing better!" cried Mrs. Nesbitt warmly. "There can be no real goodness where there is discord at home; and the woman who neglects her own family, that she may give her time and energies to a cause, is doing wrong whatever that cause may be."

"Softly, softly, Mrs. Nesbitt," said Sister Agnes, with her superior smile. "Do you carry your theory of obedience so far as to think it right to deny your God and your Saviour should your husband be an infidel? Is a woman justified in caring only for the physical comfort and happiness of her own children, while letting the wretched poor starve? in ensuring their moral purity while the abandoned thousands all around are claiming Christian care, and the lost souls are crying to be saved? Does your creed go as far as this?"

"No," answered Mrs. Nesbitt quietly; "nor would any woman's. But there is no question of all this here at Crossholme."

"There are degrees even here at Crossholme," said Sister Agnes.

"I do not allow that my joining your working parties belongs to them if there are," she answered.

"So be it," returned the Sister.

And then the conversation dropped. The Nesbitts were not gained; and, on the contrary, a certain feeling of antagonism to the

whole thing rose up in the good staunch loving heart which could never quite forgive the vicar's unmarried sister for speaking slightly of that which made her own happiness through the sense of love and duty fulfilled, and which she held should make the happiness also of every other good and virtuous woman. Between embroidering silk and linen for the church and seeing that her children were happy and good, she thought no true mother should hesitate for a moment as to where her real duty lay; and no argument that could have been used would have shaken her. When she repeated the conversation to her husband her concluding remark was:

"If poor Miss Lascelles had ever been married she would have thought differently, because she would have known better;" and she pitied her for her ignorance of the best things of life as much as Sister Agnes pitied her for her sensuality disguised as instinct and her practical paganism calling itself conjugal obedience and maternal duty.

All this new occupation, these new interests were making in a sense new creatures of the four chief workers. Aunt Catherine—Miss Molyneux—a good, kindly, weak soul, with more imagination than common sense, and like clay in the hand of a potter who had clear insight and a strong will, had gone down helplessly before the new vicar and his sister, who had known exactly how to touch her. She had been won over by St. Catherine of Siena, whose namesake she was, and whose life of mystical ecstasy she was exhorted so fervently to imitate. She might attain to it if she would, they said—if she would strive and obey. And as the steps of her *scala santa* were of no more difficult practice than (for the present) working in coloured silks or linen and satin, bending at certain parts of the service where she had not been used to bend before, attending early celebration, and going to church on Wednesday and Friday mornings, she was by no means disinclined to take the sainted maid as her model in obedience and belief, and to dream that perhaps some of the same grace might be shown to her as was to her antitype.

She might therefore be counted on as a sure adherent to the ritualist party. Her imagination had been fired, and so indeed had her vanity—or what shall we call that need in women of a certain age to renew in fancy the dead facts of the past?—the need which makes some of them go into spiritualism, when at least the spirits who come about them do not regard their wrinkles or grey hairs?—which makes others find in religion as much excitement as they once did in love, and with some—not very different in kind?

Theresa, a slender delicate hysterical girl of about twenty-two, had

also been won over as quickly as her aunt. Her life, which hitherto had been spasmodic and fragmentary, for the first time found concentration and direction. She had wandered about in thought a good deal. At one time she had been an ardent patriot, emulous of such fame as that which hung about the maid of Saragossa—the apologist of Charlotte Corday, and the worshipper of Joan Arc; at another she had wanted to make herself a hospital nurse that she might go out and nurse such wounded soldiers as the peace of Europe required for its victims. Now she made a night school for ploughboys, but after a fortnight she broke it up; they were too hopelessly stupid, she said, and their hands were so dirty! Then she took to visiting the sick poor, but the cottages were close and she always managed to stumble on inappropriate chapters. She was full of enthusiasm and activity, as yet wasted; and now—it was utilized.

But she was not one of Sister Agnes's lambs. She left that to Virginia, who was as devoted to her spiritual mother as if she had been indeed the saint who was her shadowy patroness. Theresa carried her enthusiasm to the vicar—straight to head-quarters—and thought that if the world would but be ruled by such kings of men as he, there would be no more doubt or sorrow—at least for women. He was to her a clerical God; but it would have seemed to her almost blasphemy had anyone desired to be the Semele to his divinity. So at least she thought; and for the present her thoughts were true.

Virginia was perhaps the happiest of the whole group. She was devoted to Sister Agnes, who, all things considered, treated her tenderly, and led her quietly along the devotional path designed for her. Of late, however, she had begun to impose small penances for omissions of duty, which she got the girl to confess to her as a spiritual lamb to her spiritual shepherdess, in preparation for the more important confessions to be made in due form to a director. Thus, she would forbid her to sit in her accustomed seat near to herself, and would make her go over to where Catherine Molyneux was turning her hems and maundering about Catherine of Siena as she worked. And this was about the severest task that she would set her. For to Virginia, grave, still, shy, the babble and gush of this silly creature were distressing beyond words; and only her loving loyalty for her spiritual mother enabled her to perform a task which was indeed so essentially a penance. But it was difficult to find any punishment for Virginia. It was part of Sister Agnes's management that the lambs should be every now and then gently

chastised ; and as no one is in want of an excuse when he wishes to flog for error, cause for that chastisement was always forthcoming.

But this, so easy with others, was difficult with Virginia. She was so gentle, so obedient, so entirely in earnest and so lovingly desirous to do all as the Sister wished, that it was hard to find the flaw, even in the exaggeration of confession ; and harder still to punish it when found. She had no senses to subdue, and no vanities to chasten ; but the Sister knotted out of her very virtues the cord that was to be her discipline, and though the strokes were gentle they were effectual for their purpose—the still more complete establishment of her spiritual supremacy, and the still more complete subjugation of Virginia's will.

On her side Hermione, although occupied and interested more than she had ever been, was restless and uncertain ; her temper, once so placid, was breaking daily ; she was tart and snappish to her husband as she had never been before, and then again hysterically loving ;—he to the one opposing his unruffled sweetness which she called indifference—meeting the other with his calm serene devotion which made hysterics unnecessary, and which she also took as indifference. Thus, either way she was thrown back on herself, and whatever he was she wished that he had been different. She was variable with Virginia :—now forbidding her to go into the excesses which she said she saw were at hand—now herself taking her to the Vicarage out of the ordinary course of things. The vague disquiet which had once been gentle was still as vague but becoming less restrained ; and once or twice she wept bitterly, where formerly tears had only gathered in her eyes but had not overflowed. Life was busier with her now than formerly, yet it was blanker. Her husband seemed to have drawn farther and farther from her : and it was as if every effort that she made to reclaim him only separated them more. She did not recognize that she had gone from him, not he from her, and that what she needed for her happiness was trust, not effort. She was beginning to hate actively the pursuits to which she had never given ardent favour and to feel them out of place in *her* husband. Mr. Lascelles spoke to her so continually of the iniquity of free-thought, and the futility as well as the presumption of modern science, that it was not to be wondered at if she grew into less and less tolerance where she had never felt sympathy or admiration. And as he spoke also as continually of the duty which she owed to herself, the truth, and the parish, because of her position, she who had never been anything but the loving wife, glad to live in her husband's supremacy, began now to feel that she had done foolishly in her sacrifice of

power, and that he had acted ungenerously in his acceptance of that which she had forced on him; and that Mr. Lascelles was her best friend—the only one who recognized her worth and wished to see her in her right place.

Cuthbert Molyneux was sometimes allowed to attend these working parties, and given the office of reader, or as Sister Agnes used to call him the lector—when the vicar was unavoidably absent. He was the only “man-body” admitted to the coterie; but then he was such a poor creature and so little like an ordinary man that he scarcely counted. Tall and thin and reedy, with a small head and narrow sloping shoulders, long thin hands and a conscience that was always awake while his reasoning faculties were deliberately placed below “feeling,” “conviction,” “realization,” “faith,” he was one of the born believers of the national creed whatever it might have been—a subordinate priest, governed by his more intellectual superiors and doing their will with the unquestioning fidelity of a slave. He was a very woman in this—in that he felt the need of a director or a superior; and he, like the women of whom we have spoken, had found what he wanted in Mr. Lascelles—Father Lascelles as he once or twice called himself to the young men, as if in joke, though he said that his favourite title was Superior—the Superior of the little band which though not conventual had some of the qualities of a community apart; and it was just these qualities which he intended to enlarge and consolidate when the days were ripe.

For the rest the meetings were pleasant enough taken as mere social gatherings; and neither the vicar nor his sister wished them to be other than genial and interesting. Their line was not gloom, if it was not discipline; and when they fished for souls the bait was bright if the hook was sharp. Sister Agnes knew how to make herself agreeable to each in turn, as a clever well-bred woman always does. She talked domesticities with the wives, and advised them on the management of their babies and the conduct of their servants. She tried neat little personal arrangements of their hair and dress with the girls, taking them to her own room and showing them practically how much better they looked with simple braids and without fringes or fluffs; how their bright colours warred with their complexions or their gowns, and how far superior greys and neutral tints were to every other. She allowed light blue as the Virgin's token; but no other positive colour at all. She wished to bring her own special band into a certain conformity of simplicity which should show them marked with the same sign even to outsiders; and she intended that next Lent they should all, at her suggestion, wear

black;—and she would have gained enough influence over them by then, she thought, to make them obedient to her will;—the thing was worth trying for.

To Virginia she was, even when the giver of penance, secretly the tender mother, the holy guide; and made the girl feel that she was her favourite lamb in all the flock; the nearest and the dearest, and dear to Sister Agnes and the Blessed Mother also. Day by day Virginia's submission increased and her love grew—a love which associated Sister Agnes with the angels, and made her feel that in obeying her she was obeying Christ—in loving her she was loving God.

With Aunt Catherine, Miss Lascelles was as a sister worshipper of sister saints—the two standing hand in hand in heaven as they the devotees stood at times on earth. Sister Agnes had made a little sketch of the two—Saint Catherine with the Divine Heart and her marriage ring, Saint Agnes with her lamb. They were standing hand in hand like two Christian Graces, and the Sister once took Aunt Catherine's hand and placed her and herself in the same positions, saying:

“See, we are now just as our patron saints are in heaven.”

She knew that this would kindle the fervent imagination of the weak creature whom she had undertaken to bring over to Anglicanism, body and soul, and make her doubly zealous for a Church which gave her a saint as a godmother and a prototype—for the Sister declared with her sweet smile and in her softest voice that Miss Molyneux when she was young must have been very like the pictures of Saint Catherine. And she was not disappointed; spiritual vanity is as true a fact in human nature as personal pride, and people like to feel that they have guardian angels and patron saints who give themselves a host of trouble in protecting from physical dangers and listening to the prayers of miserable sinners of no more value to the universe than so many tadpoles in the water or harvest mice among the corn. The position was too pleasant for Aunt Catherine to abandon it; and one of the happiest strokes in a game made up of happy strokes was that which fitted Catherine Molyneux with her patron saint, as well as gave her nephew Cuthbert his, and offered the mystic Tèrese as the exemplar and guide of her namesake Theresa.

Mr. Lascelles too did his part, and he did it well. He let no one feel neglected, but he made each lady believe herself his special charge. To Hermione he was all things—gallant as a man of the world would naturally be to a pretty woman; respectful, as in some sense an official inferior—for had she not the great tithes as lay rector where he was only the humble vicar?—fatherly and re-

assuring as the spiritual guide leading her from darkness to light, and from the famine of ignorance to the rich pastures of grace. To Theresa he was quite as assiduous and even a little more paternal in the way of a certain secret familiarity, as if the tall, thin girl of twenty-two had been a child not half that age. He made her feel that of all the souls to be saved in Crossholme hers was the most precious to him and heaven, and the one for which he gave himself most concern. He saw her power of passionate self-surrender; and he traded on it for the good of the Church, if also as a "student of human nature" for the sake of psychological vivisection. And as Theresa was a girl not to be directly influenced by women, but only to yield obedience to a clever man who knew how to mould her, it would have been of no use to have turned her over, like Virginia, to the special care of Sister Agnes. Of herself the Sister would have had no influence; only as the sister of the sacred vicar. Of warm imagination and an hysterical temperament, Theresa must always have some admixture of human love to keep her steady to the point, and these attentions of Mr. Lascelles supplied just what she wanted. It was perhaps a dangerous experiment, seeing what she was; but he had been successful in the like before now, and why not again?

As for all the rest he was grave to some, bright to others, bland with all. He laid himself out to make those Vicarage parties as pleasant as if they had been so many fashionable *soirées*: and he succeeded. There was not a woman who belonged to them who did not look forward to them with enthusiasm, and not one who was not more than half in love with the handsome, well-bred, well-mannered vicar. But he, to do him justice, had but one thought and one aim—how to advance the interests of the Church: and to his way of thinking every method was lawful that should attain that end. It was not his fault, he thought, if women were sentimental, weak, and silly; but it was his duty to utilize their very follies for the strengthening of the Church and the advancement of religion: and if in the process his humanity became dearer to them than even his doctrine, that was their folly as it would be their punishment. He had power enough over his own passions to keep himself free from all trammels—and he never denied how far better he held celibacy for the clergy than matrimony. But he never said openly that he himself would not marry. Only, in speaking generally, he said it was better. Still, other High Church clergymen have said the same thing before now;—but the hour came, and the woman; and might it not now again here in Crossholme?

(To be continued.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN ASIA.

THE first thought of the British people, in connection with Western Asia, has reference to the safety of India; and by no one has this been more fully recognised than by Lord Beaconsfield. He has followed it when the inexorable laws of geography were against him, regardless of the fact that there is no possibility of converting those laws to favour the policy of any party or country. I am going to offer no opinions of my own in support of that remark; nothing but the dry facts of geography in relation to the statement made by Lord Beaconsfield on last 9th November; and I shall hasten over this part of my task, which is to me the least interesting, as quickly as possible. The Prime Minister said that her Majesty's Government did not regard "an invasion of India as impracticable or impossible. On the contrary, if Asia Minor or the valley of the Euphrates were in the possession of a very weak or a very powerful State, it would be no means impossible for an adequate army to march through the passes of Asia Minor and through Persia, and absolutely menace the dominions of the Queen." That was a clear and distinct intimation that the road for the invasion of India by Russia lies "through the passes of Asia Minor and through Persia." It is easy to see upon any map, large or small, that it would be an act of impossible folly for Russia to march to the invasion of India "through the passes of Asia Minor," because she has a much nearer and safer and better road by starting from the south-east corner of the Caspian Sea, where, on the island of Ashurade, she has a fortress which is not farther from Herat, in Afghanistan, than is the British frontier fortress of Peshawur. For a Russian army to set out for India "through the passes of Asia Minor," would involve a needless march of 800 miles, with no conceivable object except to prove that Lord Beaconsfield's Guildhall geography was better than that of all the maps of the world.

I am well acquainted with the arsenal at Baku, the natural base

of Russian operations on the Caspian Sea, and I say it is quite impossible for anyone having even a cursory acquaintance with the plainest facts of Russian geography, to doubt that upon the shores of the Caspian would be found the starting-point of any large operations against India, and that "the passes of Asia Minor" are almost as much out of the question as the passes of Switzerland. Russia has proved this by her own councillors. When the policy of the British Government led to the supposition that war might break out between the two countries, there were many councils held in St. Petersburg, and Sir Henry Rawlinson has stated that, at one of these military councils, the project which found most favour was put forward by General Miliutin, the Minister of War, who suggested the transfer bodily of that great army of the Caucasus—which had gained Bajazid, and had captured Kars—"across the Caspian to the Persian town of Astrabad, from whence the troops would have marched in two columns; one by Boojnoord, Kuchán, and Meshed, and the other by Shahrúd, Sabzewár, and Nishupúr, concentrating on the Afghan frontier for an attack on Herat; and if war had actually broken out, and the co-operation of Persia could have been secured, it is not by any means improbable that some great movement of this sort would have been attempted."¹ By starting from Astrabad, instead of "through the passes of Asia Minor," the Russians would, as I have said, be 800 miles farther on the road towards India. From Baku to the sea-coast at Astrabad, is a two days' voyage for such steamers as Russia has in the Caspian, where her naval power is unquestioned and unassailable. It could never enter the head of an educated Russian as other than an absurdity, that his countrymen should commence an expedition for invading India by standing, where Lord Beaconsfield placed them, in "the passes of Asia Minor." But Lord Beaconsfield had in his own mind a clear and distinct object in putting forward this impossible hypothesis; he wished to justify and to recommend the Anglo-Turkish Convention. He wanted to show that the Convention was a bulwark and a security against a Russian invasion of India. It may be possible, by sheer rhetoric over a dinner-table, to convince some heedless people that there is a proper connection between the two things; but over a map it would not be possible, by any force of words, to lead anyone to suppose that a Convention dealing with the country south of Erzeroum could have any effect upon a Russian invasion of India. It would be seen at a glance, that if the Russians wished to march an army towards the British dominions, they would not be more likely

¹ "The Afghan Crisis." By Sir Henry Rawlinson. *Nineteenth Century*.

to go "through the passes of Asia Minor" than we should by the Pyrenees to attack St. Petersburg. They would go the nearest way, from Astrabad.

At this moment, no territorial question is, I think, so important to Englishmen as that which is concerned with the Afghan city of Herat. Compared with the fate of Herat, the future of Cabul—because it is more certain—is unimportant. Whenever we please to take it, Cabul is ours; but are we to have and to hold Herat? And if not, who is to hold Herat? Is it to be Afghan, nominally under British influence, but really held by those who now hate the British more even than they fear the Russians? Herat, at all events, is the only point of Afghan territory about which there can be any serious question as to Russian interference. Herat is not only a place of great strength, but also, from a military point of view, it is a place of peculiarly dominant position. There are advantages in approaching it upon the Russian side, from Astrabad, which are not found in traversing the highlands of Afghanistan between the British frontier and Herat. The Persian country between Resht and Astrabad, along the southern shore of the Caspian Sea, is level and rich, producing food of all kinds. There is game in the woods; there is fish in the rivers; corn and cattle are in the plains; it is the wondrously fertile but neglected garden of an empire generally poor and barren. From Astrabad to Herat the country is much of the same character; less productive in some places, because of the lawless tribes of Turcomans, who hold the country in terror and awe; and in part it is mountainous. But the path presents no serious hindrance. It would be far more easy for a force to march from Astrabad to Herat than from Cabul to Herat. From Astrabad to Herat the distance is about 600 miles. That is a long march; but in such a country it is by no means a very great difficulty. And if the Turcoman tribes—to one of which, the Kajar tribe, the Shah of Persia belongs—infesting that region were friendly, and the Persians were in alliance with Russia, distance would really be the only obstacle. Probably no army could safely advance from the south of the Caspian towards India without securing the goodwill of the Shah. I have seen several regiments of the Persian army, and I believe the artillery, which is usually under the direction of European instructors—Danish and Italian, for the most part—is regarded as the most formidable branch of the service. It would not be a dangerous foe to a European army of anything like equal numbers in the field; but if it were acting in flank, upon an open line of 600 miles, the Persian army could probably force the retirement of any expedition. We may assume that

Russia would never advance from the Caspian Sea towards India without having secured the co-operation of Persia.

In July 1875, Baron Jomini, of the Russian Foreign Office, said to the British *chargé d'affaires* in St. Petersburg: "If England found it to her interest to annex Afghanistan to her Indian empire, the Russian Government would not regard it as a menace to them, nor would they endeavour to prevent it." But I shall not, however, hastily believe that Russia would observe a British occupation of Herat with perfect tranquillity. Russia has all the barren land upon the Caspian, and at the head of all that is fertile stands Herat, the most conspicuous fortress in the meeting ground of Central and Western Asia. Sir Henry Rawlinson has studied the position of Herat; but rather, if not only, from an Indian point of view. He says that the position which Russia "will assuredly some day attempt would be drawn from Astrabad, at the south-west corner of the Caspian, along the Persian frontier, to Herat, and from thence, through the Hazara uplands, to the Oxus, or possibly by Candahar to Cabul."¹ He is at one with me in thinking that "troops, stores, and materials might be concentrated to any extent at Astrabad," and that "the country between that fort and Herat is open and admirably supplied."² Of the fortress itself he says: "Herat has been often called 'the key of India,' and fully deserves its reputation as the most important military position in Central Asia. The earthworks which surround the town are of the most colossal character, and might be indefinitely strengthened. Water and supplies abound, and routes from all the great cities of the north, which would furnish the Russian supports, meet in this favoured spot. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that, if Russia were once established in full strength at Herat, and her communications were secured in one direction with Astrabad through Meshed, in another with Khiva through Merv, and in a third with Tashkend and Bokhara through Mymeneh and the passage of the Oxus, all the forces of Asia would be inadequate to expel her from the position."³ That is a very strong expression; but with its general purport I entirely concur, and I suppose the situation must be at least as plain to many Russians as it is to Sir Henry Rawlinson and to myself. I do not understand that Sir Henry adopts the expression, and himself styles Herat "the key of India." Certainly it is rather the key of Central Asia than of India. Sir Henry feared, in 1868, that if Russia obtained Herat she would have "the whole military resources of Persia and Afghanistan at her disposal."⁴ But, in 1879, such fear may be dismissed. The whole resources of Afghanistan, as those

¹ *Memoirandum on Central Asian Question*, 1868.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

existed in 1868, can never be at the disposal of Russia. The question of questions, it seems to me, for us now, in regard to Central Asia, is—"Should there be no peace with Afghanistan, shall we go on to seize and to hold Herat in hostility to the native population?" Let not an answer be thoughtlessly given. It is a tremendous undertaking. The modest estimate of General John Jacob for the permanent garrison of Herat was 20,000 men, and another army would be requisite to keep open our communication with the line of the Indus. The question is this: If ever we come into armed and hostile collision with the forces of Russia in Asia, would it be wise to meet that attack in the city of Herat? I do not pretend to decide that question; but I will express my opinion that Herat, in British hands, will be a greater menace to Russian possessions than Herat, in Russian hands, would be to British possessions. I feel that, if I were a Russian, I should not care to hold—I would not strive to obtain—Herat. I should be quite content to see Herat remain Afghan; I should not be displeased to see the Afghans of Herat made enemies of the British; but I could never reconcile myself to seeing Herat the possession of the British, because in regard to the security of my own territory, and to North Persia (where Russia exercises the indisputable influence of contiguous authority, as does Great Britain in South Persia), I should consider Herat of far greater importance—rather as a means of defence than of offence—to Russia than to any other Power. It is likely that British power will be strongly manifested along the line from Candahar to Cabul; but I should not be surprised if, in spite of the talk of Ministers and soldiers, the wisest heads should be successful in maintaining, for a long time yet to come, a native government in full authority at Herat. We shall not, then, be forced to decide the question: Which of the two great European Powers shall hold Herat? I regard that question, if it were pressed, as one of far greater importance than any other likely to be connected with Afghanistan. It may follow from the present war that Afghanistan will never again be an independent State. The mountaineers may be subdued; they may even submit; but they will never abandon the desire to be free. I should look with intense disquietude upon a proposal for occupying the whole of Afghanistan; and if we were to hold Herat in hostility to the Afghans, I should call it a perilous and thankless conquest.

Still considering the safety of India, let us pass from Herat through Beloochistan to the Persian Gulf. If ever a railway is constructed by the valley of the Tigris, or of the Euphrates, to India, it is assumed that it will pass along the shore of Beloochistan—which

I can say, from observation, is generally level, and nowhere presents any serious obstacle—to Kurrachee. From Kurrachee to the head of the Persian Gulf is a distance of more than 1,200 miles. I want those who are prone to talk of the invasion of India without regard to the facts of geography, to take careful note of that 1,200 miles of salt water. Lord Beaconsfield himself has suggested that India is in danger because of armies which might pass down the valley of the Euphrates. It has been assumed that the Anglo-Turkish Convention assured India against invasion, because it set the seal of British power upon that great river. But unless Russia held command upon those 1,200 miles of sea which roll between the first port of India and the mouth of the united flow of the Euphrates and the Tigris, what would be the use, as against India, of armies floated down to Bagdad and Bussorah? In my opinion, India is safe while England holds pre-eminence at sea; and the Persian Gulf is at present completely dominated by British authority, as is the Caspian Sea by Russian authority. While England is by so far the greatest of naval Powers, the valley of the Euphrates can be of no use whatever to a Russian force contemplating the invasion of India. No doubt armies could easily be floated down the Tigris, and, at certain seasons, upon the Euphrates also; but when they arrived at Bussorah, they would have 1,300 miles of water to traverse before they could touch the shores of India. Let us pass to other considerations.

What is the future of Asiatic Turkey? We have concluded, at great cost, a Convention by which, upon certain conditions, our country is pledged, in the final sacrifice of blood and treasure without limit, to that now impoverished and wretchedly-governed territory. I say, at great cost, because I feel that the secrecy and circumstances of that transaction have left a stain upon the character of British diplomacy, such as our time has never before witnessed, and such as our time will not see effaced. "That which," in the words of M. Waddington, "has touched France to the very heart," has touched also our national honour, and those who have looked deepest into the business are best aware how very unnecessary was this offensive secrecy. There does not exist a political party in this country which would permit Russia to overrun Asiatic Turkey; there is not a manufacturing town in Great Britain which has not a special interest in the development of our commerce with and through that large portion of the adjoining continent of Asia. It is a common error to speak of Turkey as a free-trading country. The wasteful and rapacious practices of the officers of her Government really impose obstacles against trade at least as obnoxious as the protectionist tariffs of

Russia. We are much interested in seeing Asiatic Turkey become really and in truth a free-trading country. As to the act of our Government, we have no choice but to accept it. We deplore the manner in which it was made, and the specious, the un-English, language by which it was defended. When Lord Salisbury, anticipating the complaint of France, intimated to M. Waddington, that if her Majesty's Government could have looked upon the Tripartite Treaty as still in vigour, they would have called on France and Austria "to assist them in maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman dominion," he must have been conscious that he was overstating the power of the Government; and when he assured France that her Majesty's Government were not without hope that Russia would voluntarily abandon Kars and Batoum, he employed language in a way less honest than the best traditions of British diplomacy. Why should we expect that Russia would abandon those places? Was it not of Kars that our own General Williams, its gallant defender in the time of the Crimean war, reported to Lord Clarendon, that such were the horrors of Turkish kidnapping and private slave traffic, that if these things were not stopped, Russia would be compelled to put an end to them by force of arms; and of Batoum, did we not read in a leading article of the *Times* of October 1, that "shortly before the surrender of the place to Russia, an order was received from the Sultan to purchase a dozen Circassian slaves for the Seraglio;" and did not the *Times* add: "Such orders have always to be obeyed at once, whatever may be the sufferings of the troops [who 'had not been paid in full for some years'] or the destitution of the people?" The possession of Batoum, as the only adequate port and terminus for her Caucasian railway, connecting the Black Sea with the Caspian at Baku, is of immense importance to Russia—of importance similar to that which we place upon the command of the approaches to the Suez Canal.

With regard to the country south of these new conquests of Russia, we have undertaken the immense responsibility of assuring the Sultan's dominions over a territory extending nearly 2,000 miles, from Erzeroum to the southernmost part of Turkish Arabia. The conditions upon which that protection is promised are not unlikely to be in default. A British Government, desiring a sufficient plea for dissolution of the contract, would have no difficulty in establishing a case. It is evident, from what is now occurring, that if pressure in the direction of reform were withdrawn, there would be no change, and that the inveterate evils of Turkish government would exist in even aggravated form. But is it likely that any British Government will

desire to withdraw from the Convention? I think that no other Government than that of Lord Beaconsfield would have made the Convention; but there is a wide difference between objecting to the engagement, and withdrawal when it has been for some time in existence. I incline to think that we shall go on pretty much as we should have gone on if the Convention had not been made, and that efforts for the development of Western Asia will be active and continuous under any Government, whether Liberal or Conservative. It will probably happen that in proportion as Turkey fails, so will the intervention of England become more and more apparent. As yet, there has been little or no evidence of the existence and reality of the Convention concerning Asiatic Turkey; but it should not be forgotten that, as a matter of fact, for years past the ruling authority in the Persian Gulf has been that of the Queen of England, who does not own, and has never owned, a foot of its shores. Her Majesty's power is maintained by gun-boats of the Indian navy, which, by patrolling those waters, have almost extinguished even the recollection of the piracy which not very long ago was the common danger in that quarter.

The most obtrusive social feature of the population around the Persian Gulf is slavery. The pearl fisheries of the Gulf—the produce of which is valued at about £500,000 a-year—are to a large extent carried on by slaves; and this industry is, in a manner, protected by Great Britain. One of the chief difficulties which a British protectorate in Asiatic Turkey must encounter is this universal institution, so abhorred by the British people. I have often heard Anglo-Turks say that slavery has in Asia none of the evils which were said to have disgraced the white people of the Southern States of America. My opinion is, on the contrary, that slavery, as it now exists, as it will continue to exist under the protection of England in Asiatic Turkey, is more cruel and oppressive than in the general form it assumed in America. There, the slave was not so much under the eye and in the grasp of his master or mistress; he had usually a house, in which it often happened that he lived with his wife and family—an existence not greatly dissimilar from that of many a free labourer. He had, moreover, some protection in the active public opinion by which he was surrounded. If he lived in his master's house, that house was at all times open to much observation. It is not so with the slave in Asia. The most inexorable rule of Mohammedan countries is the seclusion of the family. There are scarcely a dozen houses in the Persian empire which have windows opening upon a street, or in any way so that a stranger could see or hear anything

of what is going on within. It would have been difficult to torture a slave in America without the fact becoming widely known ; there is nothing in Turkish or Persian life to make the torture, or even the murder, of a slave, a matter which any influential person could not commit with practical impunity. In reference to slavery, I have observed that the British flag does not always mean liberty for the slave. British officers who have lived long in slave-dealing countries contract a disposition to look at the matter through the interests of those by whom they are surrounded ; and when a slave escapes to a British house or a British ship, it is by no means an uncommon thing for the slaveowner to appeal with confidence, born of success, to the British Resident or Consul to aid him in obtaining the restitution of his "property." That stern morality in dealing with slavery which has been so much honoured in Englishmen, will, I fear, much deteriorate under the influence of an Asiatic Convention. How slavery appears in that which is its most debased and degrading aspect to many an Anglo-Turk may well be judged by the following extract from a recently-published description of "Turkish Slavery." The writer, an English barrister, says : "Prices vary from £20 to £30 for a low-class negro, to £200 to £300 for what may be called the raw material of a pretty Circassian girl. These last are mostly bought from the parents, or the first-hand dealer, 'in the rough,' and after a year or two's careful nurture and education in the accomplishments of upper-class Moslem society, are sold again by the trainer at any price the caprice of a rich purchaser may give." That is not the language of men who would break down slavery, and it is not a little disgusting to find such purchases spoken of as "this privilege of conjugal recruitment."

But not even the power of the slave-owner is sufficient to keep the pearl-divers of the Persian Gulf at their work all the year round. In summer months, when diving is carried on, the heat is intense in the Gulf. I have before me a trustworthy record of 105°, taken at midnight on board a coal-hulk moored off Bunder Abbass. It seems that only during the hottest months can the divers sustain the trials of immersion. With a weight fastened to the feet, and a rope tied round the waist, they allow themselves to sink, and, in about a minute and a half, are drawn (suffering greatly) to the surface. It is to me extraordinary that diving costumes have not yet been employed in so lucrative a trade. The pearl oyster is not edible ; but the shells, which are very large, and less rare than the jewels they occasionally enclose, have considerable value as "mother-of-pearl." The Arab trade in the Gulf is not solely in pearls. Sharks

are numerous, and now and then it happens that the water bubbles with the dying breath, and is tinged with the blood, of a hapless diver taken in the jaws of one of these tigers of the sea. But the vengeance of the people is great, and sharks' fins are a valuable commodity. The British trade in the Gulf is large, though it is impossible to obtain any trustworthy statistics. This is but a symptom of a very general neglect. We have done little or nothing to push our commerce in that very important entry to Asia, and the manufacturing interests of England—especially those concerned in the cotton-manufacture—are deeply interested in the improvement of the conditions to which I am about to refer. No proper pains have been taken to press for adequate and reasonable reform in the Custom-house arrangements of Turkey and Persia; nor has our Government, at any time, been careful to remonstrate, and by proper remonstrance to remove, as they might have done, that great bar to the extension of our trade in Asia—the exclusion of British shipping (except with special licence from the Porte, which is practically unattainable) from the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, and from the Persian river Karún. The Customs system of Turkey is less abominable than that of Persia. Dishonesty and delay are the worst features of the Turkish Custom-house system, and these evils are the blight of trade. There are seven privileged Turkish steamers running on the Tigris between Bussorah and Bagdad. But no one who is wise, or who can help it, will have anything to do, in a fair way, with a Turkish steam-vessel. No one can say with certainty when it will start or when it will arrive, and it may be taken for certain that every transaction is complicated with bribery and *backshish*. The Director of Customs at Bagdad has, I suppose—when he is paid—a salary of about £12 a month. Probably this income is merely an official expression, it being well understood that, according to the custom of the country, he pays himself by levying black-mail upon the import trade of the country. Certainly, it is published, that the Turkish Director of Customs at Bagdad, as a rule, retires after two years' service, with a sufficient fortune to enable him to pass the remainder of his days in quiet independence, cultivating his own vine and his own fig-tree in the suburban gardens of the City of the Caliphs. On the Persian side the matter is much worse. I had opportunity, in 1876, of inquiring into the Persian arrangements on the spot, and within the last month I have ascertained that no change has since been made. The Customs of the south of Persia, where I am certain that the import of Manchester goods would be trebled if all that I now suggest were carried out, are farmed by one man, whose followers—a compound

of bashi-bazouk and of brigand—responsible to himself alone and in no way supervised by Government, do all the work, and some of it is very bad work indeed. Before I knew quite as much as I do now of the Khan who is entrusted by the Shah—for an occasional consideration, varying, it is generally understood, with exigencies of the Imperial purse, and consequent threats of bastinado or the bow-string—with the Customs of Southern Persia, I was invited to meet this grandee at a dinner of ceremony given in honour of himself and myself in Ispahan. When I arrived, the Khan was seated on the floor—wearing a coat of honour, the gift of his Imperial master—the noisiest of a very merry company. He drank alcohol—always raw and from a tumbler—in a manner astonishing even to a *giaour* from England. Shoeless, like all the Mussulmans in the company, he removed his socks for greater comfort, and between the courses of kababs and pillaw, which were taken from the dish with the hand, he fondled his toes with the graceful simplicity of a Persian gentleman, and at the close of the entertainment was hoisted by two stout slaves on to the broad saddle of his white donkey, which, with Persian dignity, he rode at the slowest pace. Afterwards, I was told that this Khan had commenced his public career as a brigand, and that his first great success had been in looting one of the Shah's own caravans. Imagine such a system of Customs, carried out for the personal profit of such a person, and that the trade of England has been, by the supine neglect of her Governments, subject to such hindrances at one of the chief gates of Asia! Bushire is the principal port of entry for British goods into Persia, and through Persia to Central Asia and Afghanistan. The Political Resident at Bushire is chief administrator—by gunboats and a detachment of Bombay troops—of British authority in the Persian Gulf. He is, of course, officially conversant with this atrocious system of levy upon imports. He has informed the Government of Bombay—the department to which he belongs—that “The farmer of Customs employs his own servants to manage, Government officials not interfering; the transactions are kept secret, no returns being required by the Government.” The Resident adds: “The system is felt to be inconvenient to traders.” Very much so, I should think! But the “inconveniences” of the system are little known to those—either in or out of Asia—who suffer from them. It is a system which is indeed infamous—the licensed repression of trade by the organisation of robbery and bribery.

That is, however, only part of the needless restriction upon our trade in Persia. When our manufactures—chiefly Manchester goods

—have passed the fiscal hindrances which oppose their entry, there are difficulties of the road to be encountered, such as are scarcely conceivable to those who have not been actively engaged in overcoming them. Except the untrodden path to the Poles, “which no fowl knoweth and which the eye of man hath not seen”—but which we may fairly suppose lies over rugged blocks and huge boulders of ice—there is surely nothing in the world more difficult to travel than the track by which every piece of Manchester goods, landed at Bushire, passes towards Ispahan, the centre of the Persian empire. I have walked over every mile of it, and anyone who has done the same will know the truth of my statement, that in many parts it is not possible to travel faster than a mile an hour. In the journey between Shiraz and Bushire, as a rule, some horses could not make more than three miles an hour, and in not a few places a mere traveller like myself could, with the help of his half-dozen personal attendants, block the way completely. The path is much complicated with what are called “Kotuls”—inland rocky cliffs, such as the Peiwar Kotul, at which the Ameer’s troops hoped to bar the way of the British from Ali Musjid to Jellalabad. There are four “Kotuls” on the track from Bushire to Shiraz—and on each the path rises up the face of a stony cliff, sometimes by a step from rock to rock, and, in some places, is made easier by rude building of stone upon stone. Such is the difficulty of entry; and I am now going to show how all this could be changed to our great advantage, and still more to the advantage of the people of Persia.

What should be done? I say that without a moment’s delay, and without reference to the Anglo-Turkish Convention,—for the same course might have been taken, and therefore ought to have been taken, many years before that Convention was thought of—our Government should obtain the free navigation of the Tigris, of the Euphrates, and of the Persian river Karún. There is no real difficulty whatever about the matter, and for a long time past there has been no difficulty except such as has existed in the ignorance of so many of our public men concerning foreign countries, and the consequent apathy and indifference of our diplomatic representatives in those countries to the most important interests of mankind. There is no practical difficulty in so improving the navigation of those rivers that a regular service of steamboats should be established between Bussorah and Shuster, in Persia, and from Bussorah and Bagdad, at least as high as Mosul on the Tigris. If that were done, and the Customs systems of Turkey and Persia were thoroughly and properly reformed, I venture confidently to predict that, within three years,

the import of Manchester goods to Western Asia would be at least trebled. At present steamships pass direct from London to Bussorah, carrying British manufactures and bringing back corn and other produce. But the development of trade in that vast region needs the intelligent solicitude and attention of Government. I have been astonished to observe how careless are the Foreign Office and the diplomatic agents of the Government as to these most important matters. I do not exaggerate—it is not easy to exaggerate—the importance of unrestricted trade. I regard it as the bond of peace and of righteousness in foreign politics. I say, in the words of Richard Cobden: “What is it? Why, breaking down the barriers that separate nations; the barriers behind which nestle the feelings of pride, revenge, hatred, and jealousy, which every now and then burst their bounds and deluge whole countries with blood; those feelings which nourish the poison of war and conquest, which assert that without conquest we can have no trade, which foster that lust for conquest and dominion which sends forth your warrior chiefs to scatter devastation through other lands, and then calls them back that they may be enthroned securely in your passions, but only to harass and oppress you at home. It is because I think I have a full apprehension of the moral bearing of this question, that I invite you all to take part in it.” The improvement of the navigation of those great rivers, and the free entry upon them of steamboats of suitable construction and shallow draught of water, is the work which, of all that is possible in Western Asia, would be most easy and beneficial. There are times of the year when such steamboats could ascend the Euphrates with heavy freights to near Aleppo; and if the banks of that river were secured, and where necessary enlarged, these passages might be regular and frequent. The borders of the Tigris are much more populated, and upon that great river there is now a certain amount of traffic, by raft, from Diarbekr through Mosul to Bagdad and the Gulf. Above Bagdad there is no steam navigation, but there can be no doubt that steamers of large capacity and light draught of water might regularly pass up to Mosul, and, at times, to Diarbekr. There are also steamers on the Persian river Karún, which is navigable as high as Shuster, about 80 miles from the junction of the Karún with the united streams of the Euphrates and Tigris at Mohammerah. The Karún to Shuster, and from Shuster by path to Ispahan, is our best way into Southern and Central Persia—a way by which, if it were opened to our goods, the difficulties of the track between Bushire and Shiraz might be avoided. But the Karún, in spite of the efforts of one or two English merchants, is not open to free navigation. The vessels now upon the Karún are

said to belong exclusively to one Hajji Jabr, a Persian, who lives in a huge mud fort at Mohammerah, and who maintains his rights, sometimes with *backshish* given to the officers of the Shah, and sometimes with bullets aimed at his Majesty's irregular emissaries.

Unrestricted trade in that region, and upon those rivers, would cause a much greater demand for British imports, because it would give rise to a very large increase in the export of wheat, which I have known to be sold in the neighbourhood of the Karún river at about five shillings per quarter, owing to the difficulty of carriage. But wheat is not the only produce the export of which would be augmented. The rich and level land of Mesopotamia, lying between the Tigris and Euphrates, as well as the broad plains stretching on either side of the Shat-el-Arab, are capable of producing cotton as good as any grown in Egypt, and fruit in abundance, compared with which the actual product is insignificant. These possibilities are neglected. A clear idea of the condition of Asiatic Turkey, and of what it might become, may be gathered from the correspondence of the *Times* in December of last year. The writer, who dates from Diarbekr, says: "The necessaries of life are very cheap. It is said that a man can live on twopence per day, but how he gets his twopence is a mystery. Such support as it [Diarbekr] might receive from being the seat of Government is considerably diminished by the non-payment of the official salaries. The present Governor-General is said to be quite honest. I have found that the present Governor always is upright. It is the former Governors who have always been bad and corrupt. By all accounts, however, and above all by Mussulman accounts, honesty begins and ends with the Governor. The chief of the Customs here has lately been tried and found guilty of peculation to the amount of £8,000. The defaulter has friends in the Palace and the Porte, and large sums have found their way in those directions; so it is thought that no notice will be taken of his little weaknesses." Among the friends and agents of the Turkish Government about Diarbekr, the same correspondent tells us, is "a certain Hajji Fettah, the most ruthless ruffian of all the Kurd Begs. As, however, he is one of those who have remained faithful to the Porte, his crimes are not only overlooked, but he has been decorated. He rules over 47 Christian villages, and, if what I am told is true, seems to make a regular income by converting the young girls to Islam, and then selling them by a kind of auction." Englishmen do not willingly accept the function of a protectorate over a Government which tolerates conduct of that sort.

We have neglected real measures of reform, such as commerce

would bring about, for that which appears to the world to be a guarantee of slavery and of all the abominations of the worst misgovernment. The great commercial possibilities lying open to our hand have been ignored. A steamship from London or Kurrachee has to rush at full speed upon the bar at the head of the Persian Gulf, in order to force its way through the muddy ooze which prevents its onward course to Bussorah, and which, if the Turkish Government were intelligent, would be dredged away. The steam-dredge lies there, but is, of course, unused. If ever the English seriously undertake the promotion of the interests of commerce in that part of the world, this dredging will be done, and Bussorah will become a great and thriving city. It is said that Bussorah once contained 300,000 population. But ever since I found, in the works of Diodorus and others, that Sicily was in former times studded with cities on its southern coast, each having more than 100,000 population, I have felt very little respect for the arithmetical figures of the more ancient historians. I think, for the most part, they had as little knowledge of the real meaning of numerals as the eldest son of the Shah, who told me in Ispahan that his Majesty his father had 2,500,000 soldiers in his standing army, and that he had given a million pounds in English money to the relief of the Persians who suffered from famine in 1873. Upon the plains round the Persian Gulf there are thousands of palm-trees, and there might be tens of thousands more. The date-palm is one of nature's kindest gifts to man. The trees do not produce till the eighth or ninth year, but when fully grown, in a good season, a tree will yield from 300 to 400 pounds of fruit. The best trees are from 40 to 60 feet high. The export of dates to England admits of large increase. Dates are becoming a favourite article of food with many of our people, especially of the working class. The price of dates has risen six-fold since the opening of the Suez Canal, yet little has been done to increase the product. The onerous method of taxation in Turkey and Persia is partly responsible; for not only is there a poll-tax upon every animal used in cultivating the soil, but every date-tree pays a contribution to the wanton extravagance of the Shah and the Sultan. Yet even these taxes could be easily sustained by superior agriculture. The average plough of Western Asia has not improved in the last 1,000 years. In some places there is no ploughing whatever. Crops are produced by scratching with bushes the ground, upon which the seed is carelessly thrown; and the threshing by the feet of oxen is a method not less wasteful. About Kurnah, where the Tigris and Euphrates meet, some of the richest land is in great part uncultivated. Where

there is cultivation, either on the Turkish or the Persian side, there the tax collector is often to be met with. The peasant cultivator has a hard time, but it must be admitted that long oppression has made it very difficult to extract payment of any kind from his class. He is a past-master in every artifice calculated to deceive the officers of Government, and the consequence is that Government rarely obtrudes any argument but that of irresistible force. The Grand Vizier gave me, in Teheran, a letter of introduction to the Persian Governor of Bushire. I have it still, for his Excellency was out upon a revenue-collecting expedition with a rabble of soldiery, when I arrived at Bushire. A correspondent, who has travelled much in Turkey and Persia, writes of this matter of taxation: "A Governor has to be excessively cunning, and to work unremittingly, to get any taxes. A Governor of either Persia or Turkey would reduce a village of English peasants to penury in about one season. The system is much the same in both countries; but the blunted mind of the Turk tends more to reduce the matter to a simple matter of bribery, while the subtler Persian enjoys the intrigue."

There is much talk of the construction of a Euphrates Valley Railway; but that cannot be the work of a day, and must require, not only time, but a large and hazardous expenditure. On the other hand, six months need not elapse before the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Karûn are open to free and unrestricted navigation. To fortify my own strong opinion upon this matter with that of the highest practical authority, I sought to obtain the view of the principal shipping agents in that part of the world—Messrs. Gray, Dawes & Co., who act in London for the British India Steam Navigation Company; and Mr. Dawes, of that firm, has written me a letter in which he says: "I think you are quite right in the position you take up with regard to the advantages of immediately utilising the rivers of Asia Minor and Persia for extending British trade and influence in those countries, and at a tithe of the expense in comparison with the outlay Russia is making upon her northern communications. Our own commercial relations might be vastly extended in the way you propose. In fact, the recent extension of Russian territory, which places all the northern rivers either in her possession or largely under her influence, necessitates on our part the opening up of trade routes for our commerce in the south. The distance to these markets has ceased to be any serious disadvantage since the opening of the Suez Canal; for, through the enterprise of British shipowners, abundant steam tonnage is at all times visiting the seaports, and the only impediments are the insufficiency of internal communication and the

check to trade caused by the ignorance of native rulers. I regret I cannot furnish you with any statistics of the trade with Asia Minor and Persia, for there are no reliable records; but this I can say, from some personal acquaintance with those countries, and sixteen years' commercial connection with them, that if the native Governments could be induced to open up the navigation of the rivers, and remove all unnecessary restrictions to commerce, both they and we would be astonished at the rapid increase of prosperity, for few regions of the globe are so favoured by nature."

The opening of these rivers to free and improved navigation is a matter which I most earnestly recommend the commercial men of England to press upon the attention of the Government. The northern route by Trebizond and Erzeroum is likely to be, as Mr. Dawes intimates, somewhat more than before influenced by the policy of Russia. In 1876 about 80,000 mule-loads of goods for Persia passed through the Custom-house of Erzeroum. The total value of those goods was somewhat over £1,000,000, of which about four-fifths, or £800,000, was in Manchester goods. If that traffic is likely to dwindle, it becomes a matter of still greater importance that we should by all possible means improve communications in the south. There is, I repeat, no difficulty in the matter. We maintain a Minister in Persia, who has the handsomest palace in Teheran, and who, it seems to me, does not give adequate attention to the commercial interests, which are really the political interests, of this country. I would say the same of the British Ambassador at the Porte. I have seen much of Turkey and of Persia, and I have a strong feeling that the policy with which our representatives in those countries have chiefly concerned themselves, at the bidding of the Foreign Office, is not the policy which tends most surely in the direction of peace, of progress, and of civilisation.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

THE REVIVAL OF FALCONRY.

REVIVE Falconry ! Revive the Forest Laws ! Restore the Forests ! The idea is, of course, preposterous. It is like talking of reviving the crossbow and bill in war, or of reviving trial by ordeal in Westminster Hall. It means the restoration of a state of things which is past and gone—and gone, never to return. Falconry flourished in these islands for five or six hundred years, the sport of princes, of nobles, and of yeomen, and flourished during most of that period without a rival. It was preëminently the national sport, and it is a sport that has left its traces in the laws, in the literature, and in the customs of the people deeper than anything else that takes us back to the times of the Crusades. The terms of falconry still in many parts of the country form part of the current language of the day, and falconry has done more to make the English character what it is, and to make us the race of sportsmen that we are, than all the rest of our pastimes put together. But times change and sports change. Falconry flourished when the wild boar was still to be found in Eskdale, when the wolf divided the Sytchley country with the fox and the polecat, when the bittern was as plentiful in the Fens as it is to-day in the wilds of Canada, and when the heron was always to be found at home in the meadows around the castle moat or the abbey walls ; and to talk of reviving hawking when all the heronries within the four seas can be counted upon the fingers, when the ancient forests are covered with factories, and when the steam plough is tearing up the soil which in the days of the Tudors formed the lair of the wild boar, is like talking of reviving the ancient tenures, substituting the broadsword for the rifle, the catapult for cannon, and reënacting the forest laws which were abolished by King John's Charter. It means, as far as sport is concerned, a return to the times of Henry II. and Edward III., when the fox ranked with the polecat as vermin, when the fowling-piece and the retriever were unknown, and when, unless you knew how to bring down your game with a hawk, you ran some risk of seeing an empty larder.

But this is an age of revivals, and all the talk among sportsmen to-day is of a revival of falconry. It is quite possible that it may

end, as it has begun, in talk, for the sport is costly, prey is scarce, especially the nobler kinds of prey, and tends, with agricultural improvement, to become scarcer every year,* and every previous effort that has been made to revive this form of venery, although made by men like Edward Clough Newcome, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and the late King of Holland, has ended in failure—generally in hopeless and humiliating failure. But falconry has so many things to recommend it, especially in this age of revivals, it is surrounded by so many distinguished associations, and it is in itself so noble and picturesque a sport, that the attempt this time will, I hope, be successful.

It is out of the question, of course, to dream of a general revival of falconry. Agriculture has made that impossible; for almost every bit of land that will support anything beyond a snipe is now either a turnip- or a corn-field; and with wire fences, steam ploughs, long leases, farmers in spectacles, and sportsmen who think of nothing beyond the tame glories of a battue or a tournament of doves, even fox-hunting runs some risk of being confined in future to Melton and Market Harborough: and falconry, if it is to be pursued as it was pursued of old, ought to be pursued in an open country, where the fences are few, where the game is wild and plentiful, where you can get a long and uninterrupted view of the falcon and her prey, and where, when she has run her quarry to the ground, you can come up with her at once or recall her to the lure. There are but few places of this description now left in England—places like Salisbury Plain and Dartmoor; and even these places are not all remarkable for game, unless, of course, you content yourself with rooks or partridge. The heron is almost extinct. Wild duck are only to be found in the Fens, and here and there in the north. The wild geese are gone, and snipe, except in Ireland, will soon be things to put into a glass case with the last falcon that has been shot on the wing in the British Isles.

But even if we must give up all hope of a general revival of one of the noblest of British sports, there is no reason why falconry should not take its place once more among the recognised pastimes of the field, to be pursued where the country admits of it, and where the game is to be found, as it was pursued of old, by ladies as well as gentlemen; why the falconer, in his green jerkin, with his bonnet and feather, should not be restored to his old position in the household of most English gentlemen; why the merlin should not once *more find its place upon my lady's wrist,*

Held by a leash of silken twist,

as Sir Walter Scott pictures it in his sketch of the spousal rites in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel;" or why a sportsman should not take as much interest in his hawks as he takes in his hounds, even if the spirit of agricultural improvement forbids every knight and squire to fly his falcons as his ancestors flew theirs, and even if the religious spirit of the time stands in the way of a bishop or a country parson keeping his hawks hooded upon their perches in the cloister or the chancel during the afternoon service, in order to have them in readiness to meet the herons against the wind at the end of the day. This was often done in the palmy days of falconry, in the days in which Sir Walter Scott lays the scene of his poem; and in "The Ship of Fools," published at the end of the fifteenth century, we find Sebastian Brant complaining that his countrymen were in the habit of interrupting divine service by bringing their hawks and hounds into church with them:

Into the church then comes another sotte,
Withouten devotion, jetting up and down,
Or to be seen and show his garded cote.
Another on his fiste a sparhawke or fawcone,
Or else a cokow
In comes another, his houndes at his tayle,
With lynes and leases, and other like baggage:
His dogges barke. So that withouten sayle,
The whole church is troubled by their outrage.

In those days the merlin held the place of the lap-dog in every lady's affections. It was her constant companion, knew her voice among a score, and answered to her call in hall or bower. Every knight and baron carried his falcon upon his wrist, and an abbot thought as much of his hawk as he thought of the relics of a saint—perhaps sometimes more—for if he happened to have one stolen from its perch, he never hesitated for a moment to lay the poachers under the heaviest anathemas of the Church by making the theft an act of sacrilege. There are several entries in the household books of Edward I. of offerings made at shrines for the recovery of hawks when they were sick. Here is one:

To Thomas, son of Simon Corbet, for a quartern of charcoal bought to burn for four days for one gyr-falcon of the king that was ill. . . . 16*d*.

And here are a couple of entries, taken from Rymer's Additional MSS. in the British Museum, concerning Edward's falcons:

To Thomas, son of Simon Corbet, for the oblation which he made at the shrine of St. Thomas of Hereford, and at the shrine of St. Thomas & Becket, for a sick falcon, by the command of the king. 6*d*.

A wax image of the falcon was offered at the tomb at Hereford, and a journey made to bring him thither :

To the same for wax bought to make the likeness of the gyr-falcon to offer for him at the shrine of St. Thomas at Hereford, and for other oblations made there for the same gyr-falcon 18*l*.

The Corbets of Shropshire were great falconers, and this Thomas Corbet seems to have made a series of visits to the shrine of St. Thomas de Cantilupe at Hereford to offer oblations for Edward's falcon. It was, I have no doubt, one of the religious customs of the time, and these offerings mark significantly the value set upon a falcon at that period by enthusiastic sportsmen. Their hawks were their friends ; and it was quite in the spirit of Edward I. that one of the most enthusiastic falconers of the present day, Captain Dugmore, recently declared that, when he had to choose between his friends and his falcons, he did not hesitate for a moment to give up his friends, believing a cast of hawks to be the truest friends a man can have. And those who know the moral qualities of the falcon—her frank and fearless temper, her transparent truth, her courage, gentleness, and affection—will understand the sportsman's choice, and, understanding that, will know why falconry continued for so many generations to be the royal sport of Englishmen, and why those who know what falconry is should be so anxious to revive it.

The history of the sport, as far as this country is concerned, begins, where most of our pedigrees are supposed to begin, with the Conqueror. But falconry had been the sport of Saxon and Dane long before the Norman with his forest laws trampled both under his feet and reserved all the rights of sport for the men of his own race. Alfred is said to have been one of the greatest falconers of his time ; and, independently of the fact that many of the terms of falconry are of Saxon origin, there is abundant proof that the Saxons knew how to fly their hawks as well as the Normans ; for an Archbishop of Mons, in the middle of the eighth century, presented Ethelbert, King of Kent, with a hawk and two falcons, and Kenulph, King of the Mercians, in granting an estate to the Abbey of Abingdon, prohibits all persons from trespassing upon the lands of the Monks with their hawks. That in itself is a sufficient proof that falconry was at that time a popular pastime. But when we find a King of the Mercians asking a French archbishop, as a special favour, for a couple of falcons that have been trained to kill cranes, I think the conclusion is equally plain that falconry was not at that time carried on in these *islands with the boldness and success with which it was carried on in France.* Every French gentleman at that time had his hawks and

hounds, and the French kings were so enthusiastically attached to the sport that they never rode out without their falconers and hawks. The grand falconer of France was a man of the highest distinction and rank. His salary was four thousand florins, and his retinue consisted of fifty gentlemen and fifty assistant falconers. He was allowed to keep three hundred hawks; he received a tax upon every bird sold in the kingdom, and except under his license no one was allowed to traffic in hawks. It was at the French court, I have no doubt, that Edward the Confessor acquired that passion for hunting and hawking, which was the only passion, apparently, that distinguished him from the inmates of the cloister; and, according to William of Malmesbury, all the hours of the day that Edward could spare from his devotions and the cares of State were spent in the field with his hawks or with a pack of swift hounds, "which he used to cheer with his voice in pursuit of game." Harold was known everywhere by his hawk and his hound. He rarely travelled without them, and he is conspicuous upon the Bayeux tapestry with his hound by his side and his hawk upon his fist. That, in heraldry, I need hardly say, is one of the signs of noble as distinguished from royal rank, and Harold was probably represented upon the tapestry in this way to distinguish his rank as a nobleman from that of the Conqueror.

But, independently of the tapestry, we know that Harold was quite as fond of falconry as Edward, or the Conqueror; and, even if the Conquest had never taken place, we should have seen the sports of the field cultivated quite as assiduously under a line of Saxon kings as they were under the Normans, although they might not have been made so exclusively the pastimes of a select few as they were made by the Forest laws of the Conqueror. The Conqueror made it an offence punishable with fine and imprisonment to rob a falcon's nest, and it was felony to steal a hawk. None but the king, the royal princes, or men of the highest rank, were allowed to fly the hawks of Norway and Iceland. The knight's hawk was a saker. The squire's was a lanner. A sparrow hawk was assigned to a priest. A holy-water clerk had to put up with a musket. The gos-hawk was a yeoman's. The tercel was a poor man's. An earl was allowed to fly the peregrine, and a baron the bastard. The falcon of the rock was a duke's hawk; the falcon gentle the prince's. The gyr-falcon was reserved for the king, and the eagle for an emperor. The hawk thus marked the man; and it was not till the time of King John that the barons secured the right by one of the clauses of the charter for every freeman to have eyries of hawks,

falcons, and eagles in his own woods, with heronries also. A hawk's eyry is set down in Domesday Book among the most valuable articles of property, and it is plain from this provision of the charter that it continued to be so all through the reigns of the Plantagenets and the Tudors.

All our kings till the reign of James I. were fond of falconry ; and some of them, like Edward I. and Edward III., for instance, were so enthusiastic in their pursuit of the sport, that even in the field of battle they had their hawks at hand for a day's sport now and then in the intervals of the campaign. Edward III., according to Froisart, was accompanied upon his invasion of France by thirty falconers on horseback, all laden with hawks, by sixty couple of hounds, and as many greyhounds, so that nearly every day he hunted and hawked by the river as it pleased him. Many of Edward's nobles had their hawks and hounds as well as the king, and the Earl of Flanders and his falconer were, it is said, always at the river, the earl casting off one falcon at the heron, and his falconer another. This was at the siege of Rheims. And Frederick Barbarossa is said to have whiled away part of the time that hung upon his hands at the siege of Rome in hawking, as the Duke of Wellington and his staff whiled away their time within the lines of Torres Vedras with a pack of foxhounds. Even an ecclesiastic like Thomas à Becket, when visiting the French court on a special mission, thought it necessary to distinguish his rank by taking his hawks and falconers with him ; and, if we may trust the traditions that still linger in many parts of the country, Thomas à Becket was not the only spiritual person who loved to have his fist gloved with jesses and to rival with his falcons the loftiest flights of the knights who looked upon the hawk as the true burden of nobility. The abbots hawked, bishops hawked, archdeacons travelled through their dioceses with their hawks and hounds, and their registrars knew how to wind a horn or halloa a hawk as well as if they had been trained all their lives in the mews of an earl. The Abbé la Pluche is one of the best known writers upon the practice of hawking, or, as he calls it, the noblest and most profitable of pleasures ; and the book which stands at the head of English sports, and particularly at the head of the literature of falconry, the Book of St. Albans, is the work of an English abbesse—Lady Juliana Berners—who was as fond of hawking and hunting as Diana, and knew how to manage a hawk as well as a nun. Chaucer tells us that many of the priests of his time thought more of hunting with their dogs and blowing the horn than they thought of *the service they owed to God*. They rode on coursers like knights,

having their hawks and hounds with them, and they were so blown with pride that they were much better skilled in riding and hunting than in divinity. Even at the time of the Reformation, the Bishop, of Norwich was found to possess thirteen parks, all well stocked with deer and other animals for the chase ; for although the canon law was often put in force against the inferior clergy, the superior clergy retained all their ancient privileges of hunting and hawking in the royal forests as well as in their own demesnes, and they made such good use of their privileges that many of them ranked among the most skilful and accomplished sportsmen of the time. Walter, Bishop of Rochester, who lived in the thirteenth century, is said to have been so fond of sport, that he made hunting his sole employment, pursuing it even at fourscore, to the total neglect of his episcopal duties ; and one of the abbots of Leicester, in the fourteenth century, had the reputation of being the most successful hunter of his day.

Perhaps it was in order to avoid the scandal which arose from the diversions of these mitred sportsmen that one of the monkish writers drew up a set of prayers to be used by those who went out hunting and hawking, and prescribed a set of texts to be used as charms when anything untoward happened in the field. If a hawk had been ill, the owner is directed, when he goes out hawking again, to say, " In the name of the Lord, the birds of heaven shall be beneath thy feet." If he be hurt by the heron, the falconer is to say, " The lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, has conquered, Hallelujah ! " or, " if he be bitte of any man," the falconer is to say, " He that the wicked man doth bind, the Lord at His coming shall set free."

The truth of course is that in the ages of chivalry the distinguishing mark of a man of birth and rank was to wind his horn and carry his hawk fair, or, as Sir Thomas More put it—

To hunt and hawke, to nourishe up and fede
The greyhounde to the course, the hawke to th' flight,
And to bestryde a good and lusty stede ;

and the boast which Spenser puts in the mouth of Sir Tristram—

Ne is there hawk which mantleth on her perch,
Whether high tow'ring or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her prey and all her diet know—

was for five centuries a boast that every English knight and squire was trained to use as an *essential mark of his position in life*. Ignorance

of everything else was pardonable except, of course, the jousts and tournaments; but "if a young child loveth not a hawk and a dogge while he sitteth on his nursel lap," it was a token of degeneracy; and if a man was to take his place with gentlemen, it was as necessary that he should be able to use the "kynaely speche of hawkyng," as that he should be able to charge with the lance at the tilt, cast the bar, wrestle, or ride the great horse.

This passion for falconry continued till the reign of Henry VIII., and Henry VIII. was as conspicuous in the field with his hawk as he was in the tented field with his horse and his lance. He used to follow his hawk on foot, with a pole to leap the rheins and brooks, and his devotion to the sport was so great that even in the twenty-seventh year of his reign he issued a proclamation reciting his great desire to preserve the partridges, pheasants, and herons from his palace at Westminster to St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, and from thence to Islington, Hampstead, Highgate, and Hornsey Park, and decreeing imprisonment and such other punishment as to his serene highness should seem meet against any person who presumed to kill any of these birds. But even then hawking, as the sport of the aristocracy, was on the wane, partly because it had become necessary to import herons, and partly because with horse and hound a novel and more exciting form of sport had set in. This was Elizabeth's favourite pastime—coursing, or, as it was then called, greyhound hunting and stag hunting; and when the gun and pointer came into use, all the laws of falconry one by one fell into desuetude. James I. stigmatises shooting with "gunnes and bowes" as "a thievish forme of hunting," and sneers at greyhound hunting, because it is not so martial a game as hunting with running hounds. But James I. is the last of our kings who is portrayed with a hawk upon his hand, and James, in his book of advice to his son, praises hawking so sparingly that, independently of all other testimony about his tastes, we may easily conjecture what he thought of it. His reason for preferring hunting with hounds to hawking was that hawking "neither resembleth the warres so near as hunting doeth, in making a man hardie and skilfully ridden in all grounds, and that it was more uncertain and subject to mischances, and, worst of all, was an extreme stirrer up of passions."

Hawking, however, was not a sport to be superseded in a day or a reign by the frown of a king or by the rival excitement of the chase and gun; and although in the reigns of Elizabeth and James we find *falconers* complaining again and again that hawking no longer took precedence of hunting and angling, as from its great antiquity it was

titled to do, and that the favourite hawker was almost a stranger to the land, there is abundant evidence in the poets and dramatists at all through the reigns of Elizabeth and James falconry was pursued with as much spirit as ever it had been in the days of the Edwards. Only, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James falconry was no longer pursued, as it had been in the reigns of the Edwards, by kings and nobles as the special privilege of their order. Elizabeth sometimes condescended to follow her grand falconer and his hawks on horseback; but the chase with horse and hound was her delight; and even when she could no longer follow the hounds three days a week, she did at one time, while Sir Richard Sadler was breaking his art in his mews with his falcons and goshawks, she would take her stand in a turret at Lord Montague's place in Sussex, and see sixteen packs pulled down with greyhounds upon the lawn in an afternoon. Her rival, Mary Queen of Scots, was passionately attached to falconry, and when Sir Richard Sadler had charge of her as a prisoner, he frequently indulged her with a day's sport in hawking the river. Shakespeare, in the second part of Henry VI., sketches a characteristic scene at St. Albans, where Mary, Gloster, Suffolk, and the Cardinal appear on the scene, with their falconers halloaing.

Queen. Believe me, my lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years day;
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works,
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suffolk. No marvel on it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thought above his falcon's pitch.

Gloster. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Cardinal. I thought as much—he'd be above the clouds.

Walter Scott, in "The Abbot," preserves a similar tradition about Mary and her interest in falconry, which flourished in Scotland longer than it had been superseded by the greyhound and the fowling-piece north of the Border. "Well, they may say what they will," says an old man in Woodcock, chatting about the queen and her court to Roland Arden on their way to Edinburgh,

"Many a true heart will be sad for Mary Stuart, e'en if all be true men say so; for look you, Master Roland, she was the loveliest creature to look upon I ever saw with eye, and no lady in the land liked better the fair flight of a hawk. I was at the great match on Roslin Moor betwixt Bothwell—he was a

black sight to her, that Bothwell—and the Baron of Roslin, who could judge a hawk's flight as well as any man in Scotland. A butt of Rhenish and a ring of gold was the wager, and it was flown as fairly for as ever was red gold and bright wine, and to see her there on her white palfrey that flew as if it scorned to touch more than the heather blossom, and to hear her voice, as clear and sweet as the mavis's whistle, mix among our jolly whooping and whistling, and to mark all the nobles dashing round her, happiest he who got a word or a look, tearing through moss and hagg, and venturing neck and limb to gain the praise of a bold rider, and the blink of a bonny queen's bright eye!—She will see little hawking where she lies now—ay, ay, pomp and pleasure pass away as speedily as the wap of a falcon's wing!"

That is what falconry was in its palmy days, when it was the sport of kings and nobles, and combined in itself all the excitement of the turf and the hunting field. Ben Jonson, in "Every Man in his Humour," has a suggestive bit of dialogue between Master Stephen, a country gull, and Knowell, an old gentleman, upon the gambling that was associated with falconry in his time.

"How does my cousin Edward, uncle?" asks Master Stephen. "Can you tell me an he have ere a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it." "Why," answers Knowell, "I hope you will not a-hawking now, will you?" "No, wusse," replies Master Stephen. "But I'll practise against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk and a hood and bells and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by." "Most ridiculous!" sighs Knowell over the folly of his kinsman. "Why, you know an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages nowadays," answers Master Stephen, "I'll not give a rush for him; they are more studied than the Greek or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without them, and by gads-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every hum-drum; hang 'hem, scroyles, there's nothing in 'hem i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the Archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i' faith. Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. I know what I have to do, I am no novice."

That shows what hawking was thought of in Ben Jonson's time. It was the popular pastime of the day, and Knowell's soliloquy over this coxcombry shows with equal distinctness the costliness of the sport.

You are a prodigal.
 Ha' you not found means enow to waste
 That which your friends have left you, but you must
 Go cast away your money on a kite,
 And know not how to keep it, when you are done?
 O, it's comely, this will make you a gentleman.
 Well, cousin, well, I see you are ev'n past hope
 Of all reclaim.

This, perhaps, is not a pleasant augury for those who are talking of reviving falconry to-day; but if we are to be candid with ourselves, we may as well confess at once that one of the chief drawbacks to

ry is to be found in its expense. It is and always has been of the costliest of sports, and if it is to be revived we shall probably find that it is not a whit less costly now than it was in the time of Chaucer, when the knights and dames came

Ryding or haukyng by the ryver
With grey goshawke in hande,

In the times of the Tudors, when a well-trained Norway hawk, with her jewelled jesses and her morisco bells, was a present for a prince. The hawks of Norway and Iceland have always had a great reputation with falconers, those of Iceland especially, from a belief that they are birds of higher courage and bolder flight, take wider excursions, mount higher, and stoop to their quarry in a grander, more majestic, and more imposing style; and at one time none but men of the highest rank were allowed to keep these hawks, even if they were rich enough to purchase and train them. The Icelanders were rare, so handsome, and so powerful, that in the time of the Plantagenets they were considered the handsomest presents princes could make to each other. The noblest present a King of Norway could send to Edward I. was a couple of white gyr-falcons and six white ones, all trained; and the white falcons were so rare that Edward, in sending a similar present to a King of Castile, had to apologise for sending grey falcons instead of white ones. He had lost all his white ones, and had to send special messengers to Norway for more; and these he hoped soon to be able to present to Alfonso in person. The Kings of Castile were all great falconers, and one of them, John I., in 1377, took for his device an arm with a falcon on the wrist. In any rich English manor was held by the payment of hawks or falcons, and estates so held were held by the most honourable tenure that an estate could be held by, except that of the sword. Outi of Lincoln held his manors by the payment of a hundred Norway hawks and a hundred giffals, the heaviest fine of the kind, I believe, in the tallies of the exchequer; for four of the hawks and six of the giffals were to be white ones. Maurice de Creon paid one Norway hawk and one gyr-falcon; Walter Knot, three hawks and three gyr-falcons; and Ralph, son of Drogo, five hawks and five giffals. The Stanleys held the Isle of Man by homage of two falcons on the king's coronation. Philip de Hasting held the Manor of Comberston, in Cambridgeshire, by the service of keeping the king's falcons, and in "Blount's Antient Tenures" there is a long list of manors which were held like those of the Grey de Wiltons, by the service of keeping gyr-falcons for the king. The ancestors of Lord Audley, for instance, paid as rent for their estates in Salop a mewed sparrow

hawk, to be delivered into the king's exchequer every year at the Feast of St. Michael. The Earls of Kent paid a sore sparrowhawk for their estates at Lammas. The ancestors of the D'Eyncourts held the manor of Hucknall-Torcard, in Notts, by the service of carrying a gyr-falcon, from the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel until Lent; and Reginald de Grey held the manor of Eton by the service of keeping a falcon until it could fly.

These fees and fines explain many of the coats of arms that are still to be found in the Red Book—the cast of falcons in the arms of the premier Baron of England; the crest of the Grey de Wiltons and the Aclands, a falcon upon a gloved hand; the crest of the Boscawens, of the Hawkes, of the Falkiners, and of the Throckmortons, of the Earls of Antrim, of the Earls of Carrick, of the Earls of Mount Cashell, of the Earls of Onslow, of the Knoxes, Butlers, and Jocelyns, of the Marquis of Winchester, of Lord Sudeley, of the Duke of Cleveland, and especially the crest of the Earls of Erroll and Sir John Hay. The coat of the Earls of Erroll consists of three escutcheons, gules, with two peasants, in russet habits, bearing an ox yoke upon their shoulders; the crest is a falcon rising; and the story runs that the founder of the family was a peasant, who with his two sons rendered a signal service to Kenneth III. when the Danes invaded Perthshire in 980 and routed the Scottish troops. An old yeoman and his two sons, armed only with yokes, rallied the soldiers and turned the tide of battle; and the king, to mark his gratitude, gave the old man there and then as much land on the river Tay as the falcon, sitting upon his hand, flew over before she alighted. The falcon flew six miles, and the course of her flight marks to this day the estate of the Earls of Erroll. The rock upon which she settled still preserves the tradition by its name, Falconstone. The Duke of Alba, when banished to the castle of Uzeda upon his return from the Netherlands, took as his device a falcon hooded with the motto *Vincior ut Vici* ("I am bound as I have conquered"); and many of our own coats of arms were adopted in the same way, although, except in an instance here and there, like that of the Hays, it is no longer possible to trace their origin with precision. Sir Walter Scott says one of the Sommervilles of Camnethan used to be called Sir John with the red bag, because he was in the habit of wearing his hawking pouch covered with satin of that colour; and these hawking bags, like everything else belonging to falconry, are still preserved in our coats of arms—the creance, the jess, the bells, the vervels, the hood, and the ornaments for the beak of the bird when it sat at rest upon the gloved hand of the falconer, as it sits

still in the crest of Sir Thomas Acland and Sir Philip Grey-Egerton.

It is not till we come to the reign of James I. that we can trace with precision the money value of a falcon, because till then perhaps falcons were not trapped and trained by professional falconers; but in the household book of Elizabeth of York, the wife of Edward IV., we have abundant evidence as to the estimation in which a favourite hawk was held, for there are several entries in these accounts (in the autumn of 1502) of payments of 10s. "to a servant of Sir Walter Herbert, in reward for bringing a goshawk to the queen at Chepstow"—a favourite bird, apparently, because 10s. in the reign of Edward IV. was a considerable sum; and in addition to these payments there is an entry in February 1503 of the payment of 26s. to Oliver Aulferton, the keeper of the queen's goshawk, for his diets out of the court and for meat for his hawk and spaniels, and in March 1503 an entry of the payment of 40s. to the keeper of the queen's goshawk. The only distinct intimation I can find of the price of a hawk before the reign of James I. is in the History of Craven; and there we have in the household expenses of Henry Clifford, first Earl of Cumberland, when in London in the seventeenth year of Henry VIII., an item of £1 paid to Pemberton for a falcon; and if this represents the price of a falcon, as it apparently does, it implies, as Waller says, that a falcon was worth about half as much as the best horse in the earl's stable. The price of a well-trained peregrine in James I.'s reign was a hundred marks, equivalent in our present currency to £400 or £500, and the story runs that Sir Thomas Monson gave even £1,000 for a cast of hawks, the price in our day of a first-rate race-horse. There is a schism among falconers upon the point—whether Sir Thomas paid this price for a single cast of hawks, or whether the £1,000 represents the total expense he was put to in selecting a couple of hawks to fly at kite against the falconers of the French king. In most of the books upon falconry the £1,000 is set down as the price of a single cast of hawks: but a contributor to the *Quarterly Review* two or three years ago found a more plausible explanation of the story in Sir Anthony Weldon's "Court and Character of King James." "This gentleman (Sir Thomas Monson)," it is said, "was the king's master falconer, and in truth such a one as no prince in Christendome had; for what flights other princes had, he would excel them for his master, in which one was at the kite. The French king sending over his falconers to show that sport, his master falconer lay long here, but could not kill one kite, ours being more magnanimous than the

French kite. Sir Thomas Monson desired to have that flight in all exquisiteness, and to that end was at £1,000 charge in gos-falcons for the flight. In all that charge" (adds Sir Anthony Weldon), "he never had but one cast would perform it, and those had killed nine kites and never missed one."

These of course were freaks, like the price we pay to-day, some of us, for pictures, pottery, and bric-à-brac. But hawking, at best, when kept up, as it was in the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts, was an expensive sport—as expensive as hunting is in the present day—because the finest falcons, falcons that would fly at kite or wild geese, had to be caught wild in Norway or Iceland, tamed and trained with the greatest care and patience, and even then, as in the case of Sir Thomas Monson, you had to run the risk of losing your falcons as soon as you had taken off their hoods. Edward IV.'s wife frequently lost her goshawks in the woods around Chesham and Tintern, and Edward I., with all his falconers, lost, in one season alone, nine white falcons, and probably three times that number of grey ones. Sir Thomas Monson had a great deal of trouble, after spending his thousand pounds in feathers, to persuade the king to walk out to Royston Townsend to see his flight, which, according to Sir Anthony Weldon, was one of the "most stately flights in the world for the high mountee," the quarry rising so high that all the field lost sight of kite and hawk and all, and neither kite nor hawk was seen or heard of afterwards, which, adds Sir Anthony Weldon, with an elevation of the eyebrows, made all the court conjecture it a very ill omen.

That the sport was costly, and apt to be ruinous, if pursued with too much ardour, we have, independently of this tradition, the current testimony of all writers upon falconry: for one and all agree with Richard Brathwait, the author of "The English Gentleman," in advising those who are not possessed of a good estate to give up all thoughts of hawking, unless they wish to have no estate at all to sport upon. The author of "The Secrets of Angling," published in 1613—a book so scarce that the only perfect copy in existence is, I believe, that in the Bodleian—recommends fishing expressly on this ground, "that it can be pursued by poor men, and is a sport in every way as pleasant, lesse chargeable, more profitable, and nothing so much subject to choler or impatience as hunting and hawking;" and Henry Peacham, in "The Compleat Gentleman," published in 1659, while commending hawking in some, condemns it in others.

In men of qualitie whose estates will well support it, I commend it as a
enerous and noble qualitie; but in men of meane ranke and religious men, I

condemn it, with Blesensis, as an idle and foolish vanitie ; for I have ever thought it a kind of madness for such men to bestow ten pounds in feathers, which at one blast might be blown away, and to buy a momentary monethly pleasure with the labours and expence of a whole year.

And thus the matter stands still ; for the last, and not the least distinguished, of the race of English falconers, Captain Dugmore, has found his hawks' mews as expensive as breeding short-horns or keeping race-horses ; and since the grand falconer of England, the Duke of St. Alians, pensioned off his falconer, and whistled his father's hawks down the wind, although he receives £1,000 a year for keeping the Queen's hawks, the difficulty of reviving the sport has been increased, because, if hawks are to be kept with success—to be kept through the long period of moulting, and to receive all the attention they require at that time if they are to be kept in health—they must be under the charge of a properly trained falconer, and at present you may count all the trained falconers in the British Islands upon your fingers. The village of Falconsward, near Bois-le-Duc, in Holland, was for centuries the home of a race of professional falconers. You could always find a falconer at home there, and you could always trust to the skill and intelligence of a Falconsward man. But even Falconsward is now deserted ; and of the eight or ten falconers in England, nearly all are in the mews of Captain Dugmore and his friends.

But this, of course, is after all only a question of expence ; and, if it is practicable to revive falconry at all in this country, questions of expence might easily be dealt with through the formation of subscription clubs, where hawks might be kept in common, or where the hawks of each member might be separately placed under the care of a competent falconer, and all difficulties of expence and trouble overcome. A subscription pack of heron hawks was kept a few years ago in Norfolk, and, till herons became too scarce, afforded capital sport, and were very popular. But heron hawks can only be kept in the neighbourhood of heronries, and therefore only with the permission of those who own the few heronries that now remain in the British Isles. Practically, heron hawking is now a sport that can only be pursued by a dozen men, or by their permission : and those who are thinking of reviving hawking must be content with such sport as is to be had with the goshawk and the merlin with rooks, grouse, and partridge. But the goshawk, when well trained and *yarak*, that is, when in condition and temper, is a companion for the keenest sportsman in Europe. She does not stoop to her prey like the falcon, and you cannot, therefore, teach her to wait on you in the

air, perhaps as a mere speck in the sky, as the peregrine does, and stoop to her prey like a flash of lightning. But it is a sensation in itself to fly the goshawk from the gloved hand, and if she has not the flight of the peregrine, there is a pleasure in watching her raking her prey which quite explains the esteem in which she was formerly held by falconers. And with the exception of the heron, there is no English game that she will not fly at—hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridge, grouse, landrails, or water-hens. These in themselves are great recommendations of the goshawk; but the chiefest of all is this, that you can use the goshawk in an enclosed or wooded country, where you can use nothing else, and if properly trained, Captain Dugmore says, she can be brought to follow her master for miles through the woods. Her affection and intelligence far surpass those of the peregrine, and she will work with spaniels all through a long day with a spirit that never flags. "If I lived in an enclosed and wooded country," said Mr. Earle Freeman, in one of his notes in the *Field* years ago, "I should think one of these hawks almost a necessary of life," and that is the testimony of every falconer who has used them. The merlin is the lady's hawk, and although it is one of the smallest of the British Falconidæ, frequently not weighing more than the landrail, it possesses all the qualities of the true falcon, will take black-birds and thrushes, and even strike at a partridge if it comes in its way, and, unlike the goshawk, can be made to wait till its prey is started. It combines the courage of the falcon with the affection of the goshawk, is so easily trained that practically it needs no training at all, and after chasing a lark into the sky, as the peregrine chases the heron, will return to the hand without the slightest trouble. The only drawback I know with the merlin is that it is practically useless after October; but it has many things in its favour, and especially this, that instead of standing in need of a long and tedious training, like most of the falcons, it will, if well treated, do a great deal more to train the inexperienced falconer than all the handbooks of falconry that have yet been written.

CHARLES PEBODY.

ENGLISH OR BRITISH ?

FEW doubts perplex the reader of most of our modern histories. He is told that certain events happened, certain races conquered or were overcome, that such and such laws were enacted and were administered, such and such customs prevailed or disappeared, and so forth. But he is not very often told how much doubt exists in reality about many of the matters thus dealt with. Very seldom is any distinction drawn between what is well known, what is probable, what is surmised, and what is barely possible. The evidence of historians is often quoted or referred to in support of statements, though even this is not always thought necessary; while evidence of an opposite kind is left unnoticed. Possibly this is the only method by which the generality of men can be persuaded to study history at all. But unquestionably it is not a philosophically sound plan. Nor indeed is it quite safe to assume that the more accurate method would deter readers. The historian, if he pleased, could present historic doubts as plainly and as attractively as historic certainties, or as historic untruths in the guise of certainties. He might borrow a lesson from the teachers of science. Formerly it was thought necessary in teaching science to the multitude to state as facts many things about which science was in reality doubtful. The older books of science are indeed laughably dogmatic. But now, not only has it been found safe to distinguish matters doubtful from matters certain, but it has been found that the general student of science takes as much interest in the discussion of scientific doubts and difficulties as in the statement of scientific facts or of mere guesses falsely presented as facts. And after all, in that word "falsely" lies the gist of the whole matter. We are not to inquire whether it is more agreeable to the general reader to read history as Macaulay, Green, and others present it, than to have the opportunity of weighing historic evidence, but to consider if it is truthful and right to present what is doubtful as if it were well-established truth. Lord Melbourne used to say (I have seen the saying attributed to Sydney Smith) that he wished he were as cocksure of anything as Tom Macaulay was cocksure of everything.

Possibly he did Macaulay justice in regarding him as really sure where he was so confident in tone. But to assume an air of cocksureness when really conscious of multiplied doubts and difficulties, is, to say the least, a mistake ; and history will never be studied in the spirit which alone or chiefly makes its study valuable, until the teachers of history are content, when really doubtful, to use occasionally such expressions as "the balance of evidence favours the opinion," "it seems probable," "it may be suggested as possible," instead of leaving the reader to infer that the records of long-past times are far more accurate and complete than those of the current era, respecting which, as we know, the best informed are often unable to agree.

The subject I am now to deal with illustrates well the confident manner of many modern historians, where the evidence is most incomplete, unsatisfactory, and even contradictory.

We used to be taught, and were never suffered to doubt, that when Vortigern invited Hengist and Horsa to help him against the Picts and Scots, the Britons had become a feeble cowardly race, insomuch that their Saxon allies, after accomplishing the work they were sent for, were soon able to dispossess their hosts, and drive them into Wales and Cornwall. Such a tale presented in an attractive form by Goldsmith, who wrote about history as charmingly and as carelessly as he wrote about natural history, was accepted as readily as were the amazing teachings about science in the school catechisms of pre-Broughamite times. But as science nowadays has become cautious and modest, and as even history in one aspect has become inquiring and critical, it might be expected that we should find the amazing statement of the older histories qualified considerably in modern treatises even of the so-called popular kind. At any rate, if the complete dispossession of the British inhabitants of this country had become a demonstrated historic fact, one might expect that the nature of the evidence would be indicated, and the stupendous difficulties involved in the matter so far discussed as to satisfy the thoughtful reader, without necessarily disgusting the general reader, who is supposed (quite mistakenly, in my opinion) to care only for the statement of facts, and to reject mere reasoning.

But what do we find in the popular histories of the day? The perfectly incredible story which has so long served as historic pabulum for the general reader, is presented with even more confidence and in an even more astounding form than by the popular historians of former generations. For instance, Green, in his really admirable "*History of the English People*," states the matter thus:—

"With the victory of Deorham the conquest of the bulk of Britain was complete. Eastward of a line which may be roughly drawn from the moorlands of Northumbria and Yorkshire through Derbyshire and the Forest of Arden to the Lower Severn, and thence by Mendip to the sea, the island had passed into English hands. Britain had in the main become England. And within this new England a Teutonic society was settled on the wreck of Rome. So far as the conquest had yet gone, it had been complete. Not a Briton remained as subject or slave on English ground. Sullenly, inch by inch, the beaten men drew back from the land which their conquerors had won, and eastward of the border line which the English sword had drawn all was now purely English." In his *Short History* he had spoken with similar confidence, and almost as sweepingly:—"The conquest of Britain," he says, "was, indeed, only partly wrought out after two centuries of bitter warfare. But . . . at its close, Britain had become England, a land, that is, not of Britons but of Englishmen. It is possible¹ that a few of the vanquished people may have lingered as slaves round the homesteads of their English conquerors. . . . But doubtful exceptions, such as these, leave the main facts untouched. When the steady progress of English conquest was stayed for a while by civil wars a century and a half after Aylesford, the Briton had disappeared from the greater part of the land which had been his own, and the tongue, the religion, the laws of his English conqueror reigned without a rival from Essex to the Severn, and from the British Channel to the Firth of Forth."

The recent account is in substance the same as Hume's: "Thus was established, after a violent contest of near a hundred and fifty years, the Heptarchy, or seven Saxon kingdoms, in Britain; and the whole southern part of the island" (Hume means all south of the Firth of Forth), "except Wales and Cornwall, had totally changed its inhabitants, language, customs, and political institutions. The Britons, under the Roman dominion, had made such advances towards arts and civil manners, that they had built twenty-eight considerable cities within their province, besides a great number of villages and country seats. But the fierce conquerors, by whom they were now subdued, threw everything back into ancient barbarity; and those few natives who were not either massacred or expelled their habitations, were reduced to the most abject slavery."

Before considering the nature of the evidence on which these sweeping statements are made, it will be well to point out the

¹ In the larger work this passage is somewhat altered, but in such sort that even less seems admitted as possible.

extreme antecedent improbability of the result thus presented both by recent and early historians as if it were a perfectly natural result of the conquest of the Britons by the Saxons.

History presents many examples of the conquest of a race and of a country by the fighting men of another race inhabiting another country. But no instance can be cited, save this of the conquest of Britain by Saxon warriors (if admitted), in which the conquest of a country was followed by the extermination or expulsion of its original inhabitants. The more barbarous the invading race, the less fully, doubtless, would they perceive the advantage of making their onslaughts only upon the fighting men of the hostile race, and upon these only when banded into armies. So that we could not expect that the barbarous Saxons would pursue the wise and prudent course followed by the Romans, who might thus, but for the abnormal development of imperial instincts, have maintained empire over a third of Europe for centuries after the time when Rome actually fell. The Saxons were barbarous and brutal, no doubt. They made few prisoners in their wars; they burned and devastated places where they had been stubbornly resisted; and, in fine, they neither went the wisest way to defeat their enemies nor took the best advantage of their hardly-won victories. But we know nothing of them which would render it antecedently probable that with all their barbarism they were so brutally stupid as the historians I have cited, and many others, most confidently assume. Of course, if the weight of evidence should indicate that the Saxons really behaved so unwisely and so brutally as we are told they did, we must not reject the inference merely because it appears utterly amazing. Nor must we allow the unpleasant nature of the doctrine to dispose us against it. For, most unquestionably, Mr. Green's doctrine must be exceedingly distasteful to every Englishman who rightly apprehends its meaning. It not only presents the Anglo-Saxons (including in the name Angles, Saxons, and Jutes) as almost our only ancestors—since Danes and Normans would count for little—but it presents these ancestors of ours in a most uninviting, not to say an utterly disgusting, aspect. But, as I have said, we must not for such reasons reject the just inference from evidence. Yet we may fairly claim to look very closely into the evidence, and to insist that it shall be altogether satisfactory before we accept a conclusion at once so unlikely and so unpleasant.

Although Mr. Green is not at the pains to describe the nature and discuss the value of the evidence, he does seem to recognise the unusual character of the results which he accepts so complacently.

After showing how very different was the fate of Britain and that of the rest of the Roman world, he says that what really caused the difference was the stubborn courage of the Britons themselves. "Instead of quartering themselves quietly, like their fellows abroad, on subjects who were glad to buy peace by obedience and tribute, the English had to make every inch of Britain their own by hard fighting." This resistance, too, was backed by serious natural obstacles. In the forest belts which stretched over vast spaces of country, the English found barriers, "which in all cases checked their advance, and in some cases finally stopped it." "Field by field, town by town, forest by forest," he proceeds, "the land was won. And as each bit of ground was torn away by the stranger, the Briton sullenly withdrew from it only to turn doggedly and fight for the next." Green says nothing about their old men, their women, and their children. Where all else seems to have passed under his own eye, so confidently does he describe what happened, the manner in which the non-fighting part of the British people withdrew across the entire breadth of England during the century and a half of fighting, is not described. He does not seem to consider that they were all slaughtered. "For the most part the Britons were not slaughtered; they were defeated and drew back," taking therefore, we may assume, the weaker sort with them. But those who consider what the England of those days must have been, will find it very difficult to understand how such a retreat of the British people could have been made before the victorious Saxons.

Gibbon gave due weight to the consideration dwelt on by Mr. Green. "Resistance," says the earlier historian, "if it cannot avert, must increase the miseries of conquest; and conquest has never appeared more destructive than in the hands of the Saxons, who hated the valour of their enemies, disdained the faith of treaties, and violated without remorse the most sacred objects of the Christian worship." And he proceeds to describe, in his own masterly manner, the terribly destructive nature of the Saxon inroad. But he by no means adopts the inference involved in the ordinarily accepted account. On the contrary, he says, "Neither reason nor facts can justify the unnatural supposition that the Saxons of Britain remained alone in the desert which they had subdued. After the sanguinary barbarians" (our only ancestors, if Mr. Green is right) "had secured their dominion, and gratified their revenge, it was their interest to preserve the peasants as well as the cattle of the unresisting country."

But now let us consider what evidence we have respecting the

supposed extermination or expulsion of the former British inhabitants of this country. It may be that on inquiry the evidence will be found overwhelmingly strong. It should be, before reasonable men can accept it. Perhaps it is.

It appears, on tracing back the story to its source, that the sole British evidence in favour of the extirpation of the British people is that of the monk Gildas. The English conquerors "left jottings," as Green says, "of their conquest of Kent, Sussex, and Wessex" in the annals which open the "*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*," "annals undoubtedly historic, though with a slight mythical intermixture." Of the conquest of middle England we have no written account at all; and of the conquest of Northumbria no other account than the fragment bearing the name of Nennius.

Gildas, then, on whom so much depends, must, it should seem, be an historian of the most trustworthy sort, well acquainted with all that had taken place, either from direct observation or from communication with persons who had taken actual and leading parts in the events he describes. Mr. Green does not say much on these points. "The only extant British account," he says, "is the 'Epistola' of Gildas, a work written about A.D. 560. The style of Gildas is diffuse and inflated, but his book is of great value in the light it throws on the state of the island at that time, and as giving at its close what is probably the native" (that is, British) "story of the conquest of Kent."

It might possibly have impaired the feeling of confidence which some historians seem to think essential to the comfort of their readers, if Mr. Green had mentioned that we know nothing certainly about Gildas. It is not certain that he was a Briton, not certain that he lived in the sixth century, not certain even that an historian named Gildas ever existed. That the treatise "*De Excidio*" is ancient is certain, because Bede refers to it; but what its actual age was we do not know. (Bede completed his "*Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*" in 731.) The treatise itself is not held to be of great value by those best qualified to judge. It is a mere string of diatribes against the British priesthood, so bitter and so angrily worded, as to give some countenance to the theory urged by Mr. Thomas Wright, that the work is a fabrication by an Anglo-Saxon priest in the seventh century, and intended to serve as a weapon against the British priests who at that time refused to admit like the Saxons the supremacy of the See of Rome. Gibbon characterises the author of the treatise as "a monk who, in his profound ignorance of human life, presumed to exercise the office of historian." Hume seems to have had such

ritings in his thoughts when he said, "the monks, who were the only annalists during these ages, lived remote from public affairs; considered the civil transactions as entirely subordinate to the ecclesiastical; and, besides partaking of the ignorance and barbarity which were then universal, were strongly infected with credulity, with the love of wonder, and with a propensity to imposture." Buckle speaks more generally—saying that the priests "have obscured the annals of every European people they converted, and have destroyed or corrupted the traditions of the Gauls, of the Welsh, of the Irish, of the Anglo-Saxons, of the Sclavonic nations, of the Finns, and even of the Icelanders." If the opinion of Hume, Gibbon, and Buckle be regarded as likely to be unfair towards the monks, let it be noted that the Catholic historian Lingard, though he does not express a definitely unfavourable opinion respecting Gildas, rejects very definitely the opinion to which the treatise "De Excidio" has led less cautious historians. "The work of devastation," he says, "was checked by the views of personal interest. The habitations of the Britons were wanted for the use of the conquerors; and the labours of the captives were found necessary for the cultivation of the soil. Hence it was that, as the Saxons extended their conquests, the buildings were suffered to stand, and the lives of the Britons who fell into their hands were spared, unless the thirst of vengeance had been excited by the obstinacy of their resistance. The captives were divided, together with the land, among the conquerors; they" (the captives) "became the property, the chattels, of their lord, subject to his caprice and transferable at his will. The same fate attended their descendants for many generations." Yet, if Gildas's record were trustworthy, we should have to believe with Hume, Green, and historians of what may be called the Goldsmith school, that so far as the English went had reached in the seventh century, Britain had become England, and not of Britons but of Englishmen, that the English conquest was as "a sheer dispossession and slaughter," an absolute extirpation of the Britons.

But let us consider a little the internal evidence of Gildas's narrative, and inquire whether his account reads like that of a credible witness. That is, let us consider his work apart from the inherent improbability of what he describes, and of the geographical impossibility (as will hereafter be shown) from present knowledge of the

Consider first his picture of Britain as a Roman province, from the time of its conquest, up to about the middle of the fifth century—that is, be it remembered, a full century at least before the time when the "De Excidio Britanniarum" was written. "The Romans," he

says, "having slain many [Britons] and retained others as slaves, that the land might not be entirely reduced to desolation, left the island, destitute as it was of wine and oil, and returned to Italy, leaving behind them taskmasters to scourge the shoulders of the natives, to reduce their necks to the yoke, to chastise the crafty race, not with warlike weapons, but with rods." Passing over the fact, for such it is, that this description is entirely inconsistent with the accounts of Roman writers, let us consider whether it is consistent with the only reasonable explanation of the supposed extirpation of the Britons. It appears, if we can believe this account, that before the Britons had experienced the full effect of the harsh discipline to which the Romans subjected them, they were content to yield when they found resistance of no avail. The crafty race became slaves, they yielded to the scourgings of their taskmasters, they submitted their necks to the yoke. Yet we are told by those who accept the incredible account of their extirpation, that it was the indomitable courage of the race, their stubborn resistance to far more savage and cruel conquerors, that compelled the Saxons to exterminate or extirpate them. The two descriptions are utterly inconsistent with each other. If the Britons were the abject people described by Gildas in one part of his treatise, they never would have maintained the stubborn sullen contest which can alone explain their extirpation. In reality, neither one account nor the other is correct. The Britons fought bravely against the Romans, and had they fought unitedly they would have defeated them. When conquered they submitted, much as the Saxons in after years submitted to the Normans. During the interval which elapsed before the Romans left Britain, the Britons lost in some degree the martial ardour for which they had before been conspicuous. But though they unwisely sought assistance against the Picts and Scots, they had by no means become altogether degenerate. Their contests with the Saxons, after these had shown their purpose, were marked by great courage and endurance, and occasionally showed (so far as can be judged by results) no contemptible conduct and warlike skill. That, in the prolonged contest which followed, the Britons should have shown greater stubbornness than in their contests with Rome seems unlikely, but is not wholly incredible. We may believe—it is at least possible—that the war-bands of the Britons preferred death to submission, and that those who could, retreated gradually before the advancing Saxons to join their fellow-Britons in the west. But that the people who had yielded to the Romans acquired during four centuries of submission the stubborn courage and patience

necessary for the deportation of the entire people from the country of their habitation to parts of Britain already inhabited by other British tribes, is utterly incredible. Much more incredible—in fact, altogether preposterous, when duly weighed—is the theory that such a contemptible race as Gildas describes could have effected so difficult an operation.

Note how utterly we should have to change our estimate of the ancient Britons if we regarded Gildas as a trustworthy narrator. Every one knows how bravely the Britons fought under Boadicea. History may have exaggerated her attributes in some degree; but it cannot have altogether erred, seeing that even her foes acknowledged the noble heroism, the stubborn courage, of the British Queen and her people. Scarce an eye but has been moistened at the thought of her wrongs and of her fate, not a heart but has warmed at her appeal to the Britons, when

Far in the east, Boadicea, standing loftily charioted,
Mad and maddening all that heard her, in her fierce volubility,
Girt by half the tribes of Britain near the colony Camulodune,¹
Brandishing in her hand a dart, and rolling glances, lioness-like,
Yelled and shrieked between her daughters o'er a wild confederacy,
Till her people all around the royal chariot, agitated,
Madly dashed their darts together, writhing barbarous lineaments,
Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,
Roared as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,
Yelled as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promontory.

We know how at first the gallant efforts of the Britons were successful, and for a while the Roman colony

felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously,
Then her pulses at the clamouring of her enemy fainted away,
Bled the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies.

The Britons were eventually vanquished, but even in their defeat they showed the warlike courage of their race. Eighty thousand of them, Tacitus says, were slain upon the field in the great battle which decided their fate. Yet they would again have tried the fortune of war, but that Boadicea, refusing to survive defeat, terminated her life by poison.

Now hear how Gildas speaks of this gallant people. They "made their backs shields against their vanquishers," he says, "presented their necks to the sword, and stretched out their hands to be bound like women, so that it became a proverb far and wide that the Britons are neither brave in war nor faithful in time of peace." As Dr. Nicholas (whose translation of Gildas I have followed here) most justly says, "a representation more mendacious was never put on record."

¹ Calchester.

Let us hear again how Gildas speaks of the conduct of the Britons in the face of other than Roman foes. After describing how the Romans sent forward, "like eagles in their flight, their unexpected bands of cavalry by land and mariners by sea, and, planting their terrible swords on the shoulders of their enemies, mowed them down like leaves falling at the destined period," &c., he says of the Britons, "there was placed on the heights a garrison equally slow to fight and ill adapted to run away, a useless and panic-stricken company, who slumbered away days and nights on their unprofitable watch." Of all possible descriptions, it seems that none other could accord so ill with the Britons of Green's romantic narrative as Gildas's. Of all races of men, none could have been less fitted to accomplish what Green says the British people did accomplish, than a race "equally slow to fight and ill adapted to run away, a useless and panic-stricken company."

If Gildas was indeed a Briton, it is certain that he was an utterly base and contemptible Briton, thus to malign his own people. If he was not a Briton, he was doubly false.

I may pause here to call attention to a very interesting suggestion which has recently been made by Latham and Nicholas respecting a well-known passage in Gildas, on which perhaps more than on any other the modern estimate of the condition of the Britons in the middle of the fifth century has been based. Gildas says that the Britons, "now a wretched remnant" (which is absurd, since he is speaking of the year 447, before the long series of contests which began with the onslaught by the Saxons under Hengist), "pressed by the Picts and Scots, sent a letter to Aëtius, the Roman general in Gaul,¹ thus worded:—'To Aëtius, now Consul for the third time. The groans of the Britons. The barbarians drive us to the sea; the sea throws us back on to the barbarians: thus two modes of death await us,—we are either slain or drowned.'" This had always appeared to me a very strange story. Nothing in the circumstances of the invasion by the Picts and Scots corresponds to the picture of helplessness presented in this letter. Nor, if the Picts and Scots had really been driving the Britons into the sea, would it have been a reasonable proceeding on the part of the Britons to appeal to Aëtius for help, in the year 447, when he was, as they knew well, too closely engaged in contest with the enemies of Rome in Gaul to send assistance to so remote a district as theirs? It might be added that, as

¹ Dr. Nicholas strangely speaks of Aëtius as "a powerful Roman citizen," as if that were all which was known about a man of whom Gibbon said that his defeat of Attila had immortalized his fame!

Dr. Nicholas justly points out, the very form of the letter, "so rhetorical, sententious, and antithetic," casts doubt upon its authenticity, and that no people in urgent danger could write in language so affected. No doubt the actual wording of the request is as imaginary as the wording of the speeches in Thucydides. But although one might be led utterly to reject the story on this account, combined with the objections before mentioned, yet it would on the whole be more natural to suppose that Gildas simply amplified after his wont a message which had really been sent to Aëtius—if only the story could be reconciled with probabilities.

This was the position of the question, when Zeuss, in his learned treatise, "Die Deutschen und die Nachbarstämme," called attention (but apparently without any thought about the narrative of Gildas) to a noteworthy passage in Constantius's Life of Germanus. "Presbyter Constantius," says Zeuss, "relates that as Bishop Germanus was returning home from Britain, where, at the time the Saxons had made a descent, his intercession was besought by envoys from the Armoricans, against whom, on account of their defection, Aëtius had let loose the king of the Alani, that he might chastise them." Latham reading this passage in Zeuss, communicated his impressions respecting it to Dr. Nicholas, who ably discusses the bearing of the statement of Constantius upon the narrative given by Gildas.

In the first place, let it be noted that Constantius (488) was a contemporary of St. Germanus, so that if the two stories really relate to one and the same event, that of Constantius is much worthier of credence than the other, written a century later, and by a writer of altogether doubtful authenticity. Now, the question whether the two stories do really relate to the same event, although it cannot be answered with absolute certainty, is one about which, in my opinion, very little doubt can be entertained. Let it be remembered, first, that the Armorici, though they may not have been called Britons or Bretons in the time of Constantius, were certainly so called (generally Britons) when the story of Gildas was written. So that, since by his own account Gildas relied upon a report which reached him (in England) from across the sea (*transmarinâ relatione*), it is certain that the event related by Constantius of the Armoricans would be related to Gildas of the Britons. It would be as natural that, in an account by one dwelling on the Continent, the word should be used as sufficient to identify the Britons of Gaul, as that Gildas should consider that it related to the Britons of England. An appeal then was certainly made by the Gallic Britons to Aëtius when Germanus returned to Gaul, which was in the year 447—the very year when Aëtius was

as a very natural though wordy appeal from the Britons of England made the appeal. The Britons doubtless made an appeal almost as ascribed by Gildas. All we have to determine, is likely that in the same year, and at about the same time, the Britons made a similar appeal to this same being worded in terms which did not correspond to their own condition, and addressed to one from the slightest reason to expect assistance, seeing that the last remaining Roman forces thirty-eight years ago were utterly improbable that such a coincidence should even had the circumstances of the supposed British evidence we have is exceedingly weak.

A similar remark may be made respecting Gildas's account. His account is the only evidence we have for the extirpation of the Britons from the greater part of England. His evidence is every possible way in which an historian's evidence. Yet what he relates is so improbable in itself that established by the combined evidence of several

The Saxons came over to England in the long open boats, called "chiules," or "cheols." The crews of three such ships (if so we can call them), cruising in the Channel under Hengist, were invited by Vortigern to assist him against the Picts and Scots. A few other chiules brought reinforcements to Hengist. Ælla and his three sons came over with a few more chiules. The squadron of Cerdic, the most powerful of all the first arrivals, consisted of five chiules. Ida came over in command of forty chiules. Probably, during the first century and a half of these Saxon invasions, as many as 500 such ships may have crossed the seas, each making several journeys; and possibly—but we have no trustworthy account of any such journeys—as many more may have been employed to bring over the wives and children of the Saxon warriors. How many ships were lost in such voyages it would be difficult to guess; but we must remember that the North Sea and the British Channel were as stormy then as now, and that journeys in the chiules of the fifth and sixth centuries lasted longer and were somewhat more dangerous than the modern steamboat journeys across these seas. To the dangers of the sea, which must have been great, were added those which belonged to the piratical character of these expeditions. Small were the mercies the Saxon pirates might expect if their enemies had a chance of attacking them at advantage.

How many each chiule may have carried is uncertain. One of the old war-boats has been found in a Sleswick peat-bog. It measures seventy feet in length and eight or nine in width. Its sides are planks of oak, fastened together with iron bolts and ropes of tusk. The arms, knives, axes, and lances of the warriors were found heaped together in the hold. Probably the warriors were no other than the oarsmen, though in later times, as we may see from the illustrated MSS. of the 12th and 13th centuries, the warriors occupied the middle of the boat, and the oarsmen belonged to an entirely inferior order. In the Sleswick chiule there are places for fifty oars, and fifty men with their arms and accoutrements would form a sufficiently heavy load for such a vessel; and we know that they would not too heavily load the ships, seeing that their strength, as well as their safety, depended as much on swiftness as on numbers.

It would be useless to attempt to obtain any exact idea of the number of such ships, or of the persons brought over in them from the mainland to the shores of Great Britain. We may, however, be almost certain that the total number of persons so brought over did not exceed, probably it did not approach, half a million. A wild story is, indeed, narrated by Geoffroy of Monmouth, to the

effect that 300,000 Saxons obeyed the summons of Hengist alone. But though Polydore Vergil, early in the 16th century, was considered almost insane for questioning the value of Geoffroy's "British History," and Aaron Thompson, in 1718, strove lustily to re-establish the waning credit of Geoffroy's work, no scholar of the least pretension to acumen regards it in our own day as of the slightest historical value. Bede, again, asserts that the solitude of the native country of the Angles attested in his day the entire emigration of their race: yet we hear at a later period of the existence of Angli and Warini in Germany. Moreover, it may be questioned whether the entire Anglian people in the fifth and sixth centuries numbered so many as half a million. Probably four-fifths of those who came over were fighting men, and the records of the battles between the Saxons and the Britons do not suggest the opinion that so many as 400,000, or even half that number of Saxon warriors, took part in the subjection of England at any one time.

On the other hand, there can be no question that the Britons formed a numerous population. They certainly far outnumbered at the outset all the Saxons who crossed the seas to England. The success of the Saxons was not due to numbers, but to their superior conduct and discipline, their more concerted action, their greater fierceness in battle. That the Britons lost more men than the Saxons, and that they lost still more in mere numbers, because so many of the non-fighting population were slain, may be admitted, while yet it remains probable that relatively the loss of the Britons was seldom equal to that of the Saxons, and generally far inferior. If in a contest between 10,000 Saxons and 20,000 Britons, 1,000 Saxons were slain, and even so many as 10,000 British fighting men, and 40,000 or 50,000 old men, women, and children, after the fighting men had been beaten off, it would still not follow that the relative loss of the Britons (regarding the people as a whole) was greater than, or even equal to, that of the Saxons. For the British loss was a loss among a people to be counted by hundreds of thousands; the Saxon loss affected the entire Saxon forces at the time of the combat, numbering perhaps 40,000 or 50,000 at the utmost.

Granting the utmost amount of slaughter by the Saxons, the most energetic (we may as well say at once, the maddest) attempts on their part to drive out the surviving Britons of all ages and classes, we must yet believe (apart from definite evidence in favour of the belief) that the subject Britons largely outnumbered their Saxon masters even in those parts of England where the Saxons were most numerous and the Britons fewest.

When we examine such evidence as we have, we find this view strongly confirmed.

In the first place, it is stated in the seventh Triad that the Saxons compelled the Lloegrians to enter into confederacy with them, so that this tribe, originally one of the three honourable tribes of Britain, "became Saxons." The Brythons, also, seem to have joined the Saxons. Whatever historical value be assigned to the Triads, we can scarcely think that a statement such as that about the Lloegrians would have been made by Welsh historians, if no British tribe had joined in their lot with the Saxons.

Next we note that even so late as 500 years after the time of Hengist, communities of Cymry remained in Wessex. From the will of King Alfred it appears that in the reign of Egbert, the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, and Devon were regarded as parts of the *Weal-Cynne*, the dominion of the *Wealas*, or "foreigners" (as the Saxons coolly denominated the ancient people of the country).

Again, as Dr. Nicholas well points out, the great battles fought at Bedford, Banbury, Petherton, Bath, &c., at epochs varying from a hundred to two hundred years after the landing of Hengist, attest the fact, that the Britons formed a numerous and active race outside of Wales and Cornwall. For these battles did not follow mere incursions of marauding bands from Wales or Cornwall: they were movements excited by the exactions of the Saxons.

Of the extent to which the Britons remained as subjects of the Saxons, we have evidence far more satisfactory than any which has been advanced for the opposite and inherently most improbable theory that they either resisted to the death or fled to Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. I quote only a few illustrations, the salient points of the evidence, so to speak; but these will, I believe, be found sufficient, when the antecedent probability of the conclusion is taken into account, to establish the theory that a very numerous population of Britons remained in England after the Saxon conquest was completed.

In the "Saxon Chronicle" it is recorded that, in the year 571, Cutbulf fought against the *Bretwealas* (or British foreigners) at Bedcanford (Bedford), taking four towns, Lygeanbirg (Lenburg), Aegles-birg (Aylesbury), Baenesington (Benson), and Egonesham (Eynsham). Then in 577, Cuthwine and Ceawlin fought against the *Brettas* (Britons), slew three kings, and took three cities, Gloucester, Cirencester, and Bath. Again, in 584, Ceawlin took "many towns and spoils innumerable." Now, as Dr. Nicholas points out, these were but a few of the many towns which the Britons held: "others they

continued in undisturbed possession of, even for hundreds of years after the last of the above dates ; but these they lost, with many others, only obscurely hinted at in history, when the seventh kingdom of the Saxons, Mercia, was established." Now, if we were told by the Saxon chroniclers, that when these cities were taken every Briton, man, woman, and child, was slain, not one slave being made, we should marvel utterly at the folly of the Saxons in thus robbing their conquests of their chief value. And we should wonder yet more, if we read that they drove out the survivors to take refuge in Wales or Cornwall. But we might in that case find the evidence so strong as to overcome the inherent improbability of the story, and compel us to believe what otherwise we should have deemed incredible. We find nothing of the sort, however ; no such horrors, outraging at once all humanity and all probability, are disclosed to us. We find that the Saxons conquered the Britons with a great slaughter, and took possession of their towns with spoils innumerable : but there is nothing to suggest that the conquerors so blindly marred their own fortunes, as Dr. Nicholas well says, "as to clear the fields of their cultivators, the towns of their merchants, the workshops of their mechanics, &c., possessing themselves merely of the empty shells of walled towns, and of desolated acres, which could neither pay tribute nor provision an army."

We begin to understand, then, why the Saxons became so powerful only a century later. "Some writers have asserted," says Burke, "that except those that took refuge in the mountains of Wales, and in Cornwall, or fled into Armorica, the British race was in a manner destroyed. What is extraordinary, we find England in a very tolerable state of population in less than two centuries after the first invasion of the Saxons. It is hard to imagine either the transplantation, or the increase, of that single people, to have been in so short a time sufficient for the settlement of so great an extent of country." All difficulty is removed on this side, while at the same time the stupendous difficulty resulting from the inherent improbability of the accepted story is also removed, when we find from direct evidence that the British race was in no sense destroyed by its Saxon conquerors.

Observe again, how Bede, speaking of the most redoubtable of all the enemies of the Britons, describes the fate of the conquered. "At this time (A.D. 603), Ethelfrid, a most worthy king, and ambitious of glory, governed the kingdom of the Northumbrians, and ravaged the Britons more than all the great men of the English." (This, be it noticed, is a quarter of a century after the victory of Deorham, 577,

which, according to Mr. Green, made the conquest of the English part of Britain complete), insomuch that he might be compared to Saul once king of the Israelites, excepting only in this, that he was ignorant of the true religion; for he conquered more territories from the Britons, either making them tributary, or driving the inhabitants clean out and planting English in their places, than any other king or tribune." As even this 'most worthy king,' the most savage ravager of all the Saxon chiefs, only drove clean out those whom he could not make tributary,—and doubtless the brutal manner of his conquest made it harder for the Britons to yield to him than to the rest—we may well believe that other Saxon chiefs made the Britons tributary in even greater degree.

A few years later, the Britons, we learn from Ethelwerd's Chronicle, were fighting against the Saxons in the heart of Oxfordshire. "Afterwards Cynegils received the kingdom of the West Angles, and in conjunction with Cuichelin, he fought against the Britons at a place called Beaudune, and slew more than 2,040 of them." This battle took place 165 years after the settlement of Hengist in Kent, and 28 years after the victory of Deorham.

A little later we find a king of British name on the throne of Wessex. "All know," says Dr. Nicholas, "how in the north the great Welsh prince Cadwalla, or Cadwallader, in 634, defeated Edwin of Northumbria at Hadfield. In 685 a king of the same British name rules in Wessex. He was probably a person of mixed extraction, but his name suggests a British relationship," to say the least.

In passing I may remark that Mr. Kemble, in his fine work, the "History of the Anglo-Saxons," expresses the opinion that the title *Bretwalda* cannot be interpreted Ruler of the Britons, *Bret-wealda*, a derivation which he rejects as fanciful. His etymology, which Dr. Nicholas regards as more rational, is *bryten* wide, and *wealda* a ruler; a great, far-reaching king or governor. Why this etymology should be regarded as more rational than the other is not clear. It would be very difficult to cite instances in which a ruler chose for his title a name implying the mere vague idea of extended rule. On the other hand, it would be altogether natural that the Saxons, proud of their conquest of the Britons and of their country, should select a title implying rule over Britain. The great distinction of the Saxon people in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, was their overthrow of the Britons. What, then, could be more natural than that each Saxon king who for a time acquired superiority over his fellow-kings should arrogate to himself, or have accorded to him, the title, Master of the Britons?

This, indeed, would not be an interpretation which could for a moment be admitted by those who consider that there were no Britons, or very few Britons, left in England. But for one who holds, as Dr. Nicholas does, and in my opinion justly, that far the greater part of the population of England was British, after the Saxon conquest was completed, the interpretation should seem altogether rational. Etymologically, it is far more satisfactory. We have seen that in the "Saxon Chronicle" the British aliens were called *Bret-wealas*; a ruler over Britons would, in like manner, be called *Bret-wealda*. Whether it is possible that a far-reaching ruler might be called *Bret-wealda* because the Saxon for "wide" is *bryten*, I cannot venture to say; but certainly it seems unlikely enough in itself, and altogether improbable when the indefinite nature of the resulting title is considered. The Saxons were a people of whom it might almost be said, that of all races they most loved the definite, and least appreciated the abstract.

To return, however, to direct evidence,

According to Bede, Wilfrid, the "Apostle of Sussex," received from his royal convert the gift of Selsey Bill, near Chichester, with the persons and property of its inhabitants, then numbering eighty-seven families. He released them from bondage, and baptised 250 slaves of both sexes. At about the same time, Egfrid, king of Northumbria, made a grant of Cartmel, "with the Britons thereupon, to the See of Lindisfarne." It is probable that in one case, as in the other, the serfs made over so piously and summarily were Britons. Gibbon takes the same view of the former transaction, though the more significant second account seems to have escaped his notice. He proceeds to compute thence roughly the probable number of Britons in England towards the close of the seventh century. "The kingdom of Sussex," he says, "which spread from the sea to the Thames, contained seven thousand families; twelve hundred were ascribed to the Isle of Wight; and if we multiply this vague computation, it may seem probable that England was cultivated by a million of servants or *villeins*, who were attached to the estates of their arbitrary landlords. The indigent barbarians were often tempted to sell their children or themselves into perpetual and even foreign bondage." (It may, however, be questioned whether the so-called Saxon children publicly sold in the market-place of Rome were not mostly half-breeds, the children of British women.) "Yet," proceeds Gibbon, "the special exemptions which were granted to national" (i.e. Saxon) "slaves sufficiently declare that they were much less numerous than *the strangers and captives* who had lost their liberty or changed their

masters by the accidents of war. When time and religion had mitigated the fierce spirit of the Anglo-Saxons, the laws encouraged the frequent practice of manumission ; and their subjects of Welsh or Cambrian extraction assume the respectable station of inferior freemen, possessed of lands, and entitled to the rights of civil society." It will be observed that there is no suggestion here of the complete depopulation quietly accepted by some historians.

Hallam, in his "History of the Middle Ages," although he does not adopt quite so definitely as Gibbon the opinion that there must have been a large British population, yet is very far from accepting unquestioningly the usual belief. "Beneath the ceorls in political estimation," he says, "were the conquered natives, or Britons. In a war so long and so obstinately maintained as that of the Britons against their invaders, it is natural to conclude that in a great part of the country the original inhabitants were almost extirpated, and that the remainder were reduced into servitude. This till lately has been the concurrent opinion of our antiquaries ; and, with some qualification, I do not see why it should not still be received." He proceeds to state the evidence based on language. Our own language, he points out, is, and has been from the earliest times after the Saxon conquest, essentially Teutonic, and of the most obvious affinity to those Low-German dialects which are spoken along the coast from Flanders to Holstein. "With such as are extravagant enough to controvert so evident a truth, it is idle to contend ; and those who believe great part of our language to be borrowed from the Welsh may doubtless infer that great part of our population is derived from the same source." Yet he shows that some Britons remained who were in a state of freedom, since a law provided that a Briton who held five hydes of land should be raised, like a ceorl, to the dignity of thane ; though even these free Britons were valued at less, in assigning the composition for their lives, than the meanest Saxon freemen. Of the slaves, whose large numbers he recognises, Hallam says that they may be presumed, at least in early times, to be Britons. "For though his own crimes, or the tyranny of others, might possibly reduce a Saxon ceorl to this condition, it is inconceivable that the lowest of those who won England with their swords should in the establishment of new kingdoms have been left destitute of personal liberty." It should be added, as a point of great importance, that as the children of a female serf to a free father, or even to an unknown father, were by Saxon law free—not, as elsewhere, slaves—there must have been a tendency to rapid diminution in the number of slaves, relatively at least to the *number of freemen*.

With regard to the evidence derived from language, it appears to me that, while unmistakably the language has been Teutonic in form and substance from the time of the Saxon conquest, we could not thence infer that the great bulk of the population was Saxon, at the time when Green says all were Saxon. When a nation has been dispossessed by a conquering race, but large numbers of the conquered remain either in servitude or in subjection, there are for a while two languages. Convenience so manifestly dictates the desirability of a single language, that usually one or other of the two disappears in the course of a few generations, or even in the course of a single generation. The question which language will disappear, depends in part on the quality of the two languages, in part on the completeness of the conquest and the character of the conquering people. We can very well understand that the Teutonic languages would yield to the Latin of the Roman Empire : first, because of the superior qualities of this tongue and its association with literature ; and, secondly, because the Teutonic languages were many and diverse, the Latin (in those early days) one and wide-spread. But in Great Britain, where Latin had not dispossessed the British language, the Saxon language could hardly fail to become the dominant tongue, the Britons who remained in England being utterly vanquished. There was little either in the quality of the British language or in the position of the British people (in England itself) to give the British tongue a chance of becoming the language of ordinary intercourse. Many British words might remain in use, especially words relating to such occupations as the British serfs would be engaged in, or to the articles which they chiefly used. But they would have to pick up and adopt as quickly as possible the language of their masters. It would be as reasonable to assert that there is no Negro blood in the present population of America, because no words of the African language are used in America, as to infer that the Britons were wholly exterminated because English has been the language of the country since the time of the Saxon conquest.

Thus the prevalence of the English tongue, even so early as the sixth century, proves in reality nothing respecting the relative population of Saxons and Britons in this English-speaking community. But for certain accidental relations which compelled the Angevin kings of this country to place their chief reliance on English armies, and to adopt a tone to Englishmen very different from that of the Norman conquerors, our language would probably have been far *more* French than English by this time, incomplete though the *Norman conquest* of the Saxons and Danes was, compared with the

Saxon conquest of the Britons. I am well aware that our language never became very largely Normandised even in words, and that its structure underwent scarce any appreciable change.¹ But the opportunities for effecting a change were few and lasted but a short time. Even the Norman kings were compelled to direct their attention largely to France; and though in their time the English-speaking population was held in contempt, it was unsafe to attempt to dispossess the English language. From the time of John matters changed so completely that, in the course of three generations, even the Norman nobles were proud to be called Englishmen. Yet even under these altered conditions, some in England feared, so late as the fourteenth century, that French would dispossess English in this country; and, indeed, some thought that the English language had already been greatly impaired. An Englishman, in 1385, wrote as follows on this point:—

“By comyxtion and mellynge first with Danes & afterwards with Normans, in meny the contry longage is apayred” (*corrupted*).

“This apayrynge of the burth of the tunge is bycause of tweie things: oon is for children in scole agenst the usuage and maner of all other nations, beeth compelled for to leve hire own longage, and for to construe hir lessons and here thynges in French, and so they haveth sethe Normans come first into Engelond. Also gentlemen children beeth taught to speke Frensche from the tyme that they beeth roked in here cradel, and konneth speke & play with a childe’s broche; and uplondissche men will lykne hymself to gentilmen, and fondeth with great besynesse for to speak Frensche to be told of.”

But, in truth, the best evidence respecting the relative numbers of Britons and Saxons is not that derived from the imperfect and often untrustworthy records of the Saxon conquest, nor that from philological considerations. In these days, departments of science which were once scarcely thought to be connected in any way with history, throw important light on many historical questions of great interest and difficulty. We have learned to recognise in the complexion, figure, brain-conformation, and moral characteristics of a race the qualities of their progenitors. We do not admit now the possibility that in so short a space of time as forty centuries, for instance, a fair-haired people should become dark-haired; that a blue-eyed race should become dark-eyed; or that a race like the Saxons who followed Hengist, Ælla, and Cerdic, whether we consider their

¹ Yet we owe some characteristic peculiarities of our tongue to the French, as, for instance, the loss of several forms of inflection which still remain in the Continental branches of the Teutonic language.

physical or their moral characteristics, should become such a race as we now recognise in this country. When we consider this form of evidence, we are compelled to reject utterly the belief that we are descended from a race either purely English (including Saxons, Angles, Jutes, and Danes), or in the main English. As Professor Huxley has said, though the Teutonic dialects have overpowered the pre-existing forms of speech, "the people are vastly less Teutonic than their language." To call the present inhabitants of Britain Anglo-Saxon is as absurd, he adds, "as the habit of talking of the French people as a Latin race, because they speak a language which is in the main derived from Latin." The psychological evidence points the same way as the ethnological. Many of the most important characteristics of Englishmen are derived from Celtic ancestors. Some qualities of which Englishmen are proud, and others which they view, or ought to view, with less complacency, are derived from the ancient Britons; while correspondingly good or bad qualities of the race are derived from Saxon, Danish, or Norman forefathers. There is probably not a single Englishman, whose family has been long in the country, who has not an admixture at least of British blood with Saxon; while most of us have all four elements in our blood, British, Saxon, Danish, and Norman. (Of course there are many who, though called Englishmen, are of almost entirely foreign blood, and some who have no English blood whatever in their veins and show no trace of the English character in their habits of thought.)

But this part of my subject is too wide to be dealt with in the brief space now remaining available. It is well worth separate consideration. Not only is it full of interest, but it has an exceedingly important practical bearing. A nation can make no greater mistake than to misapprehend its own proclivities and capacities. We know what are the special aptitudes of Celtic races, and what are those of Teutonic races. Regarding ourselves, erroneously, as deriving our blood from one or other source, or incorrectly estimating the degree in which one or other strain affects the blood of the nation, or, yet again, omitting to consider from what special orders of Celtic and of Saxon, Danish, and Norman ancestors our blood has been derived, we should misapprehend our degree of fitness for various forms of national enterprise. It may truly be said that we have, as a nation, repeatedly erred in this respect. In this way, then, as well as in others which I shall consider hereafter, the study of our parentage as a race, from historical, archæological, philological, and physical evidence, possesses great practical value.

WHYTE-MELVILLE.

In Memoriam.

I SEE with pain and surprise that the English press says so little of dear George Whyte-Melville. It is characteristic of an age in which the commercial employer of talent is more spoken of than the original possessor of talent, that the obituary notices of the lessee of Covent Garden far exceeded in length and in importance the brief records of the loss of the truest gentleman that ever swung into saddle. There must be so many amidst his comrades who could write a meet farewell to one of whom we may truly say in Bryant's words—

"None knew thee but to love thee;
None named thee but to praise."

For George Whyte-Melville was all that is highest and sweetest, bravest and best, in that all-eloquent title, "an English gentleman." The public that only knew him by his books knew not one tittle of him. The living man was so much better than the best of all his charming stories! In writing he was always an amateur; writing half bored and half amused him; he never took it seriously enough to master it as an art. His delightful stories commence so brilliantly, but then get entangled and end tamely; and no one knew this better or laughed about it more than he did himself. "I get so tired of the people," he would say—meaning of his characters;—and it is easy to see by his pages that this was really the case. If he had chosen to give his time and train his thoughts to romance-writing as an art, there can be no question that the writer of *Good for Nothing* and of the *Gladiators* might have been a master of its philosophy and of its harmony instead of remaining, as he did, a brilliant and too careless amateur. But to all those who knew and loved him for himself the novelist is forgotten in the man. To see his slender form and his sad eyes in a room full of people was to know that the evening would be a sparkling and radiant one; ennui fled before his voice; the dull grew bright under his touch; and his wit, were it—could it have been—recorded, would rival the brightest and most incisive sarcasms and epigrams of Sheridan and Talleyrand.

At a dinner-table, and, better still, after dinner, with a cigar between his fingers, Whyte-Melville, with his gentle voice, pensive face, would make the hours fly with a matchless mirth and most charming and subtle irony of which the mere faint echo could be heard in even his brightest books. All those who have known him well must say the same, whilst only those who knew him well know how true a comrade, how wise a counsellor, how chivalrous and fearless a spirit, how stainless and intrepid an honour, would be found in the man of the world, so indulgent to others, so severe to himself. All who approached him in society could feel the charm of his delicate raillery and of his high-bred manners; but only those who knew the bitterness of his experience, and the shadows that lay across his path, could fully estimate his character and comprehend how this brilliant *persifleur* had been able to understand the full depths of sorrow and the pains and passions of humanity. There was a great sadness with him always, gay though he was at the dinner-table and in the hunting-field; and this sadness made him beautifully gentle to all in his judgment. It is pleasant to think that in a letter I received from him a week before his death, in answering some remarks of mine, he expresses his belief of himself as much better a man than the world had thought him, poor George Lawrence had used to be. A word of gentle remembrance and kind judgment of a dead friend!—this is my last memory of Whyte-Melville, and it is one that is a fit emblem of him. May our own hearts close as tenderly! There must be many men far fitter than I to write a memoir of the daring rider, the graceful wit, the gentleman, the accomplished man of the world. It is in the hope to incite some other friend to the work that I print these few words. The *beau idéal* of an English gentleman, George Melville has passed too soon from a world which cannot afford to lose such as he. "He is the very salt of the earth," said Lord Dorchester to me, a few weeks ago, as we talked of him, little dreaming that the cruel death was so near. That he should have died from a horse's blunder, —that he who wrote of the "sorrel" in *Holmby House* should have met his death in the saddle—how sad it seems! He would have given his life to save a horse any day, so well he loved his creatures and so perfectly he understood them. That a horse should have killed him seems something so cynically cruel—yet, in death, in the cold wintry morning, on the green pastures, in the fresh open air, is a death that became him, and one that he would have chosen. Peace be with his memory, and God send England many like him!

A GAMBLING SUPERSTITION.

THERE are few more mistaken, yet few more persistent superstitions, than the belief in systems by which, so to speak, chance may be cheated, and success made a certainty, in gambling. In an article which I wrote some years since for the *Cornhill Magazine*, on the subject of Gambling Superstitions, I described one system, which its inventor supposed to be a certain way to fortune. It so chanced that on its first trial it succeeded well; and he was so persuaded that this was only the beginning of a long series of successes, that he forthwith opened a new banking account, which he proposed to increase daily by the proceeds of his system. But he very soon found that the system was utterly untrustworthy; his daily banking operations consisted in drawing money to meet losses, not in paying fresh sums to his credit. For particulars I refer the reader to the article above mentioned, which has since been republished in my "Borderland of Science." Here I propose to describe another system, which has been far more generally adopted, and seems at first exceedingly plausible. But perhaps a few words on the other system, and a comparison between the two, will serve to strengthen the lesson which I wish now to convey—this, namely, that there is absolutely no method, and that there can be none, by which gambling may be made safe, except the one sure plan of swindling (with many modifications of method) by which proprietors of gambling houses were formerly allowed in this country, and are still allowed elsewhere, to bring thousands to ruin. The general lesson against gambling, not on account of its innate immorality, but on the lower ground of its folly, is quite as much needed here now, when gambling houses are forbidden, as in the old times when Crockford's doors were open to the fools of quality, and hundreds of less splendid, but not less mischievous "hells," for fools of the middle and lower classes.

The plan I before described was based on the belief that after a series of events of one kind, in games of pure chance, a series of the opposite kind, or at any rate a change, may be expected. The inventor of the system would wait until, in *rouge-et-noir*, for example, there had been a run of six or seven on one colour, and would then

begin to back the other colour. He supposed the chances were then more in his favour than if he had simply played on black or red at random. He took a very sound principle of probabilities as the supposed basis of his system, though in reality he entirely mistook the nature of the principle. That principle is, that where the chances for one or another of two results are equal for each trial, and many trials are made, the number of events of one kind will bear to those of the other kind a very nearly equal ratio : the greater the number of events, the more nearly will the ratio tend to equality. This is perfectly true ; and nothing could be safer than to wager on this principle. Let a man toss a coin for an hour, and I would wager confidently that neither will "heads" exceed "tails," nor "tails" exceed "heads" in a greater ratio than that of 21 to 20. Let him toss for a day, and I would wager as confidently that the inequality will not be greater than that represented by the ratio of 101 to 100. Let the tossing be repeated day after day for a year, and I would wager my life that the disproportion will be less than that represented by the ratio of 1,001 to 1,000. Yet so little does this principle bear the interpretation placed upon it by the inventor of the system above described, that if on any occasion during this long-continued process of tossings "head" had been tossed (as it certainly would often be) no less than twenty times in succession, I would not wager a sixpence on the next tossing giving "tail," or trust a sixpence to the chance of "tail" appearing oftener than "head" in the next five, ten, or twenty tossings. Not only should reason show the utter absurdity of supposing that a tossing, or a set of five, ten, or twenty tossings, can be affected one way or the other by past tossings, whether proximate or remote ; but the experiment has been tried, and it has appeared (as might have been known beforehand) that after any number of cases in which "heads" (say) have appeared such and such a number of times in succession, the next tossing has given "heads" as often as it has given "tails." Thus, in 124 cases, Buffon, in his famous tossing trial, tossed "tails" four times running. On the next trial, in these 124 cases, "head" came 56 times and "tail" 68 times. So, most certainly, the tossing of "tail" four times running had not diminished the tendency towards "tail" being tossed. Among the 68 cases which had thus given "tail" five times running, 29 failed to give another "tail," while the remaining 39 gave another, that is, a sixth "tail." Of these 39, 25 failed to give another "tail," while 14 gave a seventh "tail" ; and here it might seem *we have evidence* of the effect of preceding tosses. The disproportion *is considerable*, and even to the mathematician the case is certainly

curious ; but in so many trials such curiosities may always be noticed. That it will not bear the interpretation put upon it is shown by the next steps. Of the 14 cases, 8 failed to give another "tail," while the remaining six gave another, that is, an eighth "tail;" and these numbers eight and six are more nearly equal than the preceding numbers 25 and 14 ; so that the tendency to change had certainly not increased at this step. However, the numbers are too small in this part of the experiment to give results which can be relied upon. The cases in which the numbers were large prove unmistakably, what reason ought to have made self-evident, that past events of pure chance cannot in the slightest degree affect the result of sequent trials.

To suppose otherwise is, indeed, utterly to ignore the relation between cause and event. When anyone asserts that because such and such things have happened, therefore such and such other events will happen, he ought at least to be able to show that the past events have some direct influence on those which are thus said to be affected by them. But if I am going to toss a coin perfectly at random, in what possible way can the result of the experiment be affected by the circumstance that during ten or twelve minutes before I tossed "head" only or "tail" only?

The system of which I now propose to speak is more plausible, less readily put to the full test, and consequently far more dangerous than the one just described. In it, as in the other, reliance is placed on a "change" after a "run" of any kind, but not in the same way.

Everyone is familiar with the method of renewing wagers on the terms "double" or "quits." It is a very convenient way of getting rid of money which has been won on a wager by one who does not care for wagering, and, not being to the manner born, does not feel comfortable in pocketing money won in this way. You have rashly backed some favourite oarsman, let us say, or your college boat, or the like, for a level sovereign, not caring to win, but accepting a challenge to so wager rather than seem to want faith in your friend, college, or university. You thus find yourself suddenly the recipient of a coin to which you feel you are about as much entitled as though you had abstracted it from the other bettor's pocket. You offer him "double" or "quits," tossing the coin. Perhaps he loses, when you would be entitled to two sovereigns. You repeat the offer, and if he again loses (when you are entitled to four sovereigns), you again repeat it, until at last he wins the toss. Then you are "quits," and can be happy again.

The system of winning money corresponds to this safe system of getting rid of money which has been uncomfortably won. Observe that if you only go on long enough with the double-or-quits method, as above, you are sure to get rid of your sovereign; for your friend cannot go on losing for ever. He might, indeed, lose nine or ten times running, when he would owe you £512 or £1,024; and if he then lost heart, while yet he regarded his loss, like his first wager, as a debt of honour from which you could not release him, matters would be rather awkward. If he lost twenty times, he would owe you a million, which would be more awkward still; except that, having gone so far, he could not make matters worse by going a little farther; and in a few more tossings you would get rid of your millions as completely as of the sovereign first won. Still, speaking generally, this double-or-quits method is a sure and easy way of clearing such scores. But it may be reversed, and become a pretty sure and easy way of making money.

Suppose a man, whom we will call A, to wager with another, B, one sovereign on a tossing (say). If he wins, he gains a sovereign. Suppose, however, he loses his sovereign. Then let him make a new wager of two sovereigns. If he wins, he is the gainer of one sovereign in all: if he loses, he has lost three in all. In the latter case, let him make a new wager, of four sovereigns. If he wins, he gains one sovereign; if he loses, he has lost seven in all. In this last case let him wager eight sovereigns. Then, if he wins, he has gained one sovereign, and if he loses he has lost fifteen. Wagering sixteen sovereigns in the latter case, he gains one in all if he wins, and has lost 31 in all if he loses. So he goes on (supposing him to lose each time) doubling his wager continually, until at last he wins. Then he has gained one sovereign. He can now repeat the process, gaining each time a sovereign whenever he wins a tossing. And manifestly in this way A can most surely and safely win every sovereign B has. Yet every wager has been a perfectly fair one. We seem, then, to see our way here to a safe way of making any quantity of money. B, of course, would not allow this sort of wagering to go on very long. But the bankers of a gambling establishment undertake to accept any wagers which may be offered, on the system of their game, whether *rouge-et-noir*, roulette, or what not, between certain limits of value in the stakes. Say these limits are from five shillings to £100, as I am told is not uncommonly the case. A man may wager five shillings on this plan, and double eight times before his doublings carry the stake above £100. Or with more *advantage* he may let the successive stakes be such that the eighth

doubling will make the maximum sum, or £100; so that the stakes in inverse order will be £100, £50, £25, £12. 10s., £6. 5s., £3. 2s. 6d., £1. 11s. 3d., 15s. 7d. (fractions of a penny not being allowed, I suppose¹), and, lastly, 7s. 9d.; nine stakes, or eight doublings in all. It is so utterly unlikely, says the believer in this system, that where the chances are practically equal on two events, the same event will be repeated nine times running, that I may safely apply this method, gaining at each venture ("though really there is no risk at all") 7s. 9d., until at last I shall accumulate in this way a small fortune, which in time will become a large fortune.

The proprietors of gambling houses naturally encourage this pleasing delusion. They call this power of varying the stakes a very important advantage possessed by the player at such tables. They say, truly enough, a single player would not wager if the stakes could be varied in this manner (he possessing no power of refusing any offer between such limits). And since a single player would refuse to allow this arrangement, it is manifest the arrangement is a privilege. Being a privilege, it is worth paying for. It is on this account that we poor "bankers," who oblige those possessed of gambling propensities by allowing them to exercise their tastes that way, must have a certain small percentage of odds in our favour. Thus at *rouge-et-noir* we really must have one of the "refaits" allowed us, say the first, the *trente-et-un*, though any other would suit us equally well: but even then we do not win what is on the table; the *refait* may go against us, when the players save their stakes, and if we win we only win what has been staked on one colour, and so forth.

Those who like gambling, too, and so like to believe that the bankers are strictly fair, adopt this argument. Thus the editor of *The Westminster Papers* says: "the Table at all games has an extra chance, a chance varying from one zero at one table to two at another; that is a chance every player understands when he sits down to play, and it is perfectly fair and honest (!!) That this advantage over a long series must tell is as certain as that two and two make four. But . . . the bank does not always win; on the contrary," we often "hear of the bank being broken and closed until more cash is forthcoming. The number of times the bank loses, and nothing is said about it, would amount to a considerable number of times in the course of a year. A small percentage on one side or the other, extended over a long enough series, will tell; but on a

¹ Possibly pence are not allowed, in which case the successive stakes would be 7s., 14s., £1. 8s., £2. 16s., £5. 12s., £11. 4s., £22. 8s., £44. 16s., and lastly, £89. 12s.

single event the difference in the gambler's eyes" (yes, truly, in *his* eyes) "is small. For that percentage the punter is enabled to vary his stakes from 5*s.*, say, to £100. Without some such advantage, no one would permit his adversaries thus to vary the stakes. The punter" (poor moth!) "is willing to pay for this advantage."

And all the while the truth is that the supposed advantage is no advantage at all—at least, to the player. It is of immense advantage to the bankers, because it encourages so many to play who otherwise might refrain. But in reality the bankers would make the same winnings if every stake were of a fixed amount, say £10, as when the stakes can be varied—always assuming that as many players would come to them, and play as freely, as on the present more attractive system.

Let us consider the actual state of the case, when a player at a table doubles his stakes till he wins—repeating the process from the lowest stakes after each success.

But first—or rather, as a part of this inquiry—let us consider why our imaginary player B would decline to allow A to double wagers in the manner described. In reality, of course, A's power of doubling is limited by the amount of A's money, or of his available money for gambling. He cannot go on doubling the stakes when he has paid away more than half his money. Suppose, for instance, he has £1,000 in notes and £30 or so in sovereigns. He can wager successively (if he loses so often) £1, £2, £4, £8, £16, £32, £64, £128, £256, £512, or ten times. But if he loses his last wager he will have paid away £1,023, and must stop for the time, leaving B the gainer of that sum. This is a very unlikely result of a single trial. It would not be likely to happen in a hundred or in two hundred trials, though it might happen at the first trial, or at a very early one. Even if it happened after five hundred trials, A would only have won £500 in those, and B winning £1,023 at the last, would have much the better of the encounter.

Why, then, would not B be willing to wager on these terms? For precisely the same reason (if he actually reasoned the matter out) that he would be unwilling to pay £1 for one ticket out of 1,024 where the prize was £1,024. Each ticket would be fairly worth that sum. And many foolish persons, as we know, are willing to pay in that way for a ticket in a lottery, even paying more than the correct value. But no one of any sense would throw away a sovereign for the chance (even truly valued at a sovereign) of *winning* a thousand pounds. That, really, is what B declines to do. *Every venture he makes with A (supposing A to have about £1,000*

...ing, and so to be able to ~~keep~~ in building up to £512) is a
 r on just such terms. B wins nothing unless he wins £1,024 ;
 loses at each failure £1. His chance of winning, too, is the
 ; at each venture, as that of drawing a single marked ticket from
 g containing 1,024 tickets. Each venture, though it may be
 led at the first or second tossing, is a venture on ten tossings.
 , with ten tossings there are 1,024 possible results, any one of
 h is as likely as any other. One of these, and one only, is
 rable to B, viz. the case of ten "heads," if he is backing
 ads," or ten "tails," if he is backing "tails." Thus he pays, in
 t, one pound for one chance in 1,024 of winning £1,024, though,
 ality, he does not pay the pound until the venture is decided
 st him; so that, if he wins, he receives £1,023, corresponding
 1 the £1) to the total just named.

Now, to wager a pound in this way, for the chance of winning
 024, would be very foolish ; and though continually repeating the
 riment would in the long run make the number of successes bear
 ight proportion to the number of failures, yet B might be ruined
 before this happened, though quite as probably A would be
 sd. B's ruin, if effected, would be brought about by steadily
 inued small losses, A's by a casual but overwhelming loss. The
 r B and A were, the longer it would be before one or other was
 ed, though the eventual ruin of one or other would be certain.
 e was much richer than the other, his chance of escaping would
 ld be so much the greater, and so much greater, therefore, than
 of the poorer. In other words, the odds would be great in
 ur of the richer of the two, whether A or B, absolving the whole
 erty of the other, if wagering on this plan were continued steadily
 a long time.

Now, if we extend such considerations as these to the case in
 ch an individual player contends against a bank, we shall see
 ; even without any percentage on the chances, the odds would be
 y in favour of the bank. If the player is persistent in applying
 system, he is practically certain to be ruined. But it is to be re-
 iced that in such a system the player is exposed to that which can
 least afford, namely, sudden and great loss; & it is by such a loss
 t his ruin will be brought about, if at all. For the bank, which can
 k, which can best afford such losses, has to meet only a steady
 drain upon its resources, until the inevitable time when
 ore all that had been thus drained out, and more being with
 the player even were to carry on his system in the manner above
 reasoning has really implied; & as he makes his small gain of 1/1000
 VL, CCXLIV. NO. 177A

venture, he set it by to form a reserve fund—even then his ruin would be inevitable in the long run. But every one knows that gamblers do nothing of the sort. ‘Lightly come, lightly go,’ is their rule, so far as their gains are concerned. [In another sense, their rule is, lightly come (to the gaming table) and heavily go when the last pound has been staked and lost.] Thus they run a risk which, in their way of playing, amounts almost to a certainty of ruining themselves, and they do not even take the precaution which would alone give them their one small, almost evanescent, chance of escape. On the other hand, the bankers, who are really playing an almost perfectly safe game, leave nothing to chance. The bulk of the money gained by them is reserved to maintain the balance necessary for safety. Only the actual profits of their system—the percentage of gain due to their percentage on the chances—is dealt with as income; that is, as money to be spent.

It is true that in one sense the case between the bankers and the public resembles that of a player with a small capital against a player with a large capital. The bankers have, indeed, a large capital, but it is small compared with that of the public at large who frequent the gaming tables. But, in the first place, this does not at all help any single player. It is all but certain that the public (meaning always the special gaming public) will not be ruined as a whole, just as it is all but certain that the whole of an army engaged in a campaign, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, will not be destroyed if recruits are always available at short notice. Now, if the circumstances of a campaign are such that each individual soldier runs exceeding risk of being killed, it will not improve the chances of any single soldier that the army as a whole will not be destroyed; and in like manner those who gamble persistently are not helped in their ruin by the circumstance that, as one is “pushed from the board, others ever succeed.” Even the chance of the bank being ruined, however, is not favourable to the gambler who follows such a system as I am dealing with, but positively adds to his risks. In the illustrative case of A playing B, the ruin of B meant that A had gained all B’s money. But in the case of a gambler playing on the doubling system at a gaming table, the ruin of the bank would be one of the chances against him that such a gambler would have to take into account. It might happen when he was far on in a long process of doubling, and would be almost certain to happen when he had to some degree entered on such a process. He would then be certainly a loser on that particular venture. If a winner on the event actually *decided when the bank broke* (only one, be it remembered, of the

series forming his venture), he would perhaps receive a share, but a share only, of the available assets. The rules of the table may be such that these will always cover the stakes, and in that case the player, supposing he had won on the last event decided, would sustain no loss. Should he have lost on that event, however, which ordinarily would at least not interfere with the operation of his system, he is prevented from pursuing the system till he has recouped his loss. This can never happen in play between two gamblers on this system. For the very circumstance that A has lost an event involves of necessity the possession by B of enough money to continue the system. B's stake after winning is always double the last stake, but after winning the amount just staked of course he must possess double that amount—since he has his winnings and also a sum at least equal, which he must have had when he wagered an equal stake. But when a player at the gaming tables loses an event in one of his ventures, it by no means follows equally that the bank can continue to double (assuming the highest value allowed to have not been reached). Losses against other players may compel the bank to close when the system player has just lost a tolerably heavy *coup*. His system then is defeated, and he sustains a loss distinct in character from those which his system normally involves. In other words, the chances against him are increased; and, on the other hand, the bankers' chance of ruin would be small, even if they had no advantage in the odds, simply because the sum staked bears a much smaller proportion to their capital than the wagers of the individual player bear to his property.

Yet the reader must not fall into the mistake of supposing that because the individual player would have enormous risks against him, even if the bankers took no percentage on the chances, the bank would then in the long run make enormous gains. That would be a paradoxical result, though at first sight it seems equally paradoxical to say that, while every single player would be almost certain to be ruined, the bank would not gain in the long run. This, however, is perfectly true. The fact is, that, among the few who escaped ruin, some would be enormous gainers. It would be because of some marvellous runs of luck, and consequent enormous gains, that they would be saved from ruin, and the chances would be that some among these would be very heavy gainers. They would be few; and the action of a man who gambled heavily on the chance of being one of these few, would be like that of a man who bought half-a-dozen tickets, at a price of £1,000 each (his whole property being thus expended), among millions of tickets in a lottery, in which were a few prizes of

£1,000,000 each. But though the smallness of the chance of being one among the few very great gainers at the gambling table, makes it absurd for a man to run the enormous risk of ruin involved in persistent play, yet, so far as the bankers would be concerned, the great losses on the few winners would in the long run equalise the moderate gains on the great majority of their customers. They would neither gain nor lose a sum bearing any considerable proportion to their ventures, and would run some risk, though only a small one, of being swamped by a long-continued run of bad luck.

But the bankers do not in this way leave matters to chance. They take a percentage on the chances. The percentage they take is often not very large in itself, though it is nearly always larger than it appears, even when regarded properly as a percentage on the chances. But what is usually overlooked by those who deal with this matter, and especially by those who, being gamblers themselves, *want* to think that gaming houses give them very fair chances, is that a very small percentage on the chances may mean, and necessarily does mean, an enormous percentage of profits.

Let us take, as illustrating both the seeming smallness of the percentage on the chances, and the enormous probable percentage of profits, the game of *rouge-et-noir*, so far as it can be understood from the accounts given in the books.¹ I follow De Morgan's rendering

¹ De Morgan remarks on the incomplete and unintelligible way in which this game is described in the later editions of Hoyle. It is singular how seldom a complete and clear account of any game can be found in books, though written by the best card-players. I have never yet seen a description of cribbage, for example, from which anyone who knew nothing of the game, and could find no one to explain it practically to him, could form a correct idea of its nature. In half-a-dozen lines from the beginning of a description, technical terms are used which have not been explained, remarks are made which imply a knowledge on the reader's part of the general object of the game of which he should be supposed to know nothing, and many matters absolutely essential to a right apprehension of the nature of the game are not touched on from beginning to end, or are so insufficiently described that they might as well have been left altogether unnoticed. It is the same with verbal descriptions. Not one person in a hundred can explain a game of cards respectably, and not one in a thousand can explain a game well. A beginner can pick up a game after awhile, by combining with the imperfect explanations given him the practical illustrations which the cards themselves afford. But there is no reason in the nature of things why a written or a verbal description of such a game as whist or cribbage should not suffice to make an attentive reader or hearer perfectly understand the nature of the game. From what I have noticed in this matter, I would assert with some confidence that anyone who can explain clearly, yet succinctly, a game at cards, must have the explanatory gift so exceptionally developed that he could most usefully employ it in the explanation of such scientific subjects as he might himself be able to master. *believe, too, that the student of science who desires to explain his subject to*

f these confused and imperfect accounts. It seems to be correct, for his computation of the odds for and against the player leads to the same result as Poisson obtained, who knew the game, though he nowhere gives a description of it.

A number of packs is taken (six, Hoyle says), "and the cards are well mixed. Each common card counts for the number of spots on it, and the court cards are each reckoned as ten. A table is divided into two compartments, one called *rouge*, the other *noir*, and the player stakes his money in which he pleases. The proprietor of the bank, who risks against all comers, then lays down cards in one compartment until the number of spots exceeds thirty; as soon as this has happened, he proceeds in the same way with the other compartment." The number of spots in each compartment is thus necessarily between 31 and 40, both inclusive. The compartment in which the total number of spots is least is the winning one. Thus, if there are 35 card spots on the cards in the *rouge*, and 32 on the cards in the *noir*, *noir* wins, and all players who staked upon *noir* receive from the bank sums equal to their stakes. The process is then repeated. So far, it will be observed, the chances are equal for the players and for the bankers. It will also be observed that the arrangement is one which strongly favours the idea (always encouraged by the proprietors of gaming houses) that the bankers have little interest in the result. For the bank does not back either colour. The players have all the backing to themselves. If they choose to stake more in all on the red than on the black, it becomes the bank's interest that black should win; but it was by the players' own acts that black became for the time the bank's colour. And not only does this suggest to the players the incorrect idea that the bank has little real interest in the game, but it encourages the correct idea, which it is the manifest interest of the bankers to put very clearly before the players, that everything is fairly managed. If the bank chose a colour, some might think that the cards, however seemingly shuffled, were in reality arranged, or else were so manipulated as to make the bank's colour win oftener than it should do. But since the players themselves settle which shall be the bank's colour at each trial, there cannot be suspicion of foul play of this sort.

We now come to the bank's advantage on the chances. The number of spots in the black and red compartments may be equal.

general public, can find no better exercise, and few better tests, than the explanation of some simple game—the explanation to be sufficient for persons knowing nothing of the game.

In this case (called by Hoyle a *refait*) the game is drawn ; and the players may either withdraw, increase, or diminish their stakes, as they please, for a new game, if the number of spots in each compartment is any except 31. But if the number in each be 31 (a case called by Hoyle a *refait trente-et-un*), then the players are not allowed to withdraw their stakes. And not only must the stakes remain for a new game, but, whatever happens on this new trial, the players will receive nothing. Their stakes are for the moment impounded (or technically, according to Hoyle, *en prison*). The new game (called an *après*), unless it chances to give another *refait*, will end in favour of either *rouge* or *noir*. Whichever compartment wins, the players in that compartment save their stakes, but receive nothing from the bank ; the players who have put their stakes in the other compartment lose them. De Morgan says here, not quite correctly, "should the bank win it takes the stakes, should the bank lose the player recovers his stakes." This is incorrect, because it at least suggests the incorrect idea that the bank may either win or the stakes go clear ; whereas, in reality, except in the improbable event of all the players backing one colour, the bank is sure to win something, viz., either the stakes in the red or those in the black compartment, and the only point to be settled is whether the larger or the smaller of these probably unequal sums shall pass to the bank's exchequer. If the *après* gives a second *refait*, the stakes still remain impounded, and another game is played, and no stakes are released until either *rouge* or *noir* has won. But in the mean time new stakes may be put down, before the fate of the impounded stakes has been decided.

Thus, whereas, with regard to games decided at the first trial, the bank has in the long run no interest one way or the other, the bank has an exceptional interest in *refaits*. A *refait trente-et-un* at once gives the bank a certainty of winning the least sum staked in the two compartments, and an equal chance of winning the larger sum instead. Any other *refait* gives the bank the chance that on a new trial a *refait trente-et-un* may be made ; and though this chance (that is the chance that there will first be a common *refait trente-et-un* and then a *refait*) is small, it tells in the long run, and must be added to the advantage obtained from the chance of a *refait trente-et-un* at once.

Now it may seem as though the bank would gain very little from so small an advantage. A *refait* may occur tolerably often in any long series of trials, but a *refait trente-et-un* only at long intervals. It is only one out of ten different *refaits*, which to the uninitiated seem all equally likely to occur ; so that he supposes the chance of a *refait trente-et-un* to be only one-tenth of the chance itself small at

the slight subordinate chance above mentioned), that the mathematical advantage of the bank is very nearly one-ninetieth of all the deposited. The actual percentage is $1\frac{1}{10}$ per deposit; and in fact it may be noticed as affording good illustration of the mistakes the uninitiated are apt to make in such matters, that if instead of the *refait trente-et-un* the bankers took to themselves the *refait quarante*, instead of this percentage per deposit, the percentage would be only $\frac{3}{20}$, or 3s. per £100.

But even an average advantage of £1. 2s. per £100 on each trial made by the bank is thought by the frequenters of the table to be very slight. It makes the odds against the players about 913 to 92 on each trial, and the difference seems trifling. On considering the probable results of a year's play, however, we find that the players could obtain tremendous interest for a capital which would seem to them far safer against ruin than is thought necessary in any ordinary mercantile business. Suppose play went on upon only 100 evenings in each year; that each evening 100 games were played; and on each game the total sum risked on both *rouge* and *noir* was £50. Then the total sum deposited by the bank (very much exceeding the total sum risked, which on each game is only the difference between the sums staked on *rouge* and on *noir*) would be £500,000; and the interest per cent. on this sum would be £5,500. I follow De Morgan in making these numbers, which seem far below what would generally be deposited in 100 evenings of play. Now, it can be shown that, if

as when properly calculated). As he justly says, "the preceding results, or either of them, being admitted, it might be supposed hardly necessary to dwell upon the ruin which must necessarily result to individual players against a bank which has so strong a chance of success against its united antagonists." "But," he adds, "so strangely are opinions formed upon this subject, that it is not uncommon to find persons who think they are in possession of a specific by which they must infallibly win." If both the banker and the player staked on each game 1-160th part of their respective funds, and the play was to continue till one or other side was ruined, the bank would have 49 chances to 1 in its favour against that one player. But if, as more commonly is the case, the player's stake formed a far larger proportion of his property, these odds would be immensely increased. If a player staked one-tenth of his money on each game against the same sum, supposed to be 1-160th of the bank's money, the chances would be 223 to 1 that he would be ruined, if he persisted long enough. In other words, his chance of escaping ruin would be the same as that of drawing one single marked ball out of a bag containing 224.

Other games played at the gaming tables, however different in character they may be from *rouge-et-noir*, give no better chances to the players. Indeed, some games give far inferior chances. There is not one of them at which any system of play can be safe in the long run. If the system is such that the risk on each venture is small, then the gains on each venture will be correspondingly small. Many ventures, therefore, must be made in order to secure any considerable gains; and when once the number of ventures is largely increased, the small risk on each becomes a large risk, and, if the ventures be very numerous, becomes practically a certainty of loss. On the other hand, there are modes of venturing which, if successful once only, bring in a large profit; but they involve an even larger risk.

In point of fact, the supposition that any system can be devised by which success in games of chance may be made certain, is as utterly unphilosophical as faith in the invention of perpetual motion. That the supposition has been entertained by many who have passed all their lives in gambling proves only—what might also be safely inferred from the very fact of their being gamblers—that they know nothing of the laws of probability. Many men who have passed their lives among machinery believe confidently in the possibility of perpetual motion. They are familiar with machinery, but utterly ignorant of mechanics. So the life-long gambler is familiar with *games of chance*, but utterly ignorant of the laws of chance.

Yet fortunes can be made at the gambling table. Fortunes have been so made. From the preceding pages the method of making such fortunes can be learned. It is all contained in one precept:—**Take advantage of the innate propensity of immense numbers of men to gamble, and swindle them so deftly that they shall not see where or how much they are wronged.**

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM.

I.

OLD playgoers are very apt to be wet-blankets : they employ their memories of the past as a means of oppressing present experiences ; they insufficiently allow for tare and tret, so to say, in regard to the long voyage from youth to age undergone by their judicial faculties and their powers of enjoyment. Some five-and-thirty years ago, I remember, it was usual for the elders of the time to disparage "Young Mathews," as they described an actor I was beginning to know and greatly to esteem—an artist whose accomplishments in later days became the theme of general admiration. But in the early part of his career "Young Mathews" suffered from the fact that he was not "Old Mathews," or "*The Mathews*," as many preferred to designate him. In the unanimous opinion of the senior playgoers of that period, the son was not to be compared with his father. To my thinking, no reason existed why the two actors should ever have been collated in this way, or pitted against each other. Indeed, had they not borne the same name and been sire and son, comparison could hardly have been instituted between them. Let me admit that I never saw the elder Mathews : he died in 1835, and scarcely appeared publicly in London after 1833. But clearly he was almost invariably, as his widow relates, an actor of "old men, countrymen, and quaint low comedy." He now and then undertook whimsical sprightly characters, originally sustained by Lewis, such as Goldfinch in "*The Road to Ruin*," and Rover in "*Wild Oats*;" his Rover was "very bad," notes Genest in 1816 : "his figure and manner totally disqualified him for his part;" but these efforts were departures from his ordinary "line of business" as an actor. At no time could he have been properly described as "a light comedian." When he was but twenty-eight he was assigned the part of Sir Peter Teazle at Drury Lane ; there was no thought of his appearing as Charles Surface. In "*John Bull*" he was wont to play, not Tom Shuffleton, but Sir Simon Rochdale. But to the younger Mathews such characters as Charles Surface and Tom Shuffleton were allotted as a matter of course, and by a sort of natural right. He did not inherit his father's repertory, although he

successfully emulated the paternal feat of "doubling" the parts of Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary in "The Critic:" being probably superior to his senior as Puff and inferior as Sir Fretful. But he never appeared, it need hardly be said, as Mawworm, as Caleb Quotem, as Caleb Pipkin, as Falstaff, as Don Manuel, as Trinculo, &c., characters in which the elder Mathews won very great applause. No doubt the son possessed much of his father's skill as a mimic, a personator or illustrator of eccentric character, a singer of what are called "patter" songs—he had often found sympathetic employment in contriving and arranging the "At Homes" of the elder comedian, and at one time, with the assistance of his second wife, he essayed an entertainment very much of the paternal pattern. The histrionic fame of Charles Mathews the Second, however, arose from gifts and achievements which were peculiarly and independently his own. His success was of a personal and individual sort, and owed little or nothing to preceding exertions and examples. His method as an actor was not founded upon the method of any other actor. He was essentially a light comedian—the lightest of light comedians; but it was difficult to classify his art in relation to the art of others or to established technical conventions. He was distinguished for an extraordinary vivacity, an airy grace, an alert gaiety that exercised over his audience the effect of fascination. Elegance and humour so curiously combined can hardly have been seen upon the stage except in this instance. No doubt there was always risk of awarding admiration not so much to the art of the comedian as to the natural endowments of the man; and it must often have happened that Charles Mathews was applauded for being something which he could not possibly help being. At the same time, it must not be assumed that he could only appear in his own character, or that his efforts upon the scene lacked variety. Certain graces of manner peculiar to himself he could never wholly discard; but his power of representation enabled him to exhibit distinct and finished portraits of personages so very different as Sir Charles Coldstream and Sir Hugh Evans, Lawyer and Mr. Affable Hawk, Slender and Dazzle, Young Wilding and the villainous heroes of "The Day of Reckoning" and "Black Sheep," to name no others. (By the way, I may proffer a doubt as to whether the elder Mathews could have successfully represented any of these characters.)

On the 27th December, 1803, Charles Mathews, senior, wrote from Liverpool to his friend John Litchfield, of the Council Office:—
It is with the most exquisite pleasure I inform you that I am the father of a fine boy. . . . I am happy beyond measure. 'Who

would not be a father?" In due season the fine boy was christened "Charles," after his father, and "James," after his grandfather—a respectable bookseller in the Strand, holding rigidly Calvinistic opinions. It was decided forthwith that Charles James Mathews should become a clergyman, "if he inclined to that profession on attaining an age to choose for himself"—an important stipulation. The father had long borne among certain of his friends the nickname of "Stick," because of the original slenderness of his form and the stiffness of his mien; as a consequence, Young Charles James was soon playfully called "Twig;" while upon the little rustic cottage at Colney Hatch, in which he passed his earliest years, the title of "Twig Hall" was bestowed. "The Twig was slight and drooped in London air," writes his mother; and she proceeds to relate how Liston the comedian was a frequent visitor at "Twig Hall," and Twig's especial favourite as a playfellow. They were often to be seen earnestly engaged in the game of "hide and seek," Liston flitting from gooseberry bush to gooseberry bush, and the tiny child toddling and peering after him. "I could not suppress a laugh," writes Mrs. Mathews, "when I saw the bigger boy, as he crouched down quite unconscious of a witness of his grave amusement, draw out his snuff box and take a pinch of snuff to heighten his enjoyment." Mrs. Mathews, as Miss Jackson, a pupil of Michael Kelly, had at the beginning of the century "supported the first line of singing" in the theatrical company of Tate Wilkinson at York.

Charles James was presently placed upon the foundation of Merchant Taylors' School by Mr. Silvester, afterwards Sir John Silvester, the Recorder of London, a valued friend of the family. This was about 1813. He boarded with the Reverend Thomas Cherry, the head-master of the school, an arrangement deemed to be of marked advantage to the boy, seeing that he was still intended for the Church. But it became necessary, his health continuing delicate, and confinement in the heart of London affecting him injuriously, to place him under the care of Dr. Richardson, whose private seminary, in the Clapham Road, already contained the sons of Charles Kemble, Young, Terry, and Liston. It was about 1819, that the youth, greatly to the chagrin of his parents, avowed his desire to become an architect. Instead of proceeding to one of the universities, therefore, to complete his education, he was articled for four years to Pugin, the architect, with whom, in furtherance of his studies, he journeyed to Paris.

Before he was out of his teens, young Mathews seems to have distinguished himself as an amateur actor. In 1822 he appeared at

the English Opera House, the performance being of a private kind, when he presented a successful imitation of Perlet, the famous French comedian. It was said, indeed, that the skill and humour he displayed upon this occasion brought him the offer of an engagement from the manager of the French plays in London. In 1823 he accompanied Lord Blessington to Ireland, and afterwards to Naples. His lordship at this time was professing to be a liberal patron of architecture; but a projected new mansion to be built upon his estate of Mountjoy Forest, in the county of Tyrone, with Charles Mathews for its architect, lived only as a paper edifice, never acquired the substantiality of stones or of bricks. It was during his two years' residence with Lord and Lady Blessington at the Palazzo Belvedere, Naples, that the young man, feeling himself affronted by certain observations of Count d'Orsay, sent a challenge to that superb nobleman; for in those days the duello was still supposed to afford a sort of solace to aggrieved honour. No hostile meeting took place, however; upon the intervention of Lord Blessington, the Count hastened to make all requisite apologies to the ruffled architect. But the matter was really serious while it lasted.

After two years more or less assiduous exercise of his profession in England and Wales, varied by literary and musical essays in regard to his father's "At Homes," and the composition of the popular song of "Jenny Jones," &c., Charles Mathews, with his friend James d'Egville, again left England for Italy, still bent upon architectural studies and improvement. But at Florence he took a prominent part in the private theatricals given by Lord Normanby, played a great variety of characters, built a theatre for the amateurs, and even painted a dropscene for it. At Venice he suffered from a violent attack of fever. "Charles was six months in bed at Venice," writes his mother, "and nearly the same period in England." The mercurial, sprightly, jaunty young gentleman doomed to nearly a year of bed! The Italian doctors would have detained him still longer in their hands; told him, indeed, that it was certain death for him to attempt to move. He resolved that he would die on the road if it must be so, but that he would assuredly make an effort to see his parents and his home once more. He purchased a travelling-carriage, in which a bed was constructed, and, attended by Nanini, his faithful Italian servant, successfully accomplished his weary journey of four-hundred miles in nineteen days. His father wrote of him to a friend: "Charles has returned, the most exaggerated case of paralysis upon record—a voice only to indicate that the corpse was animated . . . an attached gem of an Italian servant brought him home like

a portmanteau or any other piece of goods. . . . It was the most afflicting sight I ever experienced to see him lifted from the carriage. The only evidence of the body being animate was the sound of his dear voice offering up thanksgiving to God for having granted him strength to reach home." It was eight months before the father, writing to the Rev. Thomas Speidell, was able to record his wonder and delight at the complete recovery of the invalid: "You will be pleased to hear that dear Charles surprised his mother and me by meeting or rather running to us without a stick!"

A little later and Charles Mathews obtained the appointment of district surveyor. This is how Mr. Cyrus Jay, solicitor, has noted the event in his volume of Reminiscences: "Once when a young man I attended the Middlesex Sessions, Clerkenwell, with two barristers. . . . I observed that something was going to take place by so many magistrates being present, and I soon learnt that there was an election of a district surveyor for Hackney. There were many candidates, and among them Mr. Charles Mathews. It was a very pleasing sight to see the venerable chairman (Francis Const, Esq.) leave the bench to give his vote at a quarter to four, for the poll closed at four o'clock; but something astonished me a great deal more, and that was to see him followed by the sixteen police magistrates, who, along with the venerable chairman whom they greatly esteemed and respected, one and all voted for Charles Mathews, which settled the contest, and Charles Mathews was duly elected. One of the unsuccessful candidates said to me, 'He will not hold the appointment a month, for he can make more money in a week than he will by his salary at Hackney.' And so it eventually turned out," &c. It was of the district of Bow and Bethnal Green, not of Hackney, that he became the surveyor, retaining the appointment for some six years.

It was not until the 7th of December 1835, that Charles Mathews made his first appearance on the stage as an actor by profession. Meanwhile he had contributed to the theatre various plays, adaptations from the French, "The Wolf and the Lamb," "The Court Jester," and "My Wife's Mother," among them, and he was credited with "The Black Riband," described as one of the most attractive and best written stories in Heath's Book of Beauty for 1834; further, he had figured as an amateur actor at Woburn, playing Mr. Simpson in "Simpson and Co.," with the Duchess of Bedford as Mrs. Simpson, and for a while had undertaken his late father's share in the management of the Adelphi Theatre. An erroneous opinion prevailed that *he had only* waited for his father's death to adopt the theatrical

profession, the step being directly opposed to the parental wishes. The elder Mathews was indeed credited with a declaration that "not even a dog of his should set foot upon the stage." But the fact was that for some time before his death the father had fully recognised his son's histrionic skill and capacity, had perceived, too, the slenderness of his chances of prospering as an architect, and had recommended him to become an actor in earnest. The venture was made at last with some suddenness, however. He appeared at the Olympic Theatre, then under the management of Madame Vestris, after little more than a fortnight's preparation, as George Rattleton in "The Hump-backed Lover," a little comedy of French origin, which he had specially altered to suit his own purposes, and in "The Old and Young Stager," a piece written for the occasion by Lemau Rede, in which Liston also took part, delaying, it was said, his own farewell of the stage that he might introduce and assist the son of his old play-fellow. The success of the new actor was most unquestionable. "His *entrée* was hailed with thunders of applause," writes a critic of the time; "his father's merits were not forgotten, and his own soon caused the shouts to be redoubled till the roof rang." As George Rattleton, he played with lively ease, treading the stage with the unembarrassed confidence of a practised actor, speaking and looking "like a man of sense and a gentleman." His singing, we are told, was excellent, being aided by "a rapid and clear enunciation—the family peculiarity." In the second play he seems to have carefully reproduced his father's manner. "Tim Tottle, the Tiger, a character of the broadest farce, soon told us whose son he was. We recognised in a moment the comic timber out of which he was hewed. 'A chip of the old block,' vociferated a hundred glad voices, &c." The dialogue was of the punning sort, then much in favour. "The hits, many and good, were conveyed in stage-coach phraseology, with an occasional sprinkling of St. Giles's Greek, but applicable to the stage that goes without wheels, past and present. All that bore reference to the sun which had for ever set, and that which had just risen, was eagerly seized by the audience and applauded to the echo. At the conclusion the call for Mr. Mathews was universal. He came forward, led most cordially by the glorious 'old stager,' who, rich in laurels himself, hailed the triumph of the youthful son of his friend." Charles Mathews remained a member of the Olympic company, appearing in a variety of plays, counting among them his own farces of "The Ringdoves," "Why did you die?" "Truth," "He would be an Actor," &c. He won much applause also as David Brown in Mr. Planché's "Court Favour," and as Cherubino

in "The Two Figaros," an adaptation of a comedy by M. Marmontel, first played at the Français in 1794, reintroducing the characters of Beaumarchais after a supposed lapse of sixteen years. Thus Cherubino appears as a colonel of dragoons, and the Countess Almaviva is the mother of a marriageable daughter. At this time the Olympic was only licensed for the performance of "burlettas," and could not lawfully present entertainments of much pretence. A critic likened the theatre to "a fashionable confectioner's shop, where, although one cannot absolutely make a dinner, one may enjoy a most agreeable refecton, consisting of jellies, cheese-cakes, custards, and such trifles light as air served upon the best Dresden china in the most elegant style." Madame Vestris was the first London manager who sought, with the aid of choice fittings and decorations, to give the stage the refined aspect of a drawing-room.

On the 21st of March 1838, Charles Mathews, much to the consternation of his friends, was married to Madame Vestris at the Church of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. The management of the Olympic was entrusted to the friendly hands of Mr. Planché, and the newly married couple crossed the Atlantic bent upon a theatrical tour through the United States. They were not well received in America, however: their adventure resulted, indeed, in something very like failure. It may have been that their histrionic method was too unconventional, that the plays in which they appeared were too unsubstantial, to suit the somewhat crude tastes of the American public; but more probably there was a predisposition to view coldly an actress with whose fame scandal had been very busy, and whose history offered many opportunities for reproach. In America it had been usual to inquire perhaps too curiously into the private lives of the artists seeking public applause. Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews returned to England, disappointed perhaps, but by no means disheartened. In 1839 they entered upon the management of Covent Garden Theatre, which Macready had just vacated.

Certainly they conducted their new and arduous enterprise with singular spirit and liberality. But management of the patent theatres in those days was almost a sure road to ruin; lessee after lessee had retired from the field to mourn his losses in private, or to make public his misfortunes in the Court of Bankruptcy. The English stage was not in favour with fashion; the Court gave little countenance save to Italian operas and French plays. For three seasons Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris carried on the contest with energy. In a parting address to the audience, delivered on the 30th April 1847, *the manager* described the experiences of his wife and himself in

connection with Covent Garden Theatre: "My partner and I have been directors for three years, during which time we have endeavoured, by much personal and pecuniary sacrifice, to sow the seeds of that solid prosperity which we hoped would one day manifest itself in permanent satisfaction to you and in a golden harvest to ourselves; but, alas for 'the mutability of human affairs!' our first season was merely sowing—our second little more than hoeing—and though the third has been growing, we must leave to other hands the fourth, which might have been our mowing." Charles Mathews, involved to the amount of £30,000, sought relief in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and obtained "the benefit of the act." The theatre had been open for three years at a nightly loss, it appeared, of £22 during the first season, £10 in the second, and £41 in the third! Yet the public had been offered entertainments of special excellence and great variety. To a modern impresario, with his long "runs," his unchanging programme, and his small troop of players, the proceedings at Covent Garden from 1839 to 1842 must seem most amazing. The company was of great strength; the lessee and his wife were supported by William Farren, Bartley, George Vandenhoff, John Cooper, Walter Lacy, F. Matthews, Granby, Harley, Meadows, Wigan, Brougham, Selby, Bland, and W. H. Payne; by Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. W. Lacy, Miss Cooper, Mrs. Selby, Mrs. Brougham, Mrs. Bland; and an operatic company that included Adelaide Kemble, and Messrs. Harrison Borrani, Stretton, Leffler, &c. Amongst the new plays produced were Jerrold's "Bubbles of the Day," Sheridan Knowles's "Old Maids," Leigh Hunt's "Legend of Florence," Mr. Boucicault's "London Assurance," and a second comedy, "The Irish Heiress," from the same pen, which lived but for two nights; of farces, ballets, pantomimes, and spectacles, there was no lack; the operas of "Norma," "Elena Uberti," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "La Sonnambula" were presented to introduce Miss Kemble to an English audience; and the following plays were revived with liberal provision of appropriate scenery and costumes:—"Merry Wives of Windsor," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Love's Labour's Lost," "Romeo and Juliet," "Comus," "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," "Wives as they are and Maids as they are," "She would and she would not," "The clandestine Marriage," "The Critic," "Rivals," "School for Scandal," &c. It may be added, that for six nights in the season of 1832-40 Charles Kemble returned to the stage by royal command, the management profiting to the amount of £1,500.

This was perhaps the most ambitious period of Charles Mathews's dramatic career. He was at this time, indeed, most venturesome in

regard to new impersonations, and greatly extended his repertory of parts. He stepped from burletta into legitimate comedy, representing not merely the heroes of Sheridan, Charles Surface and Puff—in the “Rivals” he was content to play Fag—but achieving great success as the Slender of Shakespeare and the Michael Perez of Beaumont and Fletcher, the Atall of Cibber and the Sir Wilful Witwoud of Congreve. After the disasters at Covent Garden he retreated with his wife to Drury Lane, then opening under the management of Macready. But here difficulties arose touching a proposal to reduce the salaries of all the company; and then Madame Vestris felt herself unable to accept the character of Venus in a revival of Dryden’s “King Arthur,” with Purcell’s music. In truth, the comedians were not comfortable under the direction of the tragedian. Accordingly they quitted Macready to be received with open arms by Mr. Webster at the Haymarket.

The interregnum of five years occurring between the closing of Covent Garden in 1842 and the opening of the Lyceum under the management of Madame Vestris in 1847 was by no means uneventful. For one thing Charles Mathews had again to petition for legal relief in regard to his pecuniary liabilities, although but eighteen months had elapsed since he left the Insolvent Court “as free as air to begin the world a new man,” as he described himself in a public address to his creditors. For he took the world into his confidence: he was anxious that his position should be generally understood. He had, it appeared, renewed obligations which his first insolvency had legally cancelled; and then he had failed in his undertaking to pay certain instalments out of the professional earnings of himself and his wife. A sum of £900 he had sent up to London from the provinces on this account; but, as he avowed, the “mouths of his devourers seemed to open wider and wider in proportion to the magnitude of the food provided.” He nevertheless expressed a hope that by putting aside £1,300 per annum, to be paid by weekly instalments into the hands of a trustee, he might satisfy the largest portion of the rapidly increasing debt, “hourly swelling with hideous law costs and yawning interest.” This arrangement was defeated, however, by the impatience of his creditors, who continued to bring actions against him, to thrust him into prison, and executions into his house. To avoid arrest and to fulfil his duties to the public, his managers, and his creditors themselves, he had been, as he said, driven to subterfuges for which he despised himself, in order that he might gain entrance to and exit from the theatres at which he had been engaged. “In short,” he concluded, “for a year and a half have I been harassed, censured, sued, arrested,

lectured, and drained of every farthing I could muster, earn, or borrow, and no one debt seems materially reduced by it; interest and law will swallow up everything. . . . All I can say is, I have done my best; I am driven from my home and my profession, to neither of which I am determined will I return until I can present myself before the public freely and independently as I have always done."

It need hardly be said that the actor did not find his difficulties enduring or insupportable, and that he duly continued his professional exertions. For some seasons he was included with his wife in the company at the Haymarket under Mr. Webster's rule. The year 1844 saw the production of the prize comedy concerning which much excitement prevailed among the theatrical public. Mr. Webster had offered a prize of £500 for the best comedy that should be sent to the Haymarket Theatre, a committee of dramatists and actors being appointed to examine and pronounce judgment in the matter. The manager's intentions were of the best, and the sum named was held to be a handsome price to pay for an original five-act comedy in those days. Nearly a hundred comedies were forwarded to the committee, who were supposed to be ignorant of the names of the authors tendering their works for examination. The prize was awarded in respect of a comedy entitled "*Quid pro Quo*, or the Day of Dupes," which proved to be written by Mrs. Charles Gore, the well-known and fashionable novelist of that date. Possibly it was perceived by Mr. and Mrs. Mathews that greater expectation had been raised in regard to the prize comedy than its representation could satisfy. They prudently declined the parts of Captain Sippet, a weaker Dazzle, and Lady Mary Rivers, a more vapid Grace Harkaway, which the committee had requested them to accept, and the characters were therefore sustained by Mr. Buckstone and Miss Julia Bennett. "*Quid pro Quo*" was condemned by the audience in the most unequivocal fashion. It lingered for a few nights upon the scene; Mrs. Nisbett was thought to be delightful as an Eton boy Lord Bellamont, and excellent acting was contributed by Mrs. Glover, by Farren, and Strickland, and Mrs. Humby; but the fact of the failure of the prize comedy could not be concealed or controverted. Nor did Mrs. Gore mend matters by declaring that "*Quid pro Quo*" had been crushed because of her sex by the opposition of rival dramatists connected with the press as dramatic critics, who had previously condemned for a like reason the plays of Lady Dacre, Lady Emmeline Wortley, and Joanna Baillie. In truth, "*Quid pro Quo*" failed because of its dulness and vulgarity: it was written apparently in emulation of

"London Assurance," but it exhibited little of the wit or the skill in stage artifice of that successful work.

In 1844, Charles Mathews, who shone so often as the English representative of parts sustained in Paris by Arnal, Ravel, Levassor, and Bouffé, sauntered into the repertory of Frédéric Lemaître, and ventured to appear at the Haymarket in an adaptation of "Don Cæsar de Bazan." As the hero of this French melodrama, the English comedian certainly furnished warrant for the charge so often brought against his histrionic method that "it wanted weight." It was found that he had all Don Cæsar's levity: nothing of his gravity. But in another play borrowed from the French, the actor obtained one of his greatest successes: his Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used up" greatly pleased the public, and continued for many years to be one of his most admired impersonations. Arnal had "created" the part, and the play underwent adaptation at other theatres as a farce for the low-comedy purposes of Wright or Keeley. But Mathews's performance owed little or nothing to Arnal; the character of Sir Charles Coldstream, the languid English dandy, elegant of aspect and manner, superfine of dress, sublimely calm of speech, corresponded only in regard to certain of his adventures with the hero of "L'Homme Blasé." The adaptation had been made originally by Mr. Boucicault, who had given in the title of "Bored to Death;" but Mr. Mathews so amended and embroidered it, that finally he claimed it as his own, at the risk of a lawsuit with Mr. Webster, who professed to own the copyright of the English play. But it was soon manifest that, whoever might be responsible for the adaptation or possessed of its copyright, there was but one possible Sir Charles Coldstream. For a little while Mr. Webster himself, in assertion of what he believed to be his rights, essayed the impersonation; but the public did not encourage the experiment. Recognised as an excellent actor, it was also felt that he was not exhibiting himself to advantage in the part of Sir Charles Coldstream, the peculiar possession of Charles Mathews.

It was in this year that Mr. Boucicault produced his second best comedy, "Old Heads and Young Hearts," a production, however, falling far short of the merits of "London Assurance," though composed of similar ingredients, and finding occupation for a strong company of comedians, including the original representatives of Sir Harcourt Courtly, Grace Harkaway, Mark Meddle, and Dazzle—to name no more. Recognised as only a poor relation of the elder work, resembling it chiefly in regard to its worst qualities, "Old Heads and Young Hearts" pleased for a season, and may be reckoned as of very superior worth to the other comedies by the

the hand, such as "The Irish Heiress," "The School for Learning," "Alma Mater," "Mr. Peter Piper," "Love in a Maze," which enjoyed no long life upon the stage, and are now little remembered. In the following season Mr. and Mrs. Mathews appeared as the first representatives of Felix Goldthumb and Bessie Slip in Douglas Jerrold's "Time Works Wonders"—his best and most successful comedy, making ample amends by its excess of wit for any deficiencies of dramatic construction and interest. It cannot be said, however, that Jerrold was altogether successful in providing Charles Mathews with suitable characters or with complete opportunities for histrionic display. The actor was not seen at his best either as Captain Smoke in "Bubbles of the Day," or as Felix Goldthumb, who is less connected than the more serious Clarence Ferman with the interest of "Time Works Wonders." Jerrold was content to employ Charles Mathews merely as the light comedian of the occasion. But he was much more than this. Throughout his career, indeed, the actor might reasonably have complained of the pains taken by the dramatists to supply him with suitable parts, to take the measure, as it were, of his histrionic capacity. His assumption of Dazzle, even, had been something of an accident: the character had not been designed for him. Dazzle had been originally named O'Dazzle, or some such name: an Irish character to be represented by Tyrone Power, probably.

During 1846 and the following year, Charles Mathews and his wife, the dame Vestris fulfilled engagements at the Princess's and other theatres, the lady taking leave of her provincial friends before the opening of the Lyceum under her management in October 1847. The public often amuses itself by exaggerating the age of those who are eminently before it; in the general judgment Madame Vestris was much older than she was in truth, and Charles Mathews was often spoken of as though he had married his mother. Bidding adieu to the Liverpool public in 1847, Madame Vestris frankly referred to the matter. "Believe me," she said, "my health rather than my inclination induces this apparently sudden step. Were I, indeed, as old as some good people are pleased to fancy me, I ought to have retired years ago, not only from the mimic scene, but from the scene of life itself. The truth is, that I have been long before the public, thanks to the kindness of the public; I appeared conspicuously before it at an earlier age than is usual; and I am, yet, I venture to assert, quite superannuated." She declined to state publicly her exact age, however, claiming the privilege of her privacy; and she concluded with a request that the support she had so

long enjoyed might, on her closing her country accounts and her retirement from business so far, be extended to her "junior partner." "He has secured for himself my good will, and has, I trust, entitled himself to yours. It is he, therefore, who will in future undertake the travelling department." It was not supposed at this time, however, that he would ever be travelling round the world.

Born in 1797, Madame Vestris was but six years older than her husband. As she had said, she had been long before the public. She had married the worthless Armand Vestris in 1813; two years later she had sung for his benefit at the Italian Opera House in the Haymarket in Winter's "Il Ratto di Proserpina." Her first appearance on the English stage was in 1820 at Drury Lane, when she played Lilla in Cobb's opera "The Siege of Belgrade." Armand Vestris died about 1825; but husband and wife had lived apart since 1816. When I first saw the lady she was playing Oberon at Covent Garden in a most poetically ornate revival of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," with much music interpolated and many scenic illusions. I was a child in the dress-circle (there were no stalls then), much delighted with the play, yet looking forward to the pantomime which was to follow, and which took liberties, I think, with Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto." To me that representative of Oberon, wearing a glittering suit of fairy golden armour crowned by a classic casque with flowing plumes, was a vision of beauty, wondrously graceful of motion and musical of speech. When I again beheld Madame Vestris some few years later, it was with more critical eyes, and time, as I judged, had meanwhile dealt somewhat harshly with her; her beauty had waned seriously. She should hardly have essayed the part of the youthful schoolgirl Bessie Tulip. Her looks suffered, I think, from the excess of art employed to preserve them: just as the age of a building is sometimes revealed by the freshness of the materials employed in repairing it. She had never possessed the regularity of feature and repose of face which may long and successfully resist the insidious unkindness of the fleeting years. Her address as an actress, with her excellent taste in costume, she yet retained, of course; she was, as ever, bright of glance, lively of manner; as a singer she could still be heard with pleasure, and she gave all possible point to the speeches she was required to deliver—witty herself, she relished the wit of others; no actress has ever spoken better than she did such lines of pleasant facetiousness, for instance, as Mr. Planché was wont to include in *his* fairy extravaganzas. But she did not look young; indeed, by *the side of her husband* she looked almost old. But (then he bore

with such amazing sprightliness his burden of thirty-five to forty years; an adolescent grace and buoyancy remained with him so long; time had in no degree rounded his shoulders or out-curved his waist-coat; he was always youthfully slim of form and elastic of movement. One natural defalcation art easily remedied. His hair had thinned early in life. What a collection of auburn and flaxen wigs he must have possessed! He first revealed publicly his calvity, converting it to the uses of his art, when he first played Affable Hawk "with his own bald head," as people said. But this was not until 1850. Certain earlier of his performances have first to be mentioned.

DUTTON COOK.

TABLE TALK.

MR. WHISTLER'S characteristic pamphlet, "W. R. Ruskin: Art and Art Critics," expresses forcibly *verve*, views upon the relations between the critics and the artists held by a large number of painters, who, less courageous, and less prudent, than he, are not likely to publish their views in the world. According to Mr. Whistler, who on drawing throws away the scabbard, the critic is "sacrilegiously far from the names of the masters, and interprets their intentions; he discovers their vices, with "the facility of the incautious, and scanting the while upon their virtues with a verbosity of language that would give Titian, could he hear it, "the sensation of surprise that was Balaam's when the first great critic published his opinion." This, from Mr. Whistler's point of view, is sufficient. With critics in general Mr. Whistler would not meddle. He thinks writers should destroy writings to the benefit of writing is a reasonable. That writers should deal with painting, is another matter. To Mr. Ruskin and his example we owe, according to Mr. Whistler, "the outrage of proffered assistance from the painter—the meddling of the immodest—the intrusion of the painter into Art, that for ages has hewn its own history in marble; that its own comments on canvas, shall it suddenly stand up as a stammer, and wait for wisdom from the passer-by? for wisdom from the hand that holds neither brush nor chisel?" "A good Sir," to quote Hamlet, "though I most potently and deeply do believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down by more Mr. Whistler asks, "What greater sarcasm can Mr. Whistler put upon himself than that he preaches to young men what he himself cannot perform! Why, unsatisfied with his conscious power, he chooses to become the type of incompetence by talking for nothing of what he has never done!" Here I leave the two critics to themselves; they must now be counted, together by the ears, to see who will chance a new chapter in some subsequent edition of the *of Authors.*"

RE is but little doubt that, in time, the fungus growth of "personal" or "society" papers will cause the mind of man to be impervious to what is said of him by anybody; but in the city, and in the country, some folks are still thin-skinned. A liner in want of a subject made some harmless fun in a London newspaper out of the catalogue of a rose-grower, the terms of which, as everybody knows, are often expressed in a rather quaint manner. Thus that sweet flower, "Miss Hansard," was described as "beautiful, delicate pinkish colour, large, full and fine quality of class either for exhibition or general purposes," but with no reference to any human being. A curate in the neighbourhood, of very acute sensibilities, discovered in this description something personal with reference to the young lady of his parish. The items themselves almost carried conviction home to him; what confirmed his suspicions was an account of the "John Stuart Mill" rose—"bright clear red, of great substance, being also of a healthy constitution and free habit;" this the curate was convinced pointed to no other than his future father-in-law, the rector of the parish in which he lived. If anything were wanting, it was that a name was actually mentioned under the very name of another person living in the neighbourhood, and described as "globular." Under these circumstances the curate wrote to the proprietor of the paper to say that his father-in-law had been identified by his resemblance with the "John Stuart Mill" rose, that his beloved object was grievously offended by being depicted as "Miss Hansard," and that if the third subject of his brutal satire did not choose to take the matter up on his own account, he (the curate) was resolved to do so, and begged to give him notice of action for libel. The proprietor, however, instead of referring him to his lawyer, referred him to the catalogue of the nearest nurseryman, and indeed, all these roses, with their identical descriptions, had been sold for the last twenty years, without giving offence to anybody.

ACCORDING to the latest returns, it appears that the number of military commissions advertised during the past year amounts to the large sum of eight thousand; a number apparently in excess of the previous year, but not really in excess, if allowance is made for the addition of the forces in anticipation or in consequence of war. When allowances are made for duplicate advertisements, the cipher will be still larger. I wonder what is the real cause of the percentage of commissions standing so high. Cobbett's words on this question, as given in his recently published *Life* by Mr. Smith, seem worth

and the danger of punishment. We had Norfolk (our regiment was the West Norfolk) deserted from sheer hunger. They were lad all of them tall, for no short men were the two that went into a decline and died during they joined us they were fine, hearty young n lie in their berths, many and many a time, ac of hunger." Cobbett was not of the stuff made. He owns, however, that when one which he had destined for the purchase buried his head under the miserable sheet an child.

We do not, I am pretty confident in as soldiers. Still, there must be some cause intolerable to a large number; and it is w finding out what it is. If a large numb place from regiments in Canada or Australia, hoping to find remunerative employment evaded their pursuers. In England, however a class of life they have already found not to when distress has been so great among ag artisans, the army, unless the men are expos ances, should be exceptionally attractive.

- A T Christmas time notwithstanding th

these juvenile jokers—who could make it out of their own misfortunes, too!—is quite as good as anything I hear in the burlesques. Indeed, the whole idea might be worked into a capital burlesque: "Winter: a Masque (of ice), etc. etc." If anyone makes use of the suggestion, let him remember (in the sense of rewarding) these two young people.

IN one of those sparkling letters he contributes to the *Athenæum*, M. Edmond About announces that two towns in France propose to erect statues to François Rabelais, and hints that an appeal will shortly be directed to "the intelligent liberality of English Pantagruelists." The towns in question are Tours, where it is proposed to place a statue opposite that of Descartes, and Chinon. Both places have a share in the fame of the great teacher, for such, in spite of his mantle of buffoonery, Rabelais has a right to be called. After wandering through the tortuous and stony streets of Chinon—a place which Rabelais, whose birthplace it was, might yet recognise if he revisited it, so much that is ancient is preserved in its architecture—the traveller is rewarded by being shown, in the appropriately named Rue de la Lamproie, the house which Maître François is supposed to have occupied. Tours, meantime, is the capital and representative town of that country of Touraine—the Garden of France, it is called—which Rabelais loved and never ceased to laud. I hope both schemes will prosper, and shall, when the appeal is made to Englishmen, give my mite, and refer the collectors to Messrs. Benn and Rice, who, since the publication of "The Monks of Thevet," have a right to be classed among English Pantagruelists. Meanwhile, what say those austere partisans of virtue who have succeeded in suppressing one edition of Rabelais to this scheme? While England is busy terrifying tradesmen from selling the works of Rabelais, France is erecting statues to his memory. Verily, the old saying is true—they do "manage these things differently in France."

ALGIERS is getting a very famous health-resort, and the people who have gone there crack it up amazingly. "The climate is delightful, the society charming," said a recent visitor. "It is quite extraordinary English people should have been so long in finding it out." "There you are mistaken," returned a confirmed stay-at-home, drily. "Gray speaks of it, and in high terms. He refers, in his 'Elegy,' having to leave 'the warm precincts of the cheerful Day.'" There is a suspicion, however, that this was because he was apprehensive of going where it was warmer.

THE theory of modern geologists that all forms of past terrestrial changes have their analogies in changes still taking place, has given a new interest to the study of the earth's crust, as regards both the evidence of its past condition and the processes actually taking place. In like manner, now that science recognises among present races of men most of the stages of progress which had been regarded as prehistoric, we study with increased interest and confidence the evidence relating to the past of the human race, while we find a new significance in the phenomena of savage life. A very interesting contribution has recently been made to this department of research. In 1876-77 M. Poliakoff explored the region traversed by the river Ob, studying the manners and customs of the races found there. He finds that the inhabitants of the estuary of the Ob maintain the characteristics of the races which inhabited Central Europe, Germany, and France, during the "reindeer period"—that is, from nearly the end of the glacial period to the beginning of the present period. The primitive condition is shown by the very slow increase of population, the great mortality of children, and the character of marriages. Small regard is paid to age in the matter of marriage, and the marriage of closely related persons is permitted. The women, who are regarded as saleable property, are yet in a somewhat better state of culture than the men. They make carpets from plants, something like those made by the inhabitants of the prehistoric pile-structures of Switzerland, and such as are now still made in parts of Kamstchatka and New Zealand. They practise tattooing, and make their arms and implements of the bones and horns of the reindeer. The *vorop*, corresponding to the virginal cincture of the American Indians, is still in use among them; and after childbirth the women are under *taboo* like that of Polynesian races. Like most savages, they use fetishes, and are gluttons and dram-drinkers. Negligent of the future, they are, for the most part, miserably poor.

SIR G. C. LEWIS'S inimitable imitation, the *Inscriptio Antiqua*, in which, with admirable gravity, he discusses an Oscan inscription, beginning HEYDIDDLEDIDDLE, &c., was seriously criticised by more than one reviewer. So my friend Mr. Foster need not be surprised to find that his essay on "Nature Myths in Nursery Rhymes" has been taken by several reviewers *au grand sérieux*. One of these assures his readers that Mr. Foster's "complacency can be put down to nothing else than conceit," and solemnly takes him to task for "setting down Cain, Noah, Samson, Abraham, and even David among solar myths;" which, by the way, he does not do

though he jestingly applauds the multiform mythical meanings assigned to Cain and the rest by Goldziher and Steinthal. Another praise the concise way in which Mr. Foster "gives much information on certain points of comparative mythology," but considers some of the accounts of the origin of nursery rhymes so fanciful as almost "to suggest the idea of satire and irony." "It will go near to be thought so shortly." May I suggest to such critics that a writer who meant to be understood seriously would hardly have adopted for his opening quotation two Latin lines, which, being interpreted, signify—

Beholding these things, the little dog made the welkin ring with his laughing,
And the cow herself leaped athwart the horns of the moon ;

or, in the vulgar,

The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the cow jumped over the moon.

(These lines—the Latin ones, I mean—are not Thackeray's, I believe, though Thackeray has used them in one of his shorter sketches : I see Mr. Foster attributes them to that voluminous author, Mr. Anon.) When we remember the gravity, one may almost say the solemnity, with which the feeblest possible evidence has been advanced for certain mythical interpretations of Biblical and other stories, it may perhaps not be thought quite such conclusive evidence of a humorous intent that Mr. Foster speaks of "the mystical words 'diddle diddle,'" and describes the feeble and unmeaning rhyme about Robert and Richard as a "most interesting legend." Of course it was absolutely essential to the correctness of his imitation of the manner of Goldziher and others, that the evidence brought forward should be correct in itself, however absurd the conclusion which it purports to support. But there is not a paragraph of the essay which should have been taken seriously, from the point where, after quoting with ironical approval several passages of the most feeble reasoning, Mr. Foster opens his own argument with the words, "Fortified by examples such as these."

THE law does not forbid our indulging in any superstition that may seem good to us. But it is not well to let faith in superstitious practices bring us into collision with the laws against libel. This Mrs. Mary Ann Collier might have found to her cost if the magistrates of Ludlow had been disposed to follow the strict letter of the law. A neighbour having lost a sheet, she followed a method for the detection of the thief which was once widely in favour, and is still regarded in Ludlow, it appears, as exceedingly effective. It involved the use of a key and a Bible (open at the words, "Whither thou goest, I will go ;"

the fingers of the invocant being held so as to form a cross); and when the village roll was read through, of course the key began to move suspiciously when the name of the suspected person was read. In this case the key indicated also that the theft was committed in the daytime. So far all was well. But when Mrs. Collier publicly called the suspected person an "adjective daylight thief," matters became too warm to be pleasant, and the powers of the law were invoked. The case was dismissed, which was fortunate for the oracular Mrs. Collier. It is strange how little some of these old superstitions change from century to century, and how widely they extend. One would imagine that in a young country like America they would die a natural death. ¹But here is a letter (well worth preserving in its original simplicity), which was sent, a few months ago, to the Postmaster-General—embodying two superstitions: one relating to the power of detecting the precious metals, springs of water, and so forth, in the ground; the other, not quite so old, relating to the duties of the Postmaster-General:—

Tennessee. Oct. 4, 1877. Dear sir,—I want you to do me a kines to hand this to sum good watch maker and tell him to see if I can by a instrument to tell where gold or silver is in the ground or if there is a instrument maid to find mettel—gold or silver—that are in the ground. If it will attract it—a instrument for that purpos—I understand there are such a thing made. If so be pleas tell me where I can by one and what it will cost me. It can be sent to New York to — where I can get it. I want to get a instrument to hunt gold and silver. You will pleas write to me as I think if there are sutch a thing maid I could get one in your country. I send you a stamp.

IF the Welsh railways do not pay good dividends, it is not through going too fast. They not only linger, but come to a full-stop sometimes, from causes which to the stranger are unaccountable. A business man, who had made a time bargain with somebody, was much annoyed the other day at finding the train by which he was travelling had come to a standstill at a place where there was no station. "What is the matter?" he inquired of the guard irascibly. "Oh! nothing, sir, only Taff's sweetheart—he is our stoker—lives close by here, and he has just run down for a few minutes' chat with her. If you're in a hurry, I'll whistle him back, and then he can call again on the return journey."

AMONG the things in which Englishmen are supposed to be most Conservative, a regard for the aristocracy is, according to our Transatlantic cousins, to be counted. I do not dispute the imputation, if such it must be considered. Is it not worth while, *then, I may ask*, for the aristocracy to do something to justify the

pride in them which the Englishman is supposed to cherish? Recent proceedings of some members of our noblest families have been of a kind to try sorely the faith of the most blindfold upholder of existing institutions. Since the appearance of a class of journals the chief object of which is to turn to profitable account the prurient curiosity of the idle and the ignorant, a knowledge of that which previously was whispered in clubs has been disseminated among all classes. As a consequence, the words "Aristocratic scandal" are constantly heard. Cannot the aristocracy do something to purge itself of what in it is basest? I heard recently from an able dramatist a suggestion that seems worthy of being taken into serious account. Why, he asked, should not Courts of Honour be held, in which a man who is accused of debasing and degrading his order can by a vote of his fellows be removed from it? Of princes and lords, Goldsmith says in two familiar lines, they

May flourish or may fade :

A breath can make them, as a breath has made.

The same breath, surely, that made may mar. The Queen is, according to our English constitution, the "Fount of Honour," and that which blemishes the honour of our great ones impugns her lustre. Surely treason, which is often misdirected or mistaken loyalty, is not the only thing which can strip a man of his title. I do not wish to establish over one class (on the actions of which circumstances force a light of publicity fiercer than those of lower rank can well be called upon to face) a severe censorship. There are, however, some offences which should justify a governing body in stripping a man of his rank. Men are to be found with handles to their names whose position at this moment is scarcely above that of the felon: there are others whose reputation is such that most men, rather than support it, would prefer to be regarded as felons. It is not in a fit of radical purity I recommend the aristocracy to get rid of these blots on their order. It is their own interest as well as their duty to do so. Let them read aright the often-quoted motto of their order—*Noblesse oblige*.

WITH all due deference to the Metropolitan Press, one reads much funnier things in the country newspapers. In a certain one, which records the "fashionable arrivals" at the county town, I found the other day this curious intelligence: "At the Crown Hotel—the Rev. Mrs. Lacy; Mr. and Mrs. Richards and family; and Captain Roberts, family, and maids." The last is really quite patriarchal. How dreadful it would look if, by any mistake of the printer, the word "family" should have been left out!

THESE are not times in which to recommend increased expenditure, however important be the object. So soon, however, as the present period of depression has passed away, if ever it does pass, I should like to see something done to preserve Hampstead Heath, or what remains of it, to the public, in a condition to retain its beauty. At the present moment the very ugliest houses ever seen are climbing up to Parliament Hill, and stretching out long *piere*-like claws from Gospel Oak Fields. When once Lord Mansfield's property comes into the market, and is built upon, Hampstead Heath, as regards the southern portion, will be about as picturesque as Finsbury Park. What should be done is, by private subscriptions, aided if possible by a Government grant, to acquire the whole of Lord Mansfield's property and the adjacent land west of Millfield Lane—still the prettiest lane near London—and throw it into the Heath. It will be a costly proceeding, but every year it gets costlier. Its effect, moreover, would be to provide London with a lung worthy of the name. What an atmosphere there still is on the Heath, Mr. Du Maurier can tell, whose sight, to the infinite contentment of all lovers of gentle humour and artistic perception, has been assured by it, at a time when a loss which would have done something to "eclipse the gaiety" of the nation was menaced. The purchase I advocate would be easily accomplished if a few of those who, by the aid of Hampstead's health-bestowing breezes, manage to spin out lives far beyond the allotted span, would contribute by will to secure for others the benefits they have themselves enjoyed. It is always "good form" to contribute to a charity when you have benefited by it. Visitors to the Hospital of St. Bernard drop something into the alms-box of that institution. Some of the octogenarian and nonagenarian residents at Hampstead may benefit by this hint.

ALTHOUGH fun is going out of the world, wit is not. Two young gentlemen were returning home from fishing last autumn, when they were met by the daughter of the house in which they were staying. "You have had some sport, I see," said she; for having caught sight of her, it was impossible that they should appear depressed. "Alas! no," was the modest reply. "But what we lack in skill we make up in patience and good humour." "Ah!" she answered, "non angli, sed angeli."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1879.

UNDER WHICH LORD?

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THIN END.

SELDOM twenty-four hours passed without some intercourse between the vicar or his sister with Hermione or Virginia. If no Church work was going on at the Vicarage—of which by the way they were the main support—there was sure to be some question of importance which could only be solved at the Abbey; and as, after that first afternoon, Richard never appeared, the spiritual excitement which had to be kept up at fever-heat suffered nothing by his interposition. Day by day Hermione's religious convictions increased and the vicar's influence grew; and day by day, she was more discontented with her husband and more variable in her feelings:—now petulant, repelling, fault-finding—now tearful, clinging, hysterical, but always dissatisfied both with herself and him, whatever her mood or his response. If he were good-tempered and patient when she was irritating, he was insulting in his indifference; if he were grave, he was beginning to hate her:—she saw it and knew it too well!—if he returned her caresses gently, as was his wont, but without the sweet follies of the dear old fervid time, she bored him and he treated her like a child, giving her a kiss for a sugar-plum just to pacify her; if, thinking all this excitement unhealthy, he tried to calm her, she was repulsed as no woman but herself could bear; and it was trying her too far!—for all her love for him there was a point which even he could not, should not, overpass.

The whole armoury of feminine unreasonableness was ransacked for her weapons of self-torture secret and shown; and she knew no kind of

peace save when she was with the vicar or Sister Agnes. They seemed to supply the buttress of authority which was wanting to her own conscience. Her conscience indeed, as taught by them, was satisfied as things were; but her womanly feeling went against her new convictions; and between the two peace and happiness were lost, while feverish excitement and unrest remained. And yet—she could not call herself unhappy. That feverish unrest in which she lived was in some sort the kind of life she loved. If only there had been no haunting shadow in the background!—no vague sentiment of present wrong and future remorse—if only she could make her husband as bad as she wished to believe him! But he was always so sweet and calm and reasonable, that she could find no weak spot in his armour anywhere. Even after she had tried him most with her temper she found him just the same as ever when she came back, and as little likely to resent her petulance as he was to reply to her provocations. She would have preferred that he should have done both. His calmness irritated her at times almost past bearing. And she wanted a cause against him. Like all people who are discontented with their conditions, she wished to justify her dissatisfaction by some potent fact of wrong-doing or ill-usage; but she searched for her justification in vain.

One day, the vicar came to the Abbey full of a new project for which he wanted money. That section of the Church to which he belonged always are wanting money, and make no scruple in asking for it. It is for the Church, working through, if for, the needs of man, and why should they not?

The vicar's special object to-day was twofold—on one side a thing to be done; on the other a root to be struck and a hold to be gained. The Order of the Mother of Dolours to which his sister belonged, from "Penitents" had extended its work to invalids, and now wanted a Home in the country where it could send its convalescents. And as all kinds of work and organization tell for the establishment of ecclesiastical influence, the vicar was glad to make the Home here at Crossholme. When minds are enfeebled by sickness and hearts softened for gratitude, impressions can be made which, once made, may perhaps be rendered permanent; and Mr. Lascelles had found before now the wisdom of the rule which subdues the mind by ministering to the body. This Convalescent Home would be a tower of strength to him down here at Crossholme; and who can object to a work of pure charity and benevolence? But he wanted money for it; and Hermione must give it.

"I should be glad if you would help me," he said, after he had

detailed his plan. "The Knoll, up there at the head of Squire's Lane, is exactly what we want—a fine healthy but sheltered situation, where the poor creatures will have all the sun but be saved from the north and east winds."

"It is the exact place," said Hermione, her kind heart kindling at the project. "The long walk in the garden is quite like the south of France—so at least Mrs. Parsons used to say when she lived there, and she was fearfully delicate."

"Yes; I see all its capabilities," he answered; "but of course it must be arranged specially for our purpose, and furnished; and the garden put somewhat to rights—at present it is a mere patch of weeds; and all this will dip deeper into the funds of the Sisters than they can or ought to afford. Will you lend a helping hand? I am sure you will!"—with his sweetest smile, his best air, claiming her aid by the right of his friendship as well as by the natural instinct of her own character.

"With pleasure; as you know," said Hermione. "I will ask my husband for the money; he never refuses me."

"May I speak to you frankly on a very delicate subject, Mrs. Fullerton?" said the vicar suddenly. "I have no right to interfere in your private arrangements—believe me I feel that—keenly." He sighed, and his sigh made Richard Fullerton's wife quiver. It meant—What? "Nevertheless I feel that you *are* in a sense my own," he went on to say with a sudden eagerness. "You are—my spiritual child and I am your ghostly father," he added in a different voice and manner, as Hermione blushed and turned her large blue half-frightened eyes from his face to the floor; "and I feel responsible myself for your soul's health."

"Yes," said Hermione, catching his tone. The Child and her Father pleased her; she was to blame to have been startled.

"This scheme proposed by the Sisters of the Mother of Dolours—in which you are to help—must pass as their own. You are not to appear as having helped. We do not publish all and everything to the world; and we are content to labour for Christ and His Church without the reward of man's applause. We give to our Orders the glory which they give to God."

"I see," said Hermione with an earnest face. "It is beautiful—grand—holy!" she murmured to herself.

"I like your course of expressions," said Mr. Lascelles with gentleness. "It is the true course for all souls to take! But to go back to our theme. You must not ask your husband for funds for our Convalescent Home. It must be established here as by our

Order, with my sister as the Superintendent and me as the Chaplain. You must give to the Church in secret what you wish to give at all. How can you do that when you have no private fund whence to draw these gifts to the Lord?"

"What can I do?" said Hermione distressed. "I have never had the control of my own money. As you know, when I married I gave it all up to my husband, and there has never been the smallest difficulty between us on this matter."

"Nor must there be now," he answered. "And to keep your domestic peace unbroken you must avoid, what else, with Mr. Fullerton's disastrous views, will become a serious cause of dissension between you—namely, your noble aid given to our church work—by having your own private income with which he shall have nothing to do, and over which he must not have even the right of supervision. I want you to ask your husband to make you an allowance;—no! I will not put it in that way," he added a little warmly. "You must take part of your own money into your own hands—such an amount as will enable you to serve God through His Church without praying the permission of one who denies our Lord and is the sworn enemy of His Church."

"But what will my husband think?" said Hermione, looking down in extreme trouble; "though indeed," she added with perilous frankness, "I feel now that it would have been better if I had kept back some for myself, and not made him so entirely the master."

"You are right; and now is the time to assert yourself. Mr. Fullerton will respect you all the more for your determination," replied Mr. Lascelles, preaching peace where there was no peace. "This arrangement is simply due to yourself as the inheritor of your father and the proprietress of the estate. Wifely obedience is a virtue—granted; no one holds it higher than I do; but this complete effacement, even to the power of doing good, is an offence to God. It is placing the creature before the Creator, and a secondary virtue—a virtue of circumstance—before one that is elemental and integral to your own soul. It must not be, Mrs. Fullerton; you must reclaim your lapsed rights—at least to this point of a private source which you can deal with as your own."

"My husband will do what I wish—I am sure of that," said Hermione as his advocate. "It was my own doing that gave him the supreme control, but I have only to ask for an allowance and I can have it. Of course, it was very silly of me to do this—but I was very young then, and knew nothing of life; and the idea of managing this large estate frightened me. Perhaps," she added with

the finest dash of temper, for this wish for a private fund was not born to-day, and had been growing long enough to have become bitter; "perhaps he might have done this of his own free will. I think indeed that he ought! It would have been better than making me feel that I have to thank him for what is really my own."

"Forgive me for saying so, dear Mrs. Fullerton, but had he been a man of true delicacy, of true generosity, he would have done so. He would not have waited to be asked."

"I think so; but he did not mean it. He has been very very good to me!" said Hermione with the vacillation of feeling that was only too frequent with her now.

"He could scarcely have been anything else," said Mr. Lascelles with his courtly sneer. "The wife who has given him all, could scarcely be other than cherished." Then he added suddenly: "And has your daughter no allowance, such as most young ladies have?"

"No; we have never had the keeping of money; neither she nor I. My husband pays all the large bills by cheques. We have quarterly accounts, and the question of expense and payment is never discussed. Indeed, I know nothing of our affairs at all. He has the supreme control."

Mr. Lascelles slightly shook his head, and smiled as at the confession of a fault which at this moment was not to be too gravely rebuked. It was a fault; no doubt of that; but he let it pass for the time under protest, and Hermione understood his by-play only too clearly.

"It would be as well to accustom your daughter to the keeping of money and dealing with it of her own free will—under judicious direction," he said. "She is of an age now to learn practically the things of life; and sooner or later she must deal with large sums. Let her begin now. When taking out your own share let me advise you to claim a fitting portion for her. You do not object to my presuming to advise you? In our relative positions it is my duty and my privilege."

"No! no! indeed I don't object! I am so much obliged to you; it is like a new life to me, having a friend who cares for me and wishes to see me righted," cried Hermione. "I think you are very kind to take so much trouble for me."

"Nothing can be a trouble that helps you in a difficult and delicate path," answered the vicar gently. "I know what you have to bear already, and I fear that your burden will become heavier and your way yet more thorny. For such a woman as you, so humble-

minded, so sincere, so desirous to learn the truth of God and to follow as the Church directs, to be the wife of a professed atheist!"—He shuddered. "What an awful union of good and evil!" he half-whispered, lifting his eyes to heaven.

Tears stood in Hermione's eyes.

"If I could but bring him over!" she sighed, feeling herself at the moment a martyr for truth's sake.

"Yes, if you could!" he answered, echoing her sigh. "And who can say that it may not be? Moses smote the rock and the living waters gushed out, and Divine Grace may break down the pride and blindness in which your husband has encased himself and allow the light of truth to come in. Who would dare to limit God's power or to circumscribe His grace?"

"It would be a miracle if he were changed," she said.

"And such are still wrought; if with such a one as he, seldom," he answered.

Had anyone told her twenty years ago that she would have held such a conversation as this, with a strange man, about that beloved husband of hers—had anyone told her even ten or five years ago, or less, that she should have taken the attitude towards him of now an impatient and now a sorrowful contemner—she would have cried out against that prophecy as an impossible transformation—a miracle that no power in heaven or earth could accomplish in her heart. But it had come; and sitting there with Mr. Lascelles she felt that here was true wisdom as well as her own true friend, and that Richard was blind and dark for the one part and her slightly ungenerous exploiter for the other.

All that day Hermione turned and turned this proposal over in her mind. She was a gentle creature in her inner nature, not one to wish to hurt—even a husband; and she knew that this sudden disturbance of old ways would pain hers. She knew that she was entering on an unacknowledged warfare with the man whom, up to now, she had loved so tenderly, and had only blamed in the secret recesses of her heart because he did not show with sufficient lover-like warmth the love which she knew he had for her. She knew too that she was unjust to condemn him for his want of orthodoxy. She had borne with his agnosticism for the last fifteen years in perfect tranquillity of conscience; her utmost remonstrance having been no more severe than an "Oh Richard!" said with a smile when he was more than usually audacious, more than commonly broad; and to pretend to herself now that she was a martyr because the wife of an *infidel*, was trading on her own changed feelings with scarce the full measure of honesty towards him. But through all this dim and vague

self-communing ran the distinct desire for independence—as much to punish him as to gratify herself. He had not cared to keep her by the perpetual renewal of a lover's courtship, as she should have been kept; and he had lost her, to a certain extent, in consequence; she had escaped like a bird from the hands of one negligent of his prize, and he was to blame if she was miserable. But the only step as yet contemplated for the attainment of this coveted independence was that private allowance on which she had now set her heart—such a mere piece of justice as it was, and so unjust as it was of him not to have done it long ago!—a private allowance which was to be her own, and with which she could deal as she wished, like a sacred bit of soil fenced round against his intrusion, and which she could consecrate to the Church through Mr. Lascelles.

Meanwhile, pending the demand, she asked Virginia if she too would not like to have an allowance of her own: it would be good for her.

At first the girl said no, she would rather not; but on her mother reminding her that if she had money of her own she could help Sister Agnes in her plans, and that then she need not trouble papa for all that she wanted, she took back her negative and said yes, she should like it; as perhaps it would be better for papa not to know always everything, unless he could be brought to love the work with them.

"But it is not deceiving him, mamma, is it?" she asked anxiously, as the natural honourableness and transparent quality of her character broke through these later spiritual sophistications. "It is only preventing his being vexed and fancying all sorts of things about Sister Agnes and Superior"—this was the vicar in his intimate circles;—Superior of the little band of "Church-workers," as they called themselves;—"things which are not true and which would annoy him? It is not deceiving him, is it?"

"Certainly not," said her mother. "Superior himself advised it, and would he and Sister Agnes, so good and high-principled as they are, advise anything that was wrong?"

"No," said Virginia warmly. "What they advise *must* be right!"

It was one of the sweetest of our English evenings—a rich warm August evening when the beauty of summer and the wealth of autumn meet in flower and fruit, in the unthinned luxuriance of the hedge and the first washes of gold and crimson over the earlier-changing trees. Dinner was over. It had been more than usually silent, and it was never noisy—for Richard was thinking over his lecture to his men; the monthly lecture due the day after to-morrow—Hermione was considering what she should say and how word her

request—and Virginia was lost in a dreaming kind of reverie picturing to herself the peace and blessedness of the conventual life, as she imagined it to be ; so that no one found much to say, and no one wished that the others were more communicative. Now they all went into the verandah for coffee ; and Hermione's hour for opening fire had come.

How sweet the evening was ! Richard looking at that fair expanse of country, where cornfield, wood and meadow, farm and cottage, and the winding stream that gave life and increased picturesqueness to it all were his—felt a glow at his heart as he thought of the moral influence which such a property gave him. In his own mind it was like a green and living island of truth in the midst of a desert of falsehood ; the deep and real fountain of life where all the rest was the mere mirage of things—vapour playing over sand. All this was his ; and all this represented the cause of light and knowledge and science against darkness, ignorance, and superstition. While he lived he felt that he was the keeper of an impregnable fortress which would never fall into the hands of the enemy. He and his little band would make headway here, and no one should overcome them ; and, man for man, he pitted his influence against the new vicar, and was not afraid of the issue.

But there was that lecture on the Duty of Man as a Member of the Community waiting for him to arrange. He must swallow his coffee and go. The sunset glow tempted him to remain—for it was a singularly beautiful sky, a rarely perfect evening ; but he must tear himself away and finish his preparation for one of the boldest and most outspoken lectures that he had yet delivered.

He turned with a smile to Hermione.

"Well, good-bye for the present, wife. Coming to give me a kiss before I go?" he said, moving in his chair.

Hermione laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, don't go yet!" she said a little nervously. "Do stay with us a little longer, Richard ! You are so seldom with us now, and the evening is so lovely !"

"You think that you are lovelier to me than the evening, you mean?" he laughed.

"By your habits we might both be witches, Virginia and I," she said with a smile. "You avoid us as much as if we were."

"If I am not much with you it is not from want of love, my wife," he said. "But, as you know, my life is full and I can give but little time to pleasure."

"I do not see why your wife and daughter should always be the

most neglected." She put on a pretty pout, raising her soft blue eyes from under her brows as she lowered her head. It was a girlish trick revived; or rather it had never wholly died.

"Do I neglect you?" he asked pleasantly. "You?—the best-loved she in England!"

"Am I? Poor things—if I am, how I pity the rest!"

He laughed. His feeling of their absolute oneness was so strong, so deep, so interwoven with his very life, that in spite of the small disturbing currents which of late had set across that halcyon sea of his faith and trust, he could not choose but accept such a declaration as this as so much womanly play. Besides, though she meant what she said, she spoke as if she did not.

"You pity them for their smaller portion? Well, perhaps you are right. They are to be compassionated," he said.

"No, I do not look at it quite in that light," said Hermione, suddenly grave. "Nor in your secret heart do you. But never mind all this," she went on hurriedly, as he was preparing to protest.

"I have a little matter of business that I want to talk to you about. So please attend, and let us be serious."

"All right, wife—what is it?" he asked.

"I want to have a private account of my own at the bank," she said with a plunge.

She was not gifted with the faculty of diplomacy, and with Richard she had always found the directest course the best. He was slow at taking hints, and he was especially a man with whom anyone could be absolutely straightforward. He was not likely to be offended by either frankness or boldness; but crookedness and borrowing were unpalatable to him.

"What do you want with a private account?" he asked after a little pause. The proposal had taken him by surprise; and he did not wish to show how much.

"For many things," she answered.

"But why disturb present arrangements, wife? You spend what you will and I make no objection to paying."

"It would be rather odd if you did, considering all things," said Hermione, remembering what the vicar had said.

He passed his hand over his forehead. What did her allusion mean? What did it all mean? If he had administered the property was it not his duty as the man—the husband—the head of the house? It was their property, for they were one; and he as the man was the holder for their joint benefit. Why did she remind him that legally it had been hers, and that he had once been the recipient not the

owner? He never thought for an instant that he was still only the recipient, and not the owner.

"Dear wife," he said, "I scarcely understand you. I cannot see what need you have for a private or separate account. What are you likely to buy that I should object to pay for?—what are you likely to do that you would not care for me to know?"

"It is not pleasant for any woman to have to go to her husband for every farthing that she wants," said Hermione with an injured look and tone.

"And how many years is it that you have taken to find that out?" he asked.

"That is not the question, Richard," she replied, a little less amiably than hitherto. "I have found it out now—surely that is sufficient."

"But why should things be different from what they have been?" he urged. "I feel, perhaps foolishly, that a certain vague cloud of distrust would creep in between us, wife, were you to separate yourself from me even in so small a matter as this;—you and I who have always lived in such unbroken harmony, such devoted love! This must not be, my life! Whatever else may happen to us we must go down to the grave as we have lived through our youth, hand in hand, heart to heart, one in a perfect and flawless life-union."

He leant forward as he spoke, looking into her face with a certain manly pathos, a certain pleading passion that went to her heart. Oh! why was he not always like this! she thought—why had he become so cold and indifferent to her, and put all other things in life before her and his love for her!

"We have been very happy and will be always," she said falteringly. "We are not going to quarrel, Richard, because I should like to have a little money of my own to do with as I like," attempting a smile that somehow failed. "It will be better for everyone—and for Virginia too. I should like her to have an allowance. She must learn the use of money, and she knows no more about it now than a child—than I do!" again forcing a smile.

"You have no need to learn the use of it, dear," he answered. "While I am by your side, have you not always a faithful custodian?"

"Yes, dear, I know; but still—I should like it," said Hermione.

"I cannot understand why." He spoke with the same reluctance that he had shown throughout.

"It is not so very difficult to understand surely!" cried Hermione, piqued at his opposition, which she had not expected would be so

tenacious. "I am not a baby to be managed for; and, after all, papa left me absolute mistress of everything. It is only my own at the worst!"

The next moment she would have given worlds to have re-called her words. The sudden spasm of pain that crossed her husband's face told how deeply she had wounded him; and though she felt bound to obey the vicar's will, which indeed had become her own, she did not wish to pain her husband—unnecessarily.

"It scarcely needed that reminder, dear wife," he said gently, when he could speak naturally and without self-betrayal. "If I have administered your fortune it was because, being the man of the two—the two so perfect a one!—it came more naturally to me to attend to the details of business than it did to you. I have not wished to invade your rights nor to keep back that which is your own. Always remember that, my wife!"

"Asking for an allowance to be placed in the bank in my own name need not distress you so much as it seems it does," said Hermione uneasily in feeling, but playfully in manner. "I never knew you stingy before, Richard! you, who have everything, to grudge poor me this little portion—for shame!"

He shook his head. Her forced playfulness did not impose on him, nor heal the wound which had been made.

"How much shall I put into the bank for you, wife?" he asked suddenly but quite gently. The suddenness was in the complete and unconditional surrender of all opposition, all discussion.

"I would like to have two thousand a year," said Hermione as quietly.

"Is this to include your milliner and all other personal expenses?" he asked. "I ask you, dear, because the outgoings of our house just match the incomings, and I want to know what this sum taken yearly—you said yearly?—is to include, that I may calculate."

"Yes; I will make it sufficient for myself and Virginia," she answered magnanimously.

"So—good! And you like the idea of an allowance of your own, Ladybird?" he asked playfully; anxious to show that the fact once established was to be no sore between him and them.

"Yes, papa," she said going over to him and kneeling down by his chair lovingly.

"And what will my little girl do with it?" stroking down her long silky shining hair.

"I will try to do good, papa," she answered gravely, lifting up her sweet face, so like an angel's, to him.

"You are always good, my Virginia," he said.

"No, papa; I am only trying to learn the will of God, and to follow it in the least bad way I can," she answered.

His fingers still stroking down her hair, caught in the elastic string round her neck, and the little crucifix was pulled out from its place of concealment.

She took it in her hand reverently.

"This is my sign," she said; and kissed it.

Again that look of pain over his face. The veil was lifted just at the corner, and with bitter anguish he saw the shadow of the truth within.

"Are you sure that all which you take to be good and godly is so in fact, my Virginia?" he said, holding her hand and looking steadfastly in her face.

"Yes, papa," she answered. "The Church is the voice of God on earth—oh papa! papa, if you would but hear it!"

"I hear a better," he said; "the voice of science, and of that true humility and courage which can confess ignorance yet not be disturbed. But tell me, child, who has got hold of you? Is the new vicar tampering with her, wife?"

"I do not call it tampering," answered Hermione. "Both he and Sister Agnes saw that Virginia needed religious instruction; and they have given it to her—as was indeed their duty in their position."

"I shall be sorry if she is made zealous for orthodoxy," said Richard slowly. "It would be painful to me to have my daughter join hands with the school which I give all my strength to destroy."

"Conscience must be supreme with Virginia as with others," said Hermione. "I cannot forbid her in a matter of this kind. What she thinks to be right that she must do."

"Still, our daughter is but a child; and direction in this case means conviction. It is the direction to which I object."

"And which makes my true life, papa!" said Virginia fervently. "I would rather suffer martyrdom, like any of the early Christians when they were persecuted by the Romans, than give up Sister Agnes and all that she has taught me—all that she is and has been to me."

"Virginia was pining for some kind of religious conviction," said Hermione. "You do not know her as well as I do. The coming of Mr. Lascelles and his dear sister has been her salvation."

"Oh papa, you do not know how happy I am now!" cried Virginia, clinging to him while still kneeling by his side. "I have wanted so to tell you all! I know now what to believe—I am no longer wandering in the dark—I have found God in the dear dear *Mother our Church!* I could not go back to that miserable time

when I did not know what was false and what was true—when we had no daily services, no right teaching, no earnestness in religion, no guide, no teacher! I would rather die than give up what we have now in dear Superior and Sister Agnes."

"All this is a bewilderment to me," said Richard, looking from his daughter to his wife and not exactly taking in all that she had said. "I feel somewhat in a fog. Have you too, my wife, gone *tête à tête* into the new system like the child?"

"I am older and less enthusiastic perhaps than Virginia," Hermione answered with a certain reserve.

"Still you have gone the same way?" he persisted.

"I do not like to answer you as if I had committed a fault—something to be afraid of," said Hermione a little stiffly. "I confess to having found immense spiritual comfort from Mr. Lascelles and his dear sister since they came."

"And you wanted this comfort?"

"Yes; sorely."

He was silent for a moment. All these revelations bewildered him in truth.

"I had no idea that you were in want of comfort of any kind," he said slowly. "My belief was that you were perfectly happy—both you and the child—as happy as I myself. If I had known that you were pining for any pleasure—any change—I would have given it to you without remark or remonstrance. I would have preferred any distraction to this."

"It was not pleasure that we wanted, papa," said Virginia; "it was faith—it was God!"

"Things might have been different, Richard, had you not been always so dreadfully occupied," said Hermione half in tears. "You know what kind of life you lead and how entirely you absent yourself from us. If you had cared to keep us more with you, perhaps we should not have been so ready to accept all this new life."

"Don't say that, mamma!" cried Virginia. "It was not for want of excitement or mere occupation—not that—it was because we were both wandering and now we have found our rest! It was not because we wanted papa—dear as papa is—but the Father whom we have found!"

"If this is true, my wife," returned Richard, not noticing Virginia's more thorough partisanship, more enthusiastic confession, "I would have given up all—all that I most loved and valued—to preserve you from this dreadful blunder—this fatal bewilderment. Oh, why did you not confide in me, my wife? you whom I trusted so entirely, and love so devotedly!"

"After all, Richard, are we not making a great deal too much of—what?" said Hermione, suddenly changing her tone. Virginia's passionate advocacy a little frightened her, and did in a certain measure chill. And then she saw how heart-struck her husband was, and she did not want to hurt him too much; they had once been very happy, and he did not mean to be disagreeable to her. "We have a new clergyman here in the parish, and Virginia and I like to assist in the parish work. This is the whole of the matter from beginning to end; and it is not one that deserves either your pain or our hysterics. Virginia has been greatly taken with Sister Agnes—girls of her age often are with clever women like that; but we are all making too much of it! Don't look so grave, Richard! I have always been loving and obedient to you," she went on to say, warming with her own words and talking herself into a new mood; "and I always will be, unless"—smiling sweetly—"you want me to do what my conscience disapproves. And I am sure you are too good and liberal for that."

"I want no other assurance than that, wife!" he answered, going over to her as she sat on her low chair to one side. He stood by her and turned up her face with one hand, laying the other on her shoulder. "Let me keep the conviction of your unbroken faith to me, as mine to you, and I can meet the whole world!"

She looked up at him and met his eyes—those dear, mild, honest eyes in which she had once seen all her hope and found all her bliss. Memories of the old days came over her, softening and warming her heart and turning back her love to him as if she had been a girl.

"Richard!" she said impulsively; "if it pains you, dear, I will give up all—even—"

"Mr. Lascelles," said the servant; and the vicar, close at his heels, passed into the verandah like one to whom the house is free.

"I thought I might catch you, Mr. Fullerton, if I came at this hour," he said blandly, showing neither disappointment nor vexation; though he had not expected to see him, and was annoyed to find him on the ground. "I have just received the Faculty from the Bishop, and should like to consult Mrs. Fullerton—and yourself—on the restorations to be made in the church; and as which she, as the great tithe owner and the chief lady of the place, graciously, "will have much to say. Are you at leisure? May I show my plans?"

"If you wish it," said Richard gravely, feeling that his enemy was in his camp, but holding a flag of truce that meant treachery.

The vicar's evident familiarity with the house, the kindling of

Virginia's face when he came in—that dreadful crucifix on her bosom!—and Hermione's flush and embarrassment coming on her request for such a strange alteration in their old relations—all had impressed him; and it seemed to him that his proper place was truly here, as the head of the house watching over its weaker members when danger was by.

But he was too late; the roots had been struck, and the tree had begun to grow;—was it the Tree of Life or the Upas?—that which would give salvation or bring destruction?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

THE most notable of Richard Fullerton's "men" were John Graves the tailor, Tom Moorhead the blacksmith, and George Pearce the carpenter of Crossholme; and, notable in another way, Adam Bell, that clever, reckless, shifty fellow who kept the chandler's shop at the far end of the village.

Apparently, to judge by the ease with which he could talk of methods and handle various sorts of tools, Adam had practised every kind of handicraft not requiring special breadth of shoulder or development of biceps—and some others that needed sharp wits more than deft fingers. No one could make out exactly what he had been, but everyone gave him credit for having been a great many things, and it was even said that he must once have been a play-actor. Certainly no one sang a better comic song, or spouted with more fluency, or gave imitations of the various best known actors with more facility;—there were no experts among the critics of Crossholme to determine whether the imitations were exact or no. They seemed to be so, and that was enough. When in the vein too, he could go through whole parts of wild melodramatic plays, such as are given in barns by strolling companies and at "Richard-son's" in fair times—plays full of poison and death and love, and with a large amount of high-falutin' and impossible virtue to balance the as impossible vice. And, as those who discussed him argued, shrewdly enough, it was scarcely likely that he would have taken the trouble to learn just one character and no more in so many pieces—though he knew scraps of the rest—if it had not been for business and his slice of bread. And the shrewd wits had probability on their side.

As Adam was a stranger at Crossholme, coming out of the clouds one murky winter's morning and with no clear track to his last place of residence—conjecture was free to make of him what it would. And conjecture had a fine time of it; for he neither volunteered any precise information about himself or the past, nor gave cause of suspicion by resenting it when asked. He never by any chance mentioned where and what together. The nearest that he said was: "When I was down south I picked up from a yokel an old watch for two shillings that I sold afterwards for a matter of twenty pound."—"When I travelled the eastern counties I collected some rare old coins of the Roman times."—"Once when I was up in the far north I was lost in a snow-storm."—"When I peddled Cornwall way."

This was the nearest that could be got out of him:—He had peddled: first for a master and then for himself; and now, tired of wandering, he had resolved to cast anchor and make himself a home; and Crossholme fitted him to a hair. But where he was born and where schooled; what he had done when a lad, and who were his father and mother—it being to be supposed that he was not born peddling—no one knew more than he knew what his great-grandfather had been doing this day a hundred and fifty years ago. He had come to the place quite suddenly; opened a chandler's shop much wanted at the time; trading in a very small way at the beginning—but having his character to make, and knowing how it is best made for the long run, he took care to sell good stuff of fair weight and at reasonable prices; and thus, by degrees which were neither slow nor long, he won the confidence and custom of the place and was now doing well. So far things were not in his disfavour; and no one has the right to imagine spectres which are neither seen nor heard.

Restless in all things, of a prying and excitable kind of intellect, if Adam had curbed his nomadic blood so far as to settle quietly in one house for the last six years, he had not put his brain into harness; and the inventions and discoveries of which he was the father, and which would revolutionize society had he but the money to work them, were as many as there were objects on which he laid his long thin supple fingers. He had invented an electric locomotor, and an automatic printing-press; and he had a torpedo—on paper—that, if put into material, would blow into sky-rockets aught ever laid in the sea; and he had a steam-engine that would pump out a mine in less than half the time of the best in use now—still on paper; a plan how to regulate the boiler so that a blow-up should be a *mechanical impossibility*: and if he were to be believed, he had the

organization of practical dynamics on that dusty old shelf
 e back parlour behind his shop. Such as he was—talkative
 confidential, bragging but never committing himself to
 statements—he was a character in the place; personally
 ome because amusing and superficially good-natured, but
 uted by the better sort, partly because of that ill-natured
 ejudice of ours which doubts a stranger *quâ* stranger, and
 ause of that clever shiftiness of his which gave one the
 instability and consequent untrustworthiness. It held off
 as John Graves and George Pearce; and rough Tom
 even more than they. Yet Adam was one of "Mr.
 men;" and the loudest as he was the most wordy in his
 of the doctrines which developed him from a jelly-fish
 n ape, and which denied the personality of the devil
 stence of such a place as hell. But though he professed
 be such an enthusiastic disciple of the new school of
 nd such a loyal partisan of its expounder here, the master
 ey, when with those who really believed in the religion of
 nd the saving grace of science, yet he was not backward
 parodies and nonsensical exaggerations when with those
 ot taken up the thread; and his humour was never so broad
 e was demonstrating to his hearers that they were no better
 ny tadpoles, and were just the "gorillas of the future."
 ver quite conquered Richard's instinctive distrust of him,
 r quite conquered that of the three men already named.
 is best to get over the master, whose custom at his shop
 r much; but the kind heart was united with a clear brain
 nctive perception of realities; and though the one part
 ped all things from all men, the other believed in none
 oof, and gave little heed to protestations that looked well
 else.

rest, John Graves was elderly, quiet, thoughtful; and noted
 hetic patience, the philosophic dignity with which he had
 heavy sorrows of an exceptionally sad life. His unbelief
 igion, as it was to Richard himself; and he denied because
 l. Tom Moorhead, a man in the prime of life, was an ardent
 d the Boanerges of the group; and George Pearce, about
 more after the pattern of John Graves, whose only
 hild he had married, and whose quiet thoughtful temperate
 took as his own model, with the reverent love of a true

oorhead had a daughter too; and people laughed as they

noted how often keen-witted, sharp-featured Adam Bell was at the forge when the shop door was shut and every man's servant was now his own master. But there were few who dared hint to Tom at the possibility of such a suitor as the like of him for pretty Janet. He of all the group most doubted this clever intellectual acrobat, this foretime pedler, who had wandered here out of the clouds; and would as soon have thought of marrying his girl to a soldier or a tramp as to Adam Bell of no known antecedents and not of this parish.

But Adam thought that he could work his way in time; with the help of money if all else failed. Every month he was putting by a little matter, which would soon make a tidy sum; and with a good settlement to offer, fathers-in-law are not difficult game for lovers to bag. He had had a good deal of experience in life, he used to say; and he had brought out of this experience one strong settled conviction—that every man has his price and every man his power, if only you can hit on the one and find how best to utilize the other.

Only one thing more need be said at present of these men:—John Graves and George Pearce, his son-in-law, were tenants of the Molyneux family; Tom Moorhead's house and forge belonged to the Abbey estate; but Adam Bell's shop stood on part of the small bit of glebe that had been reserved for the Vicarage. The village was a long straggling irregular place; the estates were as irregular as it; and odd corners had been bought and sold till it was almost a topographical puzzle to know where Churchlands ended or the Abbey began, or why this little croft should belong to the Vicarage, and that half-acre of wood by its side to Monkshall. So however it was; and no one at Crossholme thought it strange or wished that it were otherwise.

More besides these men went to the reading-room, both when Richard gave his monthly lecture—which was of a stronger and more speculative kind than the weekly—and in the evenings and at noon, to read, to play a game at draughts, or to take a hand at “spoiled nines,” or “three-card lant.” This allowance of card-playing had been made into a nine days' wonder when the rules of the reading-room had first been drawn up; and the neighbourhood had objected to it strongly and canvassed it severely. Indeed it had been raised into a crime by the more rigid; and to hear them talk it would seem that Richard Fullerton had organized his pretty, half Gothic little Institution to become a very sink of iniquity. But as he said, when those who spoke against him and his ways behind his back most unreservedly, approached the subject to his face with

greatest discretion:—"I treat men like men, not like children; and if it pleases them to have a game at cards, why should they not play as well as others? I trust to their developing tastes for a higher kind of recreation than gambling; but if they have that desire—many men have; it seems almost instinctive—they had better gratify it in a place where public opinion goes against excess, than in the public-house where they drink till they are inflamed and lost to all self-control."

And as he was the owner and master, and had the right to arrange his own rules, he carried the day, as he intended to do; and the institution allowed cards, smoking, and beer, as well as giving other things of a higher class. The members numbered about fifty—all the available men in the place indeed—but those spoken of were the principal, and all with whom we have to do in this story.

The lecture to-night was on the duties of men as members of a community. In contradistinction to the theological view of rewards and punishments, of pleasing God and saving our own souls, duty was set forth as self-respect on the one hand and the good of the community at large on the other.

"All is bad or good as it affects the well-being of society, or let us call it humanity," said Richard. "There can be no intrinsic evil, no positive sin, where there is no community to be harmed by our acts."

He brought forth the old argument of the desert island and how a man could not sin by himself. If he could do no ill to others he could do no ill at all;—spiritual wickedness, self-generated, self-destructive, and offending God only, being a myth and an impossibility. This was naturally utterly opposed to the theological view which makes sin a thing in itself between a man's own soul and God, and in nowise because of its action on the community;—which sees in it primarily an offence against Heaven even when it is a crime against society—damnable because disobedient to divine command rather than to be punished because of its evil handling of man's body and property. "This latter is allowed to be morality if you will," he went on to say; "but the deeper crime, according to theologians, is the spiritual wickedness of disobedience of God's command—not because such command is good for man, but because it is God's." "The only laws that we know," he said, "are those which we are slowly picking out for ourselves in the positive sciences, and that educated and ill to be educated sense of justice, equity, and respect for humanity, which we embody in codes and call concretely conscience. It is childish talk of a devil who tempts us to do evil—humiliating to common

sense and manhood to fear eternal punishment if we have done evil—and what grosser superstition has the world ever seen than the Christian doctrine of God incarnate in man that we might all have a better chance of heaven?—a better chance, mind you; not a certainty—and the whole universe disturbed that we might be less unfairly handicapped! No! no, my friends! man is only a part of the whole—a unit of the sum; and there is no more value in his life than there is in the life of a fly, or an ant, save such as he makes for himself by his higher intelligence. What we have to cultivate is the sense of justice to all, ourselves included; loyalty to the best interests of the community of which we form a part; reverence for humanity at large; love of truth for its own sake irrespective of the conclusions to which it leads us; while ourselves personally, and what advantages us one way or another, is a consideration which comes nowhere in the school of a wise and elevated philosophy. We have to live for humanity, not for our own souls. Never let us forget that. Our duty is here—our work is here; we know nothing but life—can prove nothing but matter—and to waste our strength in vague speculations on things that are unprovable is the sorriest use to which we can put it.”

Was this strong meat given as food to babes, and poison rather than nourishment? Richard did not think so; nor did some of his hearers; if others felt a certain uneasiness, a certain kind of mental droop and collapse at the thought that it was not regarded by a Higher Power whether they did well or ill, just as weak and paralyzed limbs suddenly taken out of irons would fall helpless to the ground; and others felt a certain relief in the idea that if they kept clear of the police here they had nothing to fear hereafter, and were free of the devil who else might have had his word to say to them for fleshly indulgences, or faults of mind and temper which broke no human law and hurt none so that they should cry out. But some again, took the doctrine as it stood, and found it ennobling and heartening. The doctrine of self-respect, and of the duty owing to the community, was one which seemed to them to strike a true chord, and to be a higher phase of thought than the grovelling Eastern personal fear and the purely selfish endeavour which are expressed in such phrases as fleeing from _____ to come _____ and saving your soul alive.

After the lecture _____ al
the men spoke out th _____ sk
dissent. This was alw
and the most important

lecture were then more clearly demonstrated and more directly urged.

John Graves was generally of Mr. Fullerton's way of thinking. There was a certain sympathy of nature between the two men which made their minds in unison, and rendered the teaching of the one acceptable to the other. To-night he gave his unqualified assent to all that he had heard. It was not wholly new ground to him, for Mr. Fullerton had gone over it before with him in private, though this was the first public lecture in which he had put forth these doctrines. It was his view of things, too, he said, put into scholarly language and cleared out. But Tom Moorhead had a word to say against duties to all the members of a community as at present constituted. He would render no tribute to Cæsar because he denied the rights of Cæsar, whether called absolute or constitutional, emperor or queen; and what he denied to the sovereign he was not minded to give the aristocracy. He was hostile to it all, and wished that Mr. Fullerton had touched on that head in his discourse, and limited the right to demand and the obligation to pay.

Tom always dragged in that shock-headed republicanism of his whenever he had the chance; and when he had not he still made his friends and hearers understand that there was his *bête noire*, standing in the shadow outside the door and waiting for the first opportunity when he could thrust his ugly muzzle into the thick of the fray. He was an impetuous, unreasoning, one-ideaed kind of creature; but he was trusty and honest; and truth, like falsehood, can work with different materials and by various tools.

George Pearce boggled not a little at the doctrine of sin being impossible save such as refers to the well-being of the community. He was a tender-souled young fellow with the possibilities in him of zealotry if set in the track, and he cherished the belief in an inner life which the scalpel could not lay bare nor the spectroscope analyze, nor the crucible reduce to its ultimate essence. "A man is conscious of a certain sort of a something," he said modestly, "that has nought to do with what others may know or not know, nor with what harm may or may not be done to those others in consequence. He could not argue well," he said, "but conviction and consciousness were facts which everyone could prove for himself."

"A man is convinced of many things which we know do not exist," said Richard. "A spiritualist believes in the materialization of ghosts, and an African in the incantation of his Obi man. Private and personal convictions have ruled the world for a long time now,

George, and you see into what a morass of folly and superstition they have landed us."

"These were things, sir; but what I mean is states of feeling—thoughts which only a man's own self knows and can realize."

"Like the ecstasies of nuns, the visions of hermits. You would not put them as solid bases of conduct, would you? Save as physiological facts to be dealt with by medicine they are contemptible; and as philosophical arguments inadmissible. Conscience and consciousness are mental conditions varying according to health and education. They have not even a claim to consideration by their stability or uniformity."

"It makes life a little vague, sir," said George, who was somewhat off the track of the lecturer's meaning.

"No!—Why should it? There is just this difference between us and the orthodox—that we would educate a man's conscience for his own self-respect and his duties to other men; while the Church says that the welfare of the human family is not the end of life, but rather the cultivation of your own spiritual graces—chiefly humility and faith. We are not without a guide in conscience; but we have the civic and human, not the theological: that which refrains from evil-doing for justice and self-respect, not for fear of consequences. I am not speaking against conscience as a fact, but against the direction given to it by the Church."

"You come down pretty square on the Church, sir!" said Adam Bell. He could never keep silent for long, and he was beginning to consider within himself the value of keeping open a line of retreat. He had a shrewd idea of how things would go presently in the parish, and he thought holding an even balance no bad test of skill.

"Not more strongly than justly," said Richard. "The Church has always been the source of ignorance because its power is founded on pretensions that cannot be proved and which science destroys."

"They make things difficult for plain men like me," returned the chandler. "I have been to the old place these last Sundays to hear what the new vicar has to say. They are talking of nothing else down town; and it is queer to hear a gentleman like him tell us that we shall all be burnt in flames for ever if we do not think as he bids us, and then to come here and find that there is no place for hell in all creation, and that the Church which pretends to know everything and to teach us all is no better than a nigger-pow-wow man."

"What has the Church ever taught that has been of the smallest

manent or real good to man?" said Richard. "Every scientific truth by which society has been revolutionized and man's knowledge of morality and life enlarged, has won its way after a fight with clericalism. Astronomy, geology, and now biology have had against them the Church with all its power of persuasion, all its force of negation; and it has only been when further denial was impossible that she has sullenly admitted the new truth and set herself to prove that it told nothing against her omniscience after all! To make it plain that Genesis demonstrates the truth of geology, and that no Christian scientist need trouble himself about the physical cosmogony of the Bible, is now the great endeavour of one section in the Church. I prefer, for my own part, the greater thoroughness which sneers at science in the interests of Moses and the prophets, and declines to sit on two stools of different heights and strength."

"Like our new vicar," said Adam smartly.

"Yes; he at least is uncompromising," said Richard. "So far we know where we are; for the fight has begun here at Crossholme, though everything looks so fair and smooth. You will be sought to be gained over to the Church by the attractiveness of the services, the zealotry of the minister, by the tears perhaps—the solicitations certainly—of your wives and daughters, who will be won without difficulty; and it will be a hard thing for you to make a stand. But if you go over you will lose the best birthright of your manhood; and the price that you will pay for your reconciliation with falsehood and mental oppression will be your freedom and your intelligence."

He had seldom spoken so strongly; never so directly in personal and local application; and Adam Bell took notes. If there is a chance of the ship going to the bottom, are not the rats wise to swim ashore betimes?

Soon after this the discussion came to an end; and Ringrove, having to speak to Richard, entered the reading-room; and then the two left and walked by the side path through the park and on to the house.

Ringrove had come to consult his elder friend on the advisability of offering himself as the churchwarden chosen by the parish. The election was not far off now; Cuthbert Molyneux was to be the parson's nominee; and Ringrove wished to be the parochial "sidesman," to match the other in local weight, and perhaps surpass him in personal intelligence. The one a gentleman, so must be the other. He would never do to pit against a landed proprietor, and such a thorough-going enthusiast as Cuthbert Molyneux was known to be by character—seeing the direction in which he was going—anyone

who should not feel himself equal to both him and Mr. Lascelles combined.

"I am glad of that idea of yours, Ringrove," said Richard heartily. "You and I, my boy, must do what we can to stop this new madness, and keep the parish from being upset and destroyed. I am too deeply committed to opposition and denial to be able to be churchwarden at all, in any interest; but you will do all that I would were I in your place, and without rousing the animosities that I should have done."

"I am glad you think it the right thing to do," said Ringrove. "I feel it to be so. I should like to see the Church decently kept up and all that, but I do not want to have Mr. Lascelles or any other priest in the saddle here at Crossholme; and I will do what I can to prevent it. The Church belongs to the English people, not we to the Church; and I will do my part in making the distinction very clear."

"He is working mischief swiftly enough," said Richard; "and I fear that he has touched my child. You know what my hopes have always been, Ringrove, but I have been a little out of heart for the last day or so. I was pained more than I can well say to find a cross round Virginia's neck the night before last. Sister Agnes—as they call Miss Lascelles—has evidently got hold of her; indeed her mother confessed as much; and the child is just at the age when impressions are most easily made—and unfortunately, unhealthy ones even more easily than the healthier. I am troubled about it, Ringrove!"

"Oh! don't be troubled!" said Ringrove boyishly; "she is an angel and will come all right! But just as good and sweet and lovely as she is, are they wretches who would play on her best feelings and make her as much of a hypocrite as they are themselves."

He spoke with warmth, and naturally with injustice; giving neither Sister Agnes nor Mr. Lascelles credit for the sincerity which was as real with them as their very lives.

"At least she has a thorough-going champion in you, my boy," said Richard smiling.

"And shall have to the end of my life," answered Ringrove fervently.

As he spoke a moving light in the Abbey attracted his attention. It was Virginia walking across her room. She put the candle at a distance and came out on to the balcony that ran round the bay window, standing there, looking at the moon and stars. It was strange how ethereal she looked under the transforming light of the

moon. She might have been a spirit or a creature of another race and kind than ordinary gross humanity, for the subtle beauty, the supersensual kind of purity that seemed to inform her whole being. And so simple, so purely unaffected as she was! Here were no æsthetic poses borrowed from pictures and intended to represent saints or goddesses—no artificial ecstasies, nor conscious assumption of rapt reverie. Apparently it was just an innocent, beautiful fair-haired girl looking with natural awe and admiration at the starry splendour of the sky; but beyond this was also that unconscious something which touches the imagination of men, and which calls forth their highest feeling towards, and their purest truest worship of, woman.

"I can understand how men came to worship the Virgin Mary," said Ringrove in a low voice, and with almost reverence.

"Yes—such as that," the father returned with a certain sense of awe;—she looked so like—what? One who had died and had now reappeared for a moment, showing herself to sorrowful hearts for their comfort in the old place where she had once been their joy? But there were no spirits in Richard Fullerton's universe, and death with him was—death—and no return. And in like manner there were no holy angels coming down on earth from heaven—no revelations possible of other spheres, of other lives. He did not know what it was that caught his breath and brought something that felt like tears to his eyes, as he looked at his daughter standing there on the balcony in the bleaching moonlight. He wished that she would speak, or stir!—but when it grew too painful, he himself broke the spell.

"Good-night, my Ladybird!" he called out from below.

"Good-night, dear papa" she said, turning her sweet face downward with a smile that was more sad than merry.

"Good-night, Virginia," said Ringrove Hardisty, his voice not quite so full or cheery as usual—rather hushed and subdued.

"Good-night, Ringrove! sleep well!" she answered him back, her serious face still turned downward.

"Ah!" said Richard with a sigh; "we lose some beauty out of life, my boy, when we go in for plain truth, and matters of fact not fancy. I have never understood the belief of men in angels so well as since Virginia came to me—if I believed in heaven at all I should say, direct from heaven!"

"She is worth a man's dying for!" said Ringrove passionately.

"Yes; or better still, living for," returned her father. "Well! come to breakfast to-morrow, my boy. It is too late to ask you in now—I see the household making its nightly stampede to bed."

"Thanks, yes," he answered, pressing Richard's hand; "you are always so good to me!"

"Well, you see, I look upon you as a kind of a son," said his friend pleasantly; "and in any case as the young fellow for whom I have the most respect of all known to me."

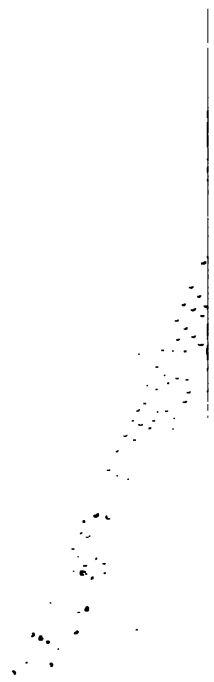
CHAPTER IX.

FOR THE SAKE OF CONSISTENCY.

To no one was the new order of things likely to be more unpleasant than to Jacob Ellis, the head-gardener at the Abbey. Hitherto he had had things pretty much his own way; and provided that he supplied the house with timely fruit and vegetables, kept up a good show of plants and flowers for the hall and dwelling-rooms, and took care of the lawn and walks, he was neither required to cut his best blooms nor to account for the grapes or peaches in the margin. But since the new vicar and his sister had come, he had had another family to supply as well as his own, he said grumbling; and, my word! but they must have the best of everything, and what was good enough for his own master's table was not for them! The best of the stuff must all go down to the Vicarage; and if things went on like this, he would give up his place; that he would; and be off hot-foot. He could not stand two masters; and though he thought the worlds of his own, the new-comer was not in his line.

If he had grumbled like this at the things which had been done in the green wood, what were his feelings at those which came to him in the dry, when it was not the question of a dozen of peaches, or a few bunches of grapes done up in a basket of vine-leaves—just what would be enough for two people with a snack over—but of cartloads and barrowfuls, for the decoration of the church at the Harvest Festival?—when the greenhouse was ransacked of every show flower; and the choicest of the fruit taken pell-mell like so many pig potatoes?—when boughs were cut down by wholesale, and the place that knocked about, he said, as would take years to get the better of?

He was sullen enough as Ringrove rode in to breakfast with the master the morning after the lecture, as invited; superintending the loading of a cart with branches of trees, armfuls of ivy, choice





flowers and plants, and the best of his wall fruit. Virginia and her mother—the former dressed as for a walk—were at a little distance, standing by the door of the conservatory; Hermione pointing out such and such plants as she wished should be taken to the Vicarage direct, and others that were to go to the church.

No lady in the place was more popular with her servants than was Hermione. She neither scolded nor interfered with them; was always gracious in manner and kind-hearted in fact; and her house-keeper, catching her tone, made life pleasant for her subordinates and did not pack up unnecessary burdens for them to carry in needless pain. And as for little missy—so they called Virginia among themselves—she was the general property of the household, and the darling of young and old alike. The timid among them only feared that she was too good to live; but while she was alive she was their treasure and their angel. But even all their popularity could not reconcile Jacob Ellis to the new ordering of things, nor give him patience on the day of parting with his best growths; nor, truth to say, make this sudden invasion of his department in any way acceptable to him. Wherefore, ladies or no ladies, he was sullen out of all likeness to his usual self, and his under-gardener had a hard time of it.

"You are busy this morning, Jacob," said Ringrove, as, seeing Hermione and Virginia by the conservatory, he rode up to where the gardener stood with two men loading the cart with his precious growths.

"Yes, sir," said Jacob shortly, working viciously at his job.

"Where are all these going?" he asked.

"For the Harvest Festival they call it, sir," returned Jacob, still sullen in temper and viciously active in deed. "Have a care, Jim—there's my best gardenia a-standing lopsided; and look out for these *Chamaejas*!"

"The Harvest Festival? where? whose?" asked Ringrove, who had not attended closely to the announcement last Sunday and now had forgotten all about it.

"At the church, sir. It's a sore thing, Mr. Hardisty, to see one's best going down to rot and mildew for a mere child's play like this! I'd rather have seen them given to pigs, I'd go bail I would, than go like this, and never a man the better for it!"

"So!—to the church, are they!" cried Ringrove, who had by this time dismounted. "Faith! they will make a good show; but, as you say, it seems a pity; only I dare say the vicar will take some of them for his own private use, and very likely give the rest away,"

he added, remembering the old story of Bel and the Dragon and the tell-tale feet, which he had no doubt was as true now as it was then.

And with this he turned away and strode on to the conservatory.

"You are early!" he said to the two as he came up to them. He was a true Englishman in the way in which he usually began a conversation by stating a self-evident fact.

"Yes," said Hermione a little demurely; "I wanted to superintend the things we are sending for the decoration of the church, and Virginia has been there already."

"It will be so lovely, Ringrove!" said Virginia, looking somewhat less ethereal in the morning light than she had done last night under the moonlight, but always with that far-away kind of look in her angel's face which people have whose lives are more inward than outward, and whose best affections are not here.

"It ought to be pretty with all that you are sending," he said; "and with your taste for arranging," smiling.

"You ought to come, Ringrove," said Hermione.

"Oh! you will!" added Virginia, turning to him and raising her eyes full to his.

"Weekly services are not much in my way," he answered with embarrassment. If Virginia should take it in hand to proselytize him, he felt that denial of her prayer would be the most difficult task ever set him by consistency and principle to learn.

"Not yet, but they will be," returned Virginia, still looking at him with her sweet, frank, pleading eyes.

Had she been the most finished mistress of the art of seduction she could not have touched Ringrove more deeply than now by this loving care for his soul, this pleading with him for what she thought the better thing, though he neither agreed with her nor wished to follow her direction. Still, that she should desire to direct him was in itself happiness unspeakable to the man who was waiting with so much patience for the lighting of that little spark of love which gave no sign as yet of kindling. He made a greater effort over himself than she knew of not to yield on the spot. But, in love though he was, he had also some regard for that same consistency which manly men prize so highly; and he did not want to be quoted as one of the vicar's adherents when heart and soul he went the other way.

"We must learn things by degrees," he said with a lover's instinctive hypocrisy. "Meanwhile, what I have come for," turning smiling to Hermione, "is breakfast, if you will give me some. Mr. Fullerton asked me last night."

"He did not tell me—indeed, I have not seen him since dinner yesterday; but I am glad to see you, Ringrove, as you know," said Hermione graciously.

She was naturally hospitable; and by reason of her husband's odious habits, also not a little because of his objectionable opinions, and only too few opportunities of showing her liking for society.

"You are always the pleasantest and sweetest hostess in the world!" cried Ringrove enthusiastically. He did a great deal of *ve-making* to Virginia through her mother.

She smiled and brightened even more than before, and she was her brightest self this morning. Ringrove had always been a great favourite with her, and until the new order of things in the parish she had given herself no little trouble about him and his affairs, and had done her best to warm her daughter towards him by the frankness of her own liking.

"I think breakfast must be ready now, Virginia—do not you?" she said, turning to the girl whose eyes were roving over the stands, looking if there were not more and more stately plants that might be taken down to the church, for all that Jacob had vowed and protested, half in tears, that he could not spare another stick or leaf, and that he had given too many already.

"Oh, yes; I am sure it is," she answered, looking towards the house.

She was not hungry nor thirsty nor wanting physical comfort in any way; she was satisfied with things as they were, and could have gone all day without more nourishment than that which she drew from her excitement and devotion; but as breakfast was a duty that had to be accepted and got through, she was anxious to get it over that she might go down to the church again. And so was Hermione. To both, the church, the vicar, and his sermons were the whole for which they lived—all that made their life and their business and their occupation.

They were fairly fascinated; as were others in the place; but for Virginia it was true spiritual exaltation, wherein human love, as it was for Sister Agnes, counted only as the medium not necessary to Hermione it was somewhat different—though she honestly believed herself and believed that to God was given all while to the church was paid only the rightful tithe which the priest may justly demand. If men like Mr. Lascelles did not allow women to thus hoodwink themselves, when they do not more actively hoodwink and hoodwink their power would not be what it is now. But sex when hoodwinked is oftentimes most potent; and the priest is no less the

man to his female devotees because he offers himself to them as a saint.

"Well! there is the gong; let us go in," said Hermione. "We have a hard day's work before us, Virginia and I, and we must make haste."

"Good morning, my wife; out so early!—and my Ladybird armed *de cap en pied* before breakfast!" cried Richard, holding out his hand to Ringrove. He met them all in the hall as he came from his study when the gong sounded. "What has called you out so early, my wife?" he asked pleasantly, taking her hand on his arm and looking at her with laughing eyes.

"I have been in the garden," said Hermione.

"So! that is good! You are looking as blooming as a flower in consequence," he answered back with playful malice. Hermione's indolent habits and late hours in the morning—never getting down to breakfast till half-past nine or ten—had always been a little source of half-loving half-earnest discussion between them; and Richard meant to remind as well as to compliment her.

"I never saw Mrs. Fullerton look better," put in Ringrove.

"Are you going to adopt my suggestion at last, wife?—and see the sun rise on occasions?" asked her husband.

"I do not know about adopting your system," she said smiling. "I have been into the garden to-day because obliged."

"Yes? why? What were you doing, dear?"

"Superintending the removal of the plants and flowers for the Harvest Festival to-morrow," she answered, looking down into her plate.

"What Harvest Festival?" he asked with surprise; and then, as Ringrove had done, he added: "Whose and where?"

"At the church," she answered, trying to speak with indifference.

"And is that what you have been doing, Ladybird?" he asked of Virginia.

"No, papa. I have been to matins—early morning prayers," she added in answer to her father's look of surprise. "We are going down after breakfast to help in the decorations. To-morrow is our festival, and the church must be decorated to-day."

Both she and her mother had been told by their respective spiritual directors that no concealment was to be attempted with the husband and father concerning the part which they had taken in the autumn festival of the church. He was free to learn so much to-day of how things stood between them and the church to the destruction of which he had devoted himself; in general, by their advice, he was

left in total ignorance of their movements and feelings; lying by the suppression of the truth not counting as a sin where that truth might prove too weak for success in battle.

"But I thought that it was the people who had benefited who gave their thanks," said Richard. "How is it that we, who hold no land in our own hands, and therefore have nothing to do with the harvest, should supply the thank-offerings?"

"It is our duty. We are here to set an example," said Hermione. "And if others will not do as they ought, we must."

"Is not this vicarious?" he asked.

"You may call it what you like," she answered, flushing; "but it is our duty."

"Still, it sounds a little like a cheat—buying a substitute on the one side and supplying it on the other. No argument can make the Abbey fruit and flowers a true thank-offering from those who are assumed to bring their tribute because they have cause for rejoicing," said Richard, with a smile.

"It is gratitude to God and paying honour to the church, whoever does it," said Hermione a little stiffly.

"And the second clause, my dear, is the dragon which eats up the first. Surely you are not so far touched with superstition, wife, as to imagine that it pleases the great First Cause, the Force which you call God, to have a handful of fruits and flowers hung up in a place called a church because the sun has shone at a favourable moment for certain growths, and a few men have stacked a few measures of wheat in good condition! We are going back to fetishism at lightning speed indeed if these degrading absurdities are to rule our minds and actions."

"Richard! how can you talk so wickedly? It makes my blood run cold to hear you!" cried Hermione with displeasure.

"Because I do not think that the Power which expresses itself by this great universe is to be mollified like an autocratic barbarian with offerings—pleased, like a child, with gifts? Keep to the sway of the church as your argument, if you will. I can understand only too well how the clergy should teach these silly superstitions, and how weak and ignorant folk still believe in them; but do not bring them gravely forward here, where we have no need of subterfuge."

"I bring forward what I believe and am taught," said Hermione.

"You believe that your God is to be propitiated or thanked, or whatever you like to call it, by a few apples and pears, and a bunch or two of corn and hops? Hermione! my wife! what has come to your reasoning faculties?" said Richard.

"What it would be as well if it came to yours, Richard ; a little humility and a little faith," she answered tartly.

"If you are humble, dear, what is that which pretends to teach you?" he said. "A body of men declaring themselves infallible—the possessors of eternal and immutable truth, affirming an intimate acquaintance with the secret counsels of God, to use their own phraseology—and the mappers out of heaven and hell as if they had been over both with a measuring tape; and all quarrelling among themselves; and none of them knowing so much as we others of the world around them in which they live. Do you not see that you are being traded on through your very virtues? that your humility is the pabulum of their insolence? your faith bolsters up their presumptuous assertions, and makes their monstrous falsehoods possible?"

"No ! and I do not wish to see anything so blasphemous," said Hermione angrily.

"I am sorry for it, wife ; there ought never to be the time when we do not wish to see the truth," he answered gravely.

Virginia leant forward and put her hand in her father's. This was the first real dispute that her parents had ever had in her presence, and almost the first that they had ever had at all ; and though firm to her own view of right as Sister Agnes had taught her—had she not the little crucifix to tell her how to stand and where to go?—she was distressed all the same.

"Dear papa," she said very quietly ; "is it not all in that very word? You think one thing true, and mamma the other, and—and——" she hesitated.

"And my little Ladybird's cool hand comes in between as peacemaker ; is that it?" he answered smiling, half ashamed of the heat that had been stirred up in the talk, though he himself had been so far less excited, so far less angry than Hermione. "But has the father no word to say that should be listened to, my lassie?—no authority of guidance? Does this belong only to a stranger? And is he who loves best and sees most to be set aside as one having no voice in things?"

"If you had not set yourself against the Bible and the Church as you have done, you would have been listened to, and things would have been different, Richard," said Hermione. "But what is to be done as things are? You believe in nothing at all except your horrid old bones and senseless bits of jelly; and your opinions are really too shocking for anyone to listen to—and before Ringrove and the child, too! I wonder how you can say such awful things. Richard ! If I were in your place I should expect the roof to fall down on me !"

"No, dear; that is just what you would not expect if you were in my place," he said quietly.

"If you were anything of a Christian—anything of a believer—and not such a fearful materialist as you are, I would obey you gladly in all things," Hermione went on to say, not noticing her husband's characteristic little disclaimer. "But while you abuse the Church and the Bible as you do, and deny the very existence of a God, or the life after death, both Virginia and I must disobey you. We cannot help ourselves, and it is your fault, not ours!"

"And the religion which brings strife where there was peace—dissension where there was love—and all this hysterical and unwholesome excitement where there was calmness, security, rest—that religion seems to you holy and true?" he asked, as much amazed at the fluency as he was at the openness of her opposition. It had never come to this point before.

"Christ said He came to send a sword," said Hermione.

"Are you going to draw it, wife, against me?" he asked, his eyes growing dark and tender.

"You have drawn it yourself," she answered, turning away her head, and in so low a voice that he did not hear what she said.

"Come down to church, papa; come with us to-day to help us with the decorations, and to-morrow to the service!" said Virginia by way of making peace. "You and Ringrove both come!"

Poor Ringrove, who had felt keenly the humiliation of this quarrel—for what else was it?—between the two people in whose perfect union he had believed as in the sun, and who had not known where to look nor what to do during the time that it had been going on, was so pleased, so relieved by this diversion made by Virginia, that he gave in at once—at least to the first part of her plan.

"Yes," he said in his cheerful, pleasant voice; "I shall be very glad to go with you to-day, Virginia, and help you with the decorations."

"Good boy!" cried Hermione impulsively; while Virginia, smiling, radiant, and feeling sure now of this upright, honest, but unenlightened soul, looked up into his face with such gladness, such tenderness in her eyes, that Ringrove felt himself grow as it were dizzy, as if he somehow lost his balance.

"And you too, papa," Virginia urged.

He shook his head, smiling and calm, but grave, and as if not to be stirred even by her sweet prayers.

"Yes, do, Richard!" said Hermione, turning to him with a total change of manner; all her anger gone, her rigidity melted into

tenderness, her coldness into yearning, her opposition into beseeching. "You will make me happier than I have ever been in my life, darling, if you will only come with us to-day or to-morrow. Richard, dear, dear husband, do come with me, if only for this once and never again—but for this once! Do, darling!"

She left her place at the table and went over to him, taking one hand in hers while she laid her arm round his neck and bent down to look the better into his face. Not once since Mr. Lascelles had come into the parish, nor for long before, had she looked like this; not once turned back so thoroughly to the tender lovingness of the old, old days.

"My wife," he said fondly, "for your dear heart I would do much—you know that too well for me to need to say so—but do not ask this. You would not have me a hypocrite? Even to give you pleasure, Hermione, would you have me false to myself?"

"No, no; not a hypocrite," she said. "But come with me to the church to-day or to-morrow."

"I could not unless I were a hypocrite," he said.

"You will not do this little thing for me, Richard? Yes, I am sure you will! Husband darling, do come!"

"Do not ask me, wife; do not look at me like that. Those dear eyes that have been my happiness, my very life—do not look that prayer through them! Ask me for anything else, my darling, but not for this one thing in which my self-respect is bound up—my loyalty to my flag, my loyalty to truth."

"But what a truth!" she said. "And I ask so little of you!" she went on hurriedly; "only to help us to-day. We have the service to-morrow. All I want is that you should come with Virginia and me now, just to see the decorations; only to see them, Richard. You need not stay; but come with us! You see Ringrove is coming."

"Ringrove acts according to his conscience, so must I according to mine," he answered gently.

"If I could but induce you to come!" she said again, tears starting to her eyes. She raised the hand in hers to her lips and kissed it passionately. "Come with me, Richard!" she cried again; "come with me to church! Oh, if you would only yield!"

Neither he nor she herself knew what dim unspoken fear, what dumb thought inspired the passion, the fever, the yearning with which she spoke. It was all so much the more pain to the heart of the man who loved her, but who had cast his conscience and self-respect on the other side. He had to choose between the two—between Hermione and the truth, love or manhood.

"Blessed, good Hermione!" he said, taking her to him; "I would that you had asked me what I could do! This is not possible, my life; anything but this."

She turned away with a sob, let his hand fall out of hers, and drew herself from his arms. Then, swift as lightning, her mood changed. She looked back at him over her shoulder.

"Never forget," she said in a strange voice, "that I once prayed you, Richard, to be with me in my new life. Whatever happens, never forget this."

She went back to her place, and a silence, frozen and dead, fell over them all. Ringrove was the first to break it.

"I will do duty for you," he said to Richard awkwardly. "I will go to the church as your representative."

"Thank you," said Richard abstractedly; "take care of my dear ones, and don't let Virginia over-exert herself. My wife will take care of herself for my sake," he said, looking at her tenderly. Hermione did not answer, save to say to Virginia hurriedly:—

"Come, my dear, it is time for us to be going."

"Oh, papa, how I wish you had!" said Virginia, her eyes wet with tears because of his obduracy, as she went up to him to wish him good-bye; while Hermione left the room without speaking to or looking at him; not flouncing, not tragic, nothing but simply cold, and as if a death had fallen between them.

When she came down she was flushed and excited, and with a certain reckless kind of air and manner that even the servants noticed as unlike herself. She kept so far terms with appearances as to nod a careless good-bye to her husband, who was standing in the hall waiting to put her into the carriage, but she did not look at him; she was buttoning her gloves. Her heart was sore against him, feeling as she did that she had asked him to help her in a moment of peril, to shield her against herself, and that he had refused. Now she might go headlong where and how she would. She was free from blame; and on his head be it. But nothing of all this was clear to Richard; nothing indeed was clear anyhow as he sat by the table in his study, his head resting on his hand; neither reading nor noting, neither examining nor testing; too much disturbed for philosophy to help him, too much at sea for science to enlighten him.

(To be continued.)

CLUES AND TRACES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

IN the exercise of his scientific attainments, there is one in which the naturalist of to-day bears a certain likeness to the detective officer. The latter is perpetually endeavouring to "follow the trail" of the offender through his dexterity in the discovery of clues to the movements of the pursued, and attains his end more surely and speedily when the traces he has selected are of trustworthy kind. The naturalist, on his part, has frequently to follow the trail of an animal or plant, or it may be that of a single organ or part, either, through a literal maze of difficulties and possibilities, to search after the relationship of an animal may be fraught with great difficulty as that which attends the discovery of a "heir" or lost relative in actual life; and his success in his task is found to depend, as does that of the detective's work, simply on the excellence and trustworthiness of the clues he possesses, and the judicious use to which he puts his "information received." It cannot be denied, however, that modern aspects of science and present-day tendencies in research have largely increased the resemblance between the enforced duties of the criminal investigator and the self-imposed task of the biologist. When, formerly, the order of nature was regarded as being of unaltering kind and of stable constitution, naturalists regarded animals and plants simply as they are. There was of old no looking into the questions of biology in the light of "what might have been," because the day was not yet dawning when change and evolution were regarded as representing the true order of the world. When, however, the idea that the universe both of living and non-living matter had an ordered past dawned upon the minds of scientists, the necessity for tracing that past was imposed upon them as a bounden duty. With no written history to guide them, the scientific searchers were forced to read the "sermons in stones" which Nature had delivered ages ago. Without clear and unmistakable records to point the way, they had to seek for clues and traces to nature's meaning in the structure and development

animals and plants; and, as frequently happens in commonplace history, the earnest searcher often found a helping hand where he least thought it might appear, and frequently discovered an important clue in a circumstance or object of the most unlikely kind.

Readers whose tastes are not materially scientific have doubtless heard much of "missing links" of nature, especially in connection with the gaps which exist between the human territory and ape and. Indeed, the phrase has come to be understood as applying almost entirely and specifically to the absence of connecting forms between man and the apes—forms for which, in one sense, no necessity exists, inasmuch as Mr. Darwin's theory does not demand that the gorilla or any of his compeers should be directly connected with man. The gorilla with his nearest relation lives, so to speak, at the top of his own branch in the great tree of life, whilst man exists at the top of another higher and entirely different bough. The connection between the human and lower types is made theoretically to exist at some lower part of the stem when, from a common ancestor, the human and ape types took divergent roads and ways towards the ranks of nature's aristocracy. But although in some cases the need for "missing links" is seen, even theoretically, to be non-existent, or at least of a widely different nature from that supposed by the popular mind, there are yet cases in which that need is very apparent, and therein, through the persistent tracing of the clues nature has afforded, the past history of more than one race of animals and plants has been made plain and apparent. Of such clues—which are really mere traces, and nothing more—there are no better examples than the curious fragments of structures found in many animals and plants, and named "rudimentary organs." An animal or plant is thus found to possess a mere trace of an organ or part which, so far as the highest exercise of human judgment may decide, is of not the slightest utility to the being. It is invariable in its presence, and as fixed in its uselessness. It bears no relation to the existing life or wants of the animal, but may in some cases—as, for example, in a certain little rudimentary pocket in man's digestive system, serving as an inconvenient receptacle for plum-stones and like foreign bodies—prove a source of absolute disadvantage or even danger. On what theory the presence of such organs and parts be accounted for? is a question of extremely natural kind. The replies at the command of intelligent humanity are but two. Either the animal was created with the useless appendage in question—a supposition which includes the idea that Nature, after all, is somewhat of a bungler, and that nothing rather or more comprehensible than the fiat "it is so," can be said on

the subject. Or, secondly, we may elect to explain the puzzle, by the assertion that the "rudimentary organ" of the existing animal represents a part once fully developed in that animal's remote ancestors, but now

Dwindled to the shortest span.

The rudimentary organ or appendage is represented in the animal of to-day as a legitimate heritage derived from its ancestor. It is, in short, a family feature, to which the animal is the "rightful heir," but which has fallen through the operation of natural laws and conditions into disuse and desuetude, and has accordingly suffered with the career of living nature "down the ringing grooves of change." Necessarily, this second and rational explanation of the rudimentary appendages of animals and plants is founded on the supposition that Nature and Nature's creatures are continually undergoing alterations, and that they have been modified in the past, as they will be in all time to come. The explanation thus afforded of the nature and origin of these disused parts is endorsed by the fuller knowledge of their history; whilst, from a study apparently of insignificant interest, may be shown how certain of our living neighbours, along with ourselves, have, from lower states, and from the dawning epochs of the world, literally taken their place "in the foremost files of time."

As most persons who have attentively looked at any common plant can tell, four parts are included in a perfect flower. These parts



FIG. 1.

or sets of organs, as seen in the Wallflower, consist (Fig. 1) firstly, of an outer covering coloured green, and named the "calyx" (*ca*). Then comes the blossom or flower itself, forming the "corolla" (*co*). Inside the corolla we find certain stalked organs, each bearing a little head or "anther," filled with a yellow dust, the "pollen." These organs are the "stamens" (*st*). Lastly, in the centre of the flower, we note the "pistil" (*p*), or organ devoted to the production of "ovules." The latter, when duly fertilised by being brought into contact with the "pollen" of the stamens, become "seeds," and are capable of growing up, when planted, into new plants. Now, the botanist will inform us

that it is a matter of common experience to find some individual plants of a species with well-developed petals or blossoms, and other individuals of the same species with petals in a rudimentary condition, thus proving that the production of imperfect parts in flowers occur as an ordinary event under our own eyes, and under the common conditions of plant life. The natural order of plants to which Snapdragon belongs presents a peculiarity, inasmuch as in most of its members one of the five stamens is abortive or rudimentary. It should be borne in mind that the botanist possesses a highly interesting and exact method of ascertaining how many parts or organs should be represented in plants. He places his reliance in this respect on the working of what may be called the "law of symmetry." The operation of this law, which may be said to be founded on wide experience, tends to produce a correspondence in numbers between the parts in the four sets of organs of which we have just noted a flower to be composed. Thus, when we count five parts in the green calyx of a plant, we expect to find five blossoms or petals in its corolla; five stamens (or some multiple of five), and five parts (or some multiple of that number) in the pistil. Where there appears to be a lack of this numerical correspondence, the botanist concludes that some violation of the law of symmetry has taken place, and that some parts or organs which should normally have been developed have been altered or suppressed. His reasoning, in fact, proceeds on the plain basis of first establishing, through experience, the normal number and condition of parts in the flower of any given order of plants, and of thereafter accounting by suppression or non-development for the absence of parts he expected to have been represented.

Now, in the Snapdragon tribe, we find, as a general rule, five parts in the calyx, five petals in the corolla, but only four stamens. Such a condition of matters is well seen in the flower of Frog's-mouth (*Antirrhinum*), where we find four stamens, two being long and two short (Fig. 2, A $s^1 s^2$), as the complement of the flower. We account for the absence of a fifth stamen by saying it is abortive. But a natural reflection arises at this point, in the form of the query, "Have we any means of ascertaining if our expectation that a fifth stamen should be developed is rational and well founded? May not the plant, in other words, have been created



FIG. 2.

so?" Fortunately for science, Nature gives us a clue to the discovery of the truth in this as in many other cases. In one genus of these plants (*Scrophularia*), we find a rudiment of a fifth stamen (Fig. 2, B 5), and in Snapdragon itself this fifth stamen becomes occasionally fully developed; whilst another plant of the order (*Mullein*) possesses five stamens as its constant provision. Unless, therefore, we are to maintain that nature is capricious beyond our utmost belief, we are rationally bound to believe that the rudimentary fifth stamen of *Scrophularia*, and the absent fifth stamen of other plants of its order, present us with an example of modification and suppression respectively. The now rudimentary stamen is the representative of an organ once perfect and fully developed in these flowers, and which is perpetuated by the natural law of inheritance until conditions, to be hereafter noticed, shall have caused it to entirely disappear. The case for the natural modification, and that against the imperfect creation of such flowers, is proved by an ingenious experiment of Kölreuter's, upon plants which have the stamens and pistils situated in different plants, instead of being contained in the same flower, as is ordinarily the case. Some staminate or stamen-possessing flowers had the merest rudiment of the pistil developed, whilst another set had a well-developed pistil. When these two species were "crossed" in their cultivation, the "hybrids" or male progeny thus produced evinced a marked increase in the development of the abortive organ. This experiment not only proved that, under certain conditions, the rudimentary pistil could be improved and bettered, but also the identity of the two pistils, and the high probability that the abortive organ in the one flower was simply the degraded representative of the well-developed part of the other.

As a final example of the manner in which we receive clues towards the explanation of the modifications of flowers, the case of the Wallflower is somewhat interesting. This plant and its neighbours possess the parts of the flower in fours. (Fig. 1, A.) There are four sepals and four petals, whilst six stamens (Fig. 1, B) are developed; the pistil possessing only two parts. Here the law of symmetry would lead us to expect either four stamens or eight—the latter number being a multiple of four. The clue to this modification is found in the arrangement of the stamens. We find that four of the Wallflower's stamens are long (Fig. B, st 1), whilst two (st 2) are short. The four stamens form a regular inner series (circle, the two short stamens being placed, in a somewhat solitary fashion, outside the others. This condition of matters clearly points to the suppression of two of an originally complete outer row of four

ns, and we receive a clue as to the probability of this view by g that in some other flowers of the Wallflower's group the ns may be numerous. It is hardly within the scope of the at article to say anything regarding the causes of the conditions the agencies through which the modifications of plants are ht out. Suffice it to remark, that the "law of use and disuse" ans explains the majority of such cases, by asserting that organs ne degraded when they are no longer found to be useful to the my of their possessors. The degradation of a part is to be d upon as subservient to the welfare of the animal or plant as a , and thus comes to be related to the great law of adaptation in e which practically ordains that

Whatever is, is right.

ve animal world presents us, however, with more obvious and marked examples of rudimentary organs than are exhibited by odifications of flowers—conspicuous as many of these latter ces undoubtedly are. Turning our attention first to lower life, d amongst insects some notable and instructive illustrations of ve organs, and also of the ways and means through which the entary conditions have been attained. In the beetle-order, the l or common condition of the wings—which in insects typically er four—is that whereby the first pair becomes converted into ed wing-cases, beneath which the hinder and useful wings are led when at rest. Now, in some species of beetles, we may with certain individuals with normally developed wings; whilst er individuals of the species we find the wings to be represented merest rudiments, which lie concealed beneath wing-cases, the being actually firmly and permanently united together. In such the modification has been extreme, but there can be no doubt e ancestors of the beetles with modified wings possessed fully ped appendages; otherwise we must regard the order of nature g one long string of strange and incoherent paradoxes. Mr. n has given us some instructive hints regarding the modification les' wings and feet in his remarks on the effects of the use and of parts in the animal economy. Kirby, the famous authority omology, long ago noted the fact that, in the males of many dung-beetles, the front feet were habitually broken off. Mr. a confirms the observation of Kirby, and further says that in one (*Onites apelles*) the feet "are so habitually lost, that the insect en described as not having them." In the Sacred Beetle (*hus*) of the Egyptians, the tarsi are not developed at all. Mr.

Darwin remarks that necessarily we cannot, as yet, lay over-much stress upon the transmission of accidental mutilations from parent to progeny, although, indeed, there is nothing improbable in the supposition; and moreover, Brown-Séquard noted that, in the young of guinea-pigs which had been operated upon, the mutilations were reproduced. Epilepsy, artificially produced in these latter animals, is inherited by their progeny. "Hence," says Darwin, "it will perhaps be safest to look at the entire absence of the anterior tarsi (or feet) in *Ateuchus*, and their rudimentary condition in some other genera, not as cases of inherited mutilations, but as due to the effects of long-continued disuse; for as many dung-feeding beetles are generally found with their tarsi lost, this must happen in early life; therefore the tarsi cannot be of much importance, or be much used by these insects."

The beetles of Madeira present us with a remarkable state of matters, which very typically illustrates how rudimentary wings may have been produced in insects. Two hundred beetles, out of over 500 species known to inhabit Madeira, are "so far deficient in wings that they cannot fly." Of twenty-nine genera confined to the island, twenty-three genera include species wholly unable to wing their way through the air. Now, beetles are frequently observed to perish when blown out to sea; and the beetles of Madeira lie concealed until the storm ceases. The proportion of wingless beetles is said by Mr. Wollaston to be "larger in the exposed Desertas than in Madeira itself;" whilst most notable is the fact that several extensive groups of beetles which are numerous elsewhere, which fly well, and which "absolutely require the use of their wings," are almost entirely absent from Madeira. How may the absence of wings in the Madeiran beetles be accounted for? Let Mr. Darwin reply: "Several considerations make me believe that the wingless condition of so many Madeira beetles is mainly due to the action of natural selection, combined probably with disuse. For during many successive generations each individual beetle which flew least, either from its wings having been ever so little less perfectly developed, or from indolent habit, will have had the best chance of surviving from not being blown out to sea; and on the other hand those beetles which most readily took to flight would oftenest have been blown to sea, and thus destroyed." An instinct of laziness, so to speak, alone or aided by a shortness of wing, developed stay-at-home habits; and such habits would necessarily tend towards the survival and increase of wingless forms. Other Madeiran insects—such as butterflies, moths, and flower-feeding beetles—have well-developed wings, or possess wings relatively larger than they exhibit elsewhere. This observation,

marks Mr. Darwin, is quite in consistency with the theory of the power of natural selection which favours the survival of the fittest. For when a new insect first arrived on the island, the tendency of natural selection to enlarge or to reduce the wings would depend on whether a greater number of individuals were saved by successfully struggling with the winds, or by giving up the attempt, and rarely or never flying."

Amongst animals of higher rank in the scale than insects, the presence of rudimentary organs is frequently to be demonstrated. What explanation, other than that of degradation and decay owing to disuse, can be offered of the case of the crabs from the Kentucky Cave? Crabs possess compound eyes borne at the extremities of highly movable stalks, these stalks in the Sentinel Crab (Fig. 3) being extremely elongated.

In some of the Mammoth Cave crabs, the stalk remains but the eye has completely disappeared. As the eyes in such a case could in no sense disappear from any reason connected with injury to the animal,

we are absolutely without any reason for their absence other than that of disuse. Professor Silliman captured a Cave rat which, despite its blindness, has large lustrous eyes. After an exposure for about a month to carefully regulated light, the animal began to exercise a feeble sense of sight. Here the modification or darkness has simply affected the function of the eye; in due time the effects of disuse would certainly alter and render abortive the entire organ of sight.

The possession of flying powers is so notable a characteristic of the class of birds, that any exception to this rule, and the want of aerial habits, may be rightly regarded as presenting us with a highly anomalous state of matters. Yet

instances of rudimentary wings in birds are far from uncommon; and several groups are, in fact, more notable on account of the absence of powers of flight than for any other structural features.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

The ostrich, for instance, represents a bird the wings of which are mere apologies for organs of flight, and which are used, as everyone knows, simply as aerial paddles. The curious *Apteryx* or Kiwi-Kiwi (Fig. 4) of New Zealand, a near relative of the ostriches and running-birds in general, represents a still more degraded condition of the organs of flight, for the wing is reduced in size to an extraordinary degree, and exists in a highly abortive condition; whilst only one complete finger is represented in the hand—other birds, as a rule, possessing three modified fingers. The logger-headed duck of South America has wings so reduced that it can but “flap along the surface of the water,” a condition of matters closely imitated amongst ourselves by the Aylesbury duck—although, indeed, the young ducks are able to fly. The wing of the Penguin (Fig. 5) is a mere scaly appendage utterly useless for flight, but



FIG. 5.

useful as a veritable fin, enabling it to swim under water with great facility; and of the Auk's wing the same remark holds good. In the birds, then, there is ample evidence of deterioration of organs in the rudimentary nature of the wings of many species. How these conditions have been brought about is not difficult to explain in most instances. In New Zealand, where we find a singular absence of quadru-

ped, wingless birds—many being extinct—of which the *Apteryx* is a good example, take the place of the four-footed population. In view of an immunity from the attack of other animals, the ground-feeding habits of these birds would become more and more strongly settled as their special way of life; and in the pursuit of such habits, the wings, seldom used for flight, would degenerate as time passed. The later advent of man, in turn, has exterminated certain races of the wingless birds—such as the *Dodo* (Fig. 6) and *Solitaire* (Fig. 7) in Mauritius and Rodriguez—whilst the wingless and giant *Dinornis* of New Zealand, and its contemporaries, have probably been hunted to the death of their species by their human co-tenants of these strange lands.

The ascent to the quadrupeds brings in review before us still more striking illustrations of the apparently incomplete rendering of the structures of animal life. No better instance of the "rudimentary organs" of the naturalist can be found than in the group of the whales, and more especially in the species from which we obtain the commercial whalebone and oil—the Greenland or Right Whale. This whale possesses no teeth in its adult state, but before birth teeth are found in the gum. These teeth, however, are gradually absorbed, and utterly disappear from the jaws, the adult whale possessing, as is well known, a great double fringe of whalebone plates depending from the palate. The same remark holds good of the unborn young of ruminants, or animals which "chew the cud;" these animals in their adult state possessing no front teeth in the upper jaw, but in their immature condition developing these



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

organs—which, by the way, never cut the gum—only to lose them by a natural process of absorption. Now, here there can be no question of use; and certainly no adequate explanation of their occurrence exists, save that which regards these foetal teeth as the remnants of structures once well developed in the ancestors of the whalebone whales and ruminants. To this supposition the evidence—avowedly incomplete—obtained from geology gives no contradiction, even if it does not by any means supply the "missing links" in an adequate fashion. We do know that amongst the oldest of the great Leviathans of the past was the *Zeuglodon*, which had teeth developed much in excess of anything we find represented in the dental arrangements of the whales of to-day—a creature this, of

which, as regards its teeth at least, modern whales are but shadowy reproductions. Whilst under the shelter of great authority, we may declare this ancestor of the whale to have been intermediate in nature between the seals and whales, or between the whales and their neighbours the Manatees or Sea Cows and Dugongs. In either case, the intermediate character of the animal argues in favour of its having been the likely parent of a race dentally degraded in these latter days.

There is little need to specialise further instances of the occurrence of rudimentary organs in the higher animals, save to remark that not the least interesting feature of such cases is contained in the fact that the milk-glands of male animals amongst quadrupeds—organs which exist in a rudimentary condition—have been known to become functionally active and to secrete milk; this peculiarity having been known to occur even in the human subject. Amongst the higher quadrupeds, however, there yet remains for extended notice one special instance of the occurrence of “rudimentary organs,” wherein, not merely is the nature of the parts thoroughly determined, but the stages of their degradation can be clearly traced through the remarkable and fortunate discovery of the “missing links.” Moreover, the case in point, that of the horse, so clearly illustrates what is meant by progressive development or evolution of a species of animals, that it is highly instructive, even if regarded from the latter point of view.



FIG. 8

When we look at the skeleton of a horse's fore-limb, we are able, without much or any previous acquaintance with the facts of comparative anatomy, to see that it is modelled upon a type similar to that of the arm of man. Were we further to compare the wing of the bird, the paddle of the whale, the fore-limb of the bat, and the fore-leg of a lizard, with the equine limb, we should find the same fundamental type of structure to be represented in all. Thus we find in the arm of man (Fig. 8)—to select the most familiar example from the series just mentioned—a single bone, the *humerus* (3), forming the upper arm: two bones (*radius* (4) and *ulna* (5)) constituting the fore-arm: eight small bones forming the wrist (*carpus*): five bones—one for each finger—forming the palm or *metacarpus*: and five fingers, each composed of three small bones, named *phalanges*, with the exception of the thumb in which, by a mere inspection of that digit, we may satisfy ourselves



FIG. 10.

two joints exist. In the wing of the bird (Fig. 9) we find similarly an upper-arm bone or *humerus*, two bones (*radius* and *ulna*) in the fore-arm: a wrist (*b*): a hand (*g*), and two fingers (*cfe d*). Now, turn to the fore-limb of a horse (Fig. 10)—the fore-limb being essentially similar, in its general conformation, and corresponding as closely with man's lower limb—we find its conformation to correspond in a remarkable fashion to that of man's arm. First, there is the *humerus* (*h*), a bone of the horse's upper arm, concealed, however, beneath the skin and muscles, and being, therefore, inconspicuous in the living animal. The horse's fore-arm, like that of man, contains two bones—*radius* (*r*) and *ulna* (*u*), it is true; but the *ulna* has degene-



FIG. 9.



FIG. 11.

rated in a marked degree, and exists as a thin strip of bone which is tolerably distinct at its upper end, but unites with the radius. The wrist (*w*) of the horse naturally succeeds its fore-arm, but the fact of the upper arm being concealed beneath the skin and muscles, the fact is commonly mistaken for the horse's knee. Thus, when a horse chips its "knee," it, in reality, suffers a

contusion of its wrist. Man possesses eight bones in his wrist, the horse has only seven, but the equine wrist is readily recognisable as corresponding with the similar region in man. The greatest difference between the human limb and that of the horse is found in the regions which succeed the wrist, and which constitute the palm and hand. Man has five palm-bones: the horse has apparently but one long bone, the "cannon bone" (m^1), in place of the five. Now, to which of man's palm-bones does this "cannon bone" correspond? The anatomist replies, "To that supporting the third or middle finger;" and attached to this single great palm-bone the horse has three joints or "phalanges" (1, 2, 3) composing his third finger. These joints are well known in ordinary life as the "pastern," "coronary," and "coffin bones:" and the last bears the greatly-developed nail we call the "hoof."

Thus the horse walks upon a single finger or digit—the third; and it behoves us to ask what has become of the remaining five—the highest number of fingers and toes found in mammals or quadrupeds? We find that, with the exception of other two—the second and fourth fingers—the horse's digits have completely disappeared. The second and fourth fingers have left mere traces, it is true, but it is exactly these rudimentary fingers which serve as the chief clues to the whole history of the equine race. On each side of the single palm-bone of the horse's great finger, we see two thin strips of bone (one of which is represented at m^2 Fig. 10), which veterinary surgeons familiarly term "splint-bones." (See also Fig. 12A, d .) But these "splints" bear no finger-bones, and the condition of the horse's "hand," or fore-foot, is therefore seen to be of most noteworthy and curious conformation. It may, indeed, sometimes happen that the small pieces of gristle or cartilage may be found at the base of the splint-bones, and comparative anatomists incline to regard these gristly pieces as the representatives of the first and fifth fingers. But the ordinary condition of the horse's hand may be summed up by saying that the animal walks on one well-developed finger—the third—and possesses the rudiments, in the form of the "splint-bones," of other two fingers, the second and fourth. These latter, it need hardly be added, are completely concealed beneath the skin and other tissues of the limb. In the hind limb of the horse (Fig. 11), a similar modification is observed. The thigh bone ($f e$) and kneecap (p) are readily observed. There is but one toe—the third ($1, 2, 3$)—supported by a single cannon bone (m^1); and there are likewise two splint-bone (one depicted at m^2), representing the rudiments of the second and fourth toes. The horse's heel, like his wrist,

appears out of place, and is popularly named his "hock." The shin-bone (*t*) is the chief bone of the leg, and has united to it the other bone (*f*), succeeding the thigh, named the fibula, and which is seen in man's leg, and in that of quadrupeds at large.

To the eyes even of an unscientific observer, who sees the skeleton of a horse placed in a museum, in contrast with the bony frames of other and nearly related animals, the equine type is admittedly a very peculiar and much modified one. In place of five toes we find but one; and in the matter of its teeth, as well as in other features of its frame, the horse may be said to present us with an animal form which appears as a literal example of Salanio's remark, that

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.

A person of a thoroughly sceptical turn of mind might possibly demand to know the exact reasons for the assumption that the splint-bones of the horse are in reality the rudiments of the fingers we have represented them to be, and might further demand proof positive of their nature. Fortunately, geology and the science of fossils together come to our aid, with as brilliant a demonstration of the steps and stages of the degradation of the horse's fingers as the most sanguine evolutionist could hope to see. From Mother Earth, whose kindly shelter has sufficed to preserve for us the remains of so many of the forms of the past, we obtain the means for constructing a genealogical tree of the equine race, by methods of certain kind, and through the exhibition of fossils, each bearing an impress of its history, which, to use Cuvier's expression, "is a surer mark than all those of Zadig."

Our theoretical journey backwards into the ages begins with the Recent or last-formed deposits—those which lie nearest the outer surface of our earth. The Recent or Quaternary period forms a division of the Tertiary period, that is, the latest of the three great epochs into which, for purposes of classifying fossil formations by their relative ages, the geologist divides the rock-formations. The Tertiary rocks, commencing the list, with the last-formed or uppermost strata, begin with the Quaternary or Recent deposits; next in order succeed the older Pliocene rocks; then come the Miocene formations, and lastly succeed the Eocene rocks. These last are the oldest of the Tertiary period, and lie in natural order upon the Cretaceous or Chalk Rocks, which themselves belong to an entirely different and anterior (Mesozoic) period in the history of our globe. The first fossil—that is, the last deceased—horses we meet with, are found in the Quaternary and Pliocene, or the last-formed deposits of the Tertiary system. Between these earlier Pliocene horses and our own Equidæ, there are no

material differences ; and the limbs of these forms may therefore be diagrammatised as depicted in Fig. 12, A A' : the cannon bone in all of these figures being marked *a* ; the splint-bones *dd* ; the "pastern" and "coronary" bone *b, c* ; and the "coffin-bone" *f*.

But near the beginning of the Pliocene formations of the Old World, and in the oldest of the Miocene rocks which lie below them, we find a member of the horse-family, which differs in certain important respects from the horses of the Recent period, and from those of to-day. The fossil horses alluded to are found not merely in Europe, but in the Sewalik Hills in India, and they must therefore have possessed a very wide range of distribution. When first discovered, M. de Christol called this species of horse *Hipparion*, a

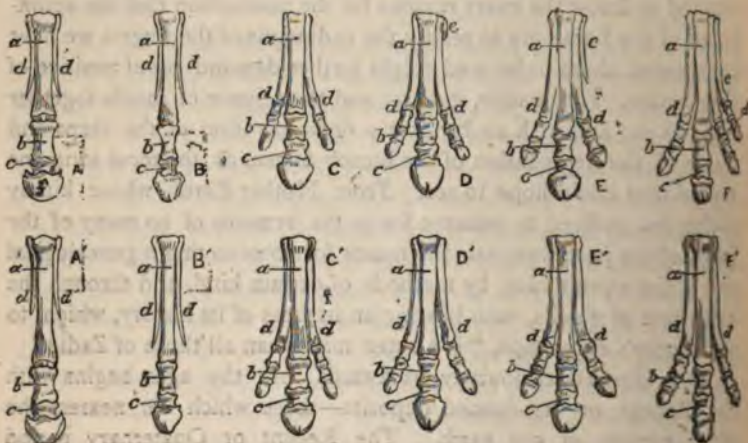


FIG. 12.

name which has been still retained for it, amidst that constant alteration in zoological nomenclature which is the labour of the foolish and the sadness of the wise amongst us. What are the chief peculiarities of *Hipparion*? Briefly stated, in the larger development of the "splint-bones" (Fig. 12, *c c'*), which, according to Owen, must have "dangled by the side of the large and functional hoof (or third toe) like the pair of spurious hoofs behind these forming the cloven foot in the ox." This conformation, continues Owen, "would cause the foot of the *Hipparion* to sink less deep into swampy soil, and be more easily withdrawn than the more simplified horse's foot." Furthermore, the ulna or bone of the fore-arm, deficient in the horse of to-day, is tolerably well developed in *Hipparion*.

Backwards in time, and in the older Miocene formations of Europe, another fossil horse was disentombed, and was duly described under the name of *Anchitherium*. This latter horse possesses a completely developed ulna in the fore-arm, and fibula in the leg; but its chief point of interest lies in the fact that each foot possessed three fully-developed toes (Fig. 12, D D¹ *d, d, c*) which apparently must have touched the ground in walking. Already, our splint-bones are seen to better their condition as we pass backwards through the ages, and to appear as the natural supports of well-developed second and fourth toes. Here the geological history of the horse in the Old World may be said practically to end. Modern history assures us that the first horses which peopled the new world, and whose descendants roam over American prairies as the famed mustangs, were imported by the Spaniards at the period of the Mexican Conquest. Geology has a more curious tale to relate of the New World horses and their history, and gives them an antiquity compared with which the events of man's primitive history in either world are but as yesterday. Recent researches amongst the rock formations of Western America, in particular, have shown us that it is to the New World we must look for a perfect pedigree of the horse. For, beginning with the horse of to-day with its splint-bones, we are carried gradually backwards in time to the Pliocene horse of the new world named *Pliohippus* (B B¹)—a form not differing materially from the living horse, but serving in a very graduated fashion to introduce us to the older *Protohippus*, the New World representative of our own fossil *Hipparion* (C C¹), and in some respects a more typical three-toed horse than the latter. Our own *Anchitherium* (D D¹) corresponds to the next specimen of the new world—*Miohippus* by name; and *Miohippus* evinces a still more important modification in that it possesses a rudiment of the fifth or little finger in addition to the second, third, and fourth digits with which the fore-feet are provided.

The American horses now continue the history of the race in time past without aid or representative from the Eastern Hemisphere, in so far, at least, as the latest research has shown. To *Miohippus* succeeds the *Mesohippus* (E E¹) from the American Miocene, which has three well-developed toes, and in addition shows the rudiment of the little finger (E *e*) of the fore-feet (seen also in *Miohippus*, D *e*) in an enlarged condition. Passing to the Eocene formations, the oldest series of the Tertiary rocks, we meet with the next step in the form of the *Orohippus* (F F¹), in which the little finger (*e*) appears as a veritable member of the hand, the hind feet still possessing three

well-developed toes only: whilst, consistently with the development of the toes, the ulna of the fore-arm and fibula of the leg appear as bones of legitimate size, and present a striking contrast to their rudiments in the horse of to-day. The last discovered horse is from the oldest of the Eocene beds; it has been appropriately named *Eohippus*, and presents us with four complete toes (2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th) on the fore-feet, and a rudiment of the first toe as well; with a trace of the fifth toe of the hind-feet—this last member being, as we have seen, unrepresented in any of the other forms. When the Chalk Rocks shall have yielded up their fossil horses, it is consistent with logic and reason to expect that the primitive stock of the horses will be discovered with its complete provision of five toes, and its corresponding modifications of form.

To what conclusions, of reasonable kind, do these stable facts regarding the pedigree of the horse naturally lead? The answer is towards a belief in the slow and progressive modification and evolution of the one-toed modern horse from a five-toed ancestor. This process of modification must, of course, have affected its entire frame, but it is sufficient for our present purpose to point out that in the structure of the foot alone we discern the evidence for evolution, as clearly as in the entire organisation of the animal. An increase of speed, and obvious advantage over its enemies, would be gained by the horse, as its toes grew "small by degree and beautifully less;" and the single-toed race has thus practically come to the front in the world of to-day, as the plain and favourable result of the work of degradation amongst its digits.

Two bony shreds or rudiments thus lay the foundation of a grave conclusion regarding the horse and its manner of development, and exemplify the adage that great and unlooked-for results sometimes spring from beginnings of apparently the most trifling kind. The "splint-bones" form, in fact, a clue which, when rightly pursued, leads not merely to a knowledge of the evolution of the horse, but to an understanding of the entire scheme of nature. The idea, then, of "special creation" of the horses does not look well, it must be confessed, in the face of the gradual and obvious modification exhibited by the series of fossil horses, which lead without a break from *Eohippus* to the modern horse. At most, it may be said, there is but a choice of probabilities offered us. And in the adoption of a scheme of development, and in face of the facts laid before us, it is hard to see any grounds whereon the special-creation theory can be maintained, or the theory of progressive development and evolution denied. For if evolution is the law of the horse's history, it must

logically follow that it represents the scheme of nature throughout: since the uniformity of nature, in which we are bound to believe, and to which we are bound to appeal, would utterly negative the idea that evolution should hold good for the horse, and be inapplicable to any other living thing. Because the missing links are not so completely supplied to us in other cases as in the horse, we are not on that account entitled to assume that the theory of development is invalid. We may not see an oak-tree grow inch by inch, but we are as positive as our mental nature will admit, that the oak was once an acorn, and that there has been a progressive growth and increase which might not be apparent to us were we to watch the tree for weeks together. Applying this reasoning to the case before us, it would be as illogical to deny that the order of nature was that of development, as to insist that the oak was created as it stands. The extent of human knowledge, and the duration of human existence, are together inadequate to enable us to discern the progress of this world's order after the fashion whereby, from a lofty elevation, we may trace every winding of a stream. But the probabilities of the case are as overwhelmingly for progressive development, as the direct evidence at hand—exemplified by the horse's pedigree—tells against special and independent creation having been the way of the First Cause in the making of the world and its living things.

The entire scheme of scientific discovery thus depends very largely upon the use made of the hints which Nature is continually presenting to the searcher, and on the correct interpretation of the facts he is fortunate enough to elicit in his search. The study of the rudiments of animal and plant structures may well exemplify, from the importance of its results, the value of gathering up the veriest fragments of knowledge. For, as Mr. A. R. Wallace has remarked regarding rudimentary organs, "there must be a cause for them; they must be the necessary results of some great law." And again are this author's words most appropriate when he says: "Many more of these modifications should we behold, and more complete series of them, had we a view of all the forms which have ceased to live. The great gaps that exist between fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals (that between reptiles and birds is now well-nigh obliterated) would then, no doubt, be softened down by intermediate groups, and the whole organic world would be seen to be an unbroken and harmonious system."

ANDREW WILSON.

FREE TRADE AND RECIPROCITY.

IT is about fifteen years since I accepted an invitation from the Mayor of Salford to take part in an interesting ceremony connected with the Peel Park. I had never before seen the statue of Sir Robert Peel, which was there erected in the midst of the great community by whose irresistible impulse the policy of free trade was secured. With deep interest I recognised Peel's own words graven upon the pedestal, and I thought,—What honour could stand so firm, so unquestioned, and so durable, as that of the man who could thus proudly and justly bequeath, from his place in Parliament, his name to be remembered “with good-will in the abodes of those who earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brow,”—who could fairly say that he had given them “abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice”! If anyone had then whispered in my ear that the time was not very far distant when I should be called upon, as one of the Parliamentary candidates of the Liberal party, to vindicate in that great centre of trade and industry the policy which Robert Peel accepted at the hands of Richard Cobden, my astonishment would not have been so great at the personal position which that prophecy would have accorded to myself, as that the faith of any of the manufacturing population of Lancashire should have been loosened from the principles of free trade.

I will not believe that faith is in any danger of detachment. What has happened, and is happening, not only in Lancashire, but also in many other parts of the country, is the not unnatural result of the hard and distressing times through which we are passing. People have sought, under various promptings, and amid different circumstances—some in one direction, some in another direction—to discover and lay bare the cause of this commercial affliction; and the result has been that not a few, especially among those who are zealous above all things to disconnect this suffering from the political policy of the Government, have fixed with tenacity, and with a certain measure of success, upon free trade as the pre-eminent blunder of our political system. They are not of the class which discriminates; much less do they belong to those who decree in matters of

is sort. They are not to be soothed by directing their attention to the still more depressed condition of trade and labour in the most protectionist countries. They cannot deny that the German and the American workmen have had a far more prolonged experience of bad times, or that the list of commercial failures in those countries of high tariffs has exceeded all that has been witnessed among ourselves. It is in vain that they are called to observe how hardly the policy of protection bears upon such a population as that of the United States. A Dutch ship which it was proposed to re-copper in Boston harbour, carried new metal for that purpose in her hold. On arrival, her captain was told that if the work was done in the United States he must pay import duty upon the copper, and a duty also upon the old copper which he proposed to transfer to the inside of his vessel. He soon made a calculation which induced him to weigh anchor, and sail for a free British port, where the work was done by Canadians. He then returned to Boston to take in freight, and found that he had saved money by his excursion from the protectionist port of the United States. Protection has made the cost of steel rails for one of the trunk railroads out of Chicago, £500,000 in excess of what it would have been had the import of steel rails been free; and the consequence of protection in that single case has been that a yearly charge of more than £30,000 has been imposed upon the earnings of that American railway, over which rolls a great part of the vast supply of food which passes from the Western States to England, and to the price of which must of course be added the share of this unnecessary tax. The Paris Chamber of Commerce exhibits the fact that "America, despite the excessive duties of her Customs tariff, has undergone commercial disasters which have not visited the industry of France. The Chamber cannot admit that the latter part of the century, in which distances have been lessened by railways and annihilated by the telegraph, is destined to see the nations raising barriers on their frontiers preventing them from communicating together." All this is plain enough to those that will see and to ears which are open; but that is not the case with our reactionaries, who desire neither to see nor to hearken. They wish to carry their grievance to the hustings, before it is explained away, and its unreality is perceived.

For those who are really concerned to know the truth I will endeavour to set out, in the plainest possible language, the relation of free trade and reciprocity, which latter term means, in this discussion, actual free trade, or equal taxation of imports on the part of any two countries. And it seems that the first thing to be done is to consider

the circumstances of some of the nations of the world, and the causes in which international trade has its origin. It is plain, that if every country had the same climate, the same natural productions, and was possessed of equal powers, manufacturing at the same cost, there could be no advantage whatever in any exchange of productions. The visits of one people to another would be for purposes of war or of observation. There would be no trade. If, in those circumstances, we carried a bale of cotton cloth to New York or to Calcutta, it would be unsaleable and unexchangeable, except at a reduction from its price at home, because it would be dearer than native cloth by the cost of carriage, and in return we could bring back nothing to England which would not, owing to the expense of carriage, be dearer than English goods of the same character. We know, however, that in fact it is quite otherwise. We know that diversity and difference of produce, and of the cost of products, is the rule. There are countries of which the chief articles of produce are cotton, maize, tea, coffee, rice, and tobacco, not one of which can be produced in this country. We cannot produce the wine or the fruits of southern Europe; the date-palm and the sugar-cane flourish only in hot climates; we have neither gold, nor ivory, nor the rich dyes and fragrant spices of other lands.

With the increase of wealth—that is, of exchangeable commodities, including gold and silver—we naturally desire to barter some of our productions for those of other countries, and the question which we may consider to be in discussion is simply this:—How should that exchange be carried on; upon the principle of free trade, or upon the basis of protection? We may be sure that the question is one which applies to every country, because no two countries are without diversity of productions, and inequalities of cost in the work of production. It is therefore evident that what is good for one country, in regard to exchange of commodities, is good for all. This rule can admit of no exception; and though it was held by Mr. Mill, and has been held by some of the most distinguished statesmen, that “protecting duties may be defensible, when they are imposed temporarily (especially in a young and rising nation), in hopes of naturalising a foreign industry in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country,”¹—this does not constitute any exception among the countries to which I am referring. What is beneficial to one country, in regard to exchange of commodities, is good for all. If it is an advantage to us to be free traders—by which we mean, if we gain by opening the ports of the United Kingdom to the free

¹ *Political Economy*, 5th ed. vol. ii. p. 525.

ry of foreign goods—that policy, it adopted by other countries, would also prove advantageous to themselves. But, though that proposition is incontestably true, we must not forget the fact—for herein the difference of practice greatly lies—that the benefits of free trade, or of free imports, are not equally distributed, and are not equally urgent and visible in all countries. We must indeed admit that those benefits are certainly most evident in relation to Great Britain. Here, and here only, free imports are synonymous with free food, with untaxed daily bread. No Government can withstand the cry of a starving and destitute people. Three-and-forty years ago, the taxation of imports, or as it was called protection to native industry, meant starvation. It is especially for food, cheaper food, that we have gained by the free trade policy; and the cry for food is of all demands the most irresistible.

I do not claim for my countrymen merit beyond that which is their due. I do not claim that they have greater discernment than the people of other lands. I do not think it wonderful that our eyes and ears only have been open to the advantages of free imports; because with us the demand for free trade was enforced by the strongest plea known to humanity—the demand for food. The policy of free imports is an invitation to all the world to supply that which we cannot produce, or which we cannot produce in sufficient abundance for our wants, or that which we cannot produce so cheaply as the country from whence it is exported. That which we chiefly required from over the sea, to enable us to conduct our national business to greater advantage, was food—food of all kinds; and food we have obtained in enormous quantities by the policy of free imports. No other people have been or are now in the same position. Take the case of Germany, of France, of the United States. Not one of those countries stands in need of foreign supplies of food. From Germany we draw our largest import of potatoes; from the soil of France comes our greatest supply of wine; and as for the United States, they are the larder of the United Kingdom. I have no doubt that each and all of these countries would be richer and stronger, and that all would therefore be more valuable members of the community of nations, if they adopted free trade; but I cannot say, nor can we assert, that the arguments for the acceptance of that policy are as cogent in their case as were the arguments which pointed to the appeals of Mr. Cobden.

We may now say that we have thus far demonstrated two propositions: 1st, That the origin of trade is the difference of national products; 2nd, That the urgency of free imports, the most evident

advantage of that policy, is with that people whose foreign demands are, as are ours, food and the raw materials of manufacturing industry. These are plain facts of everyday life. The body is more than raiment. Food is the first requirement of existence; raw materials are the first requirement of manufacturing industry. Without food we could not labour; without materials we could not manufacture. These things come first and foremost. The demand to have them free of import tax must be stronger, more easily aroused, than the demand to obtain better and cheaper manufactures than can be produced at home. By a policy of protection, I have seen Russians condemned to use wretched hardware, and sending wretched hardware over all Central Asia, knives and scissors of iron, and clumsy locks of semi-barbarous construction. A Russian villager does not know that, if his Government permitted, he might have far better and cheaper locks and knives from Birmingham in exchange for his corn. The blunt, soft knife he uses bears the mark of Moscow; it does its work, and he is content. I see cotton cloths inferior to those of English manufacture for sale in continental towns. I laugh at the prices asked by the peddling dealers, and tell the peasants they might have cheaper and better goods, if their Government did not try to keep out the productions of England. They scarcely believe me; and if I told them that the consequence of the free trade which I recommend might be an increase of direct taxes, they would drive me away from their company as the harbinger of direst calamity. So, if I asked an average inhabitant of the United States, who was one of the protectionist majority, to vote for admitting Manchester goods free of duty, he would suppose I was advocating the advantage of "the Britisher," to despoil whom, in the fair way of business, is the first duty of every true-born American. But if any or all of these people were suffering such destitution and misery as the people of this country endured in 1846, and have been lately enduring, and I said: "There is food in abundance, cheap, good, and plentiful, waiting outside your ports; will you not compel your Government to admit that food of which we are in such desperate want, free of duty?"—can you doubt what would be their response? They would say as the British and Irish people said in 1846: "We will have free trade on our side at least;" and before that resolve the opinion of the strongest Ministers and aristocracies would bend as it did in the time of Robert Peel.

Now let us see what have been some of the consequences of free trade, and then proceed to examine the so-called arguments which are put forward to induce us to abandon that policy. What were the predictions of those who, together with the present Prime Minister,

pent some of the best years of their lives in opposing the policy of free imports? Lord Beaconsfield prophesied that free trade would be as "pernicious to the manufacturing interest as to the agricultural interest of this country."¹ He thought "the opinions of the Anti-Corn Law League dangerous—their system founded on error, and leading to confusion."² To what has it led? I am not going to say that this country is as prosperous as it might be; that I well know it is not. We are kept back from a larger success, we are hindered in competing with others, because we have disregarded Mr. Cobden's injunction, because we have not completed the work which he began, because we have not established free trade in regard to our land, that immovable basis of all prosperity. But of the real results of free trade policy as applied to commerce there can be no doubt. The value of the total of our imports in 1850 was £62,004,000; in 1877 it was £394,419,000. In the year 1872 the exports of British produce had increased in the free trade period by about £200,000,000. Owing to the decline of values, to the fears and the losses of wars and rumours of war, to the disturbing and distressing policy of Governments, including our own, this excess fell in the last recorded year, that of 1877, to less than £150,000,000. Let us make one or two more arithmetical statements. We see by the statistics that the imports, the goods we receive from foreign countries, our tea, sugar, cotton, more than half our bread, a large part of our supply of meat, and so on, came to a great deal more money than the value of the goods we sent out of the country; and some people who, either because their knowledge is imperfect, or because they wish, for objects of their own, to decry the policy which has built up this enormous trade, point to this excess of imports over exports, and say, "We are going to ruin; the country is being impoverished by free trade; we are paying the balance of trade out of our capital." But these persons must not be relied on; the error of their alarm must be pointed out, and in the first place they must be reminded that England is infinitely richer than ever she was before the adoption of free trade. The accumulation of savings made in the free trade period has been immense. They will not deny, if they are well advised, they will not dispute, the accuracy of the figures lately published by that distinguished statist, the Chief of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, showing that in ten years ending with 1875, the invested savings of Englishmen amounted to the astounding total of £240,000,000 per annum. A very considerable portion of that wealth is invested in other countries—America and

¹ *House of Commons Debates*, May 15, 1846.

² *Ibid.*

India alone are indebted to English capitalists at least to the extent of £30,000,000 per annum, and that sum they pay in the shape of imports. They must pay either in money or in goods, and it is no disadvantage to us that they should pay us in goods. We may see how simple the transaction is by taking a personal case. Say that I have investments in America, and that I draw the interest upon those investments at a bank in this country. By the system of bills of exchange America pays that money in the form of cotton, bread, and bacon, which are purchased by those in this country among whom my personal expenditure is distributed. It is no impoverishment to the country if the interest on those savings due from foreign countries is paid in acceptable imports. But that is not all. The total value of those imports includes the amount paid for freight, commission, and, to a certain extent, in the form of profits, to Englishmen. Of the vessels which enter our ports nearly 70 per cent. are English; they are chiefly manned by Englishmen; they are built, and fitted, and supplied in England, and the payment for all this is included in the value of the imports. A very large subtraction from the excess of imports would have to be made in this way; but again I say even that is not all. On the other side there is a large addition to be made, on the same account, to the value of the exports. It is impossible to doubt that of these exports, seven-tenths are conveyed in English ships, and the value is entered without addition of the charges for freight and otherwise, which pass into English pockets. No; far from regarding this excess of imports as a symptom of our approaching downfall, I look upon it as a token of our established wealth. So much for the manufacturing and trading interest of the country during the reign of free imports.

Now let us look at what has happened to the owners of property in that period. They were to be ruined by free trade; there was no doubt whatever about that. Many of those who were prophets of evil concerning the landed interest before the adoption of free trade, are now members of the Royal Agricultural Society of England; it is, we may say, an association of the principal landowners. Well, that great society of nobility and landed gentry have lately had a special report made for presentation to European agriculturists at the Paris Exhibition, by Mr. James Caird, the most eminent agricultural statesman in the country; and this is what Mr. Caird has told them concerning the rise in the value of their property during the free trade period:—
“There has been during the last twenty years a very considerable increase in the value of land in this country. In England, from 1858, the rise has been progressive and continuous, with an average

increase of £470,000 a year. The total rise within a period of eighteen years has been a little over 20 per cent." Mr. Caird then shows, from a comparison of the gross annual value of land assessed to the income tax in 1857 and 1875, that the value of agricultural land in England alone has increased by 21 per cent.; and he estimates the capital value of that increase at £268,440,000, and at £331,650,000 for the whole of the United Kingdom. I dare say that the landed gentry, who so rarely read, will not take the trouble to study Mr. Caird's report, which is published in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*. Were their disposition otherwise, some of them who were prophets of evil concerning the adoption of the free trade policy, would surely feel rebuked on reading that "the capital value of the total increase of the present selling price of land in this country will be reckoned something prodigious, especially by those of us who are old enough to recall the dismal prophecies of the agricultural ruin which would surely follow the free admission of foreign corn." The wealth of our country during the free trade period has increased not by hundreds, but by thousands of millions. I do not say that this gigantic increase is due to free trade, but I assert, with no fear of contradiction, that without free imports such an increase would have been utterly impossible.

I must confess that I do not regard that vast augmentation of riches with unmixed satisfaction; indeed, I am sad when I think by how comparatively small a class that great wealth is possessed. My hope is that I shall live to see a time in which not only will this country be far richer than ever it has been before, but also, and more especially, when the possession of property will be much more widely distributed. I want to see the work of Richard Cobden crowned by the not less great achievement of free trade in land; I want to see the many rather than the few possessed of riches. I do not mean the riches of superfluous abundance, but that wealth which enlarges the faculty of labour, and which confers greater happiness than attends the indulgence of luxury. I am anxious not to go backwards, but to press forward in the direction of free trade. The people at large compelled the landed gentry to enrich themselves by enriching the country through the policy of free imports. I trust they will again constrain them to add yet more to the value of their property by establishing free trade in land.

But this advancing policy is not that to which those who cavil at free trade now direct us. They say that our free trade is one-sided. They say we ought to force other nations to reciprocity. They say we ought to tax the import of all manufactures. They say that the depression from which the trade of the country is suffering is not to

be removed, as many think, by a more pacific and steady policy on the part of Governments, but by abandoning that system of free import and free export which Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Derby support as firmly as do any of the friends and followers of Richard Cobden. They tell us to get reciprocity—that, having failed to obtain the freedom of our neighbours' ports by force of example, we ought to step back and extort from our foreign neighbour those concessions which it is assumed he will not voluntarily make. If I could consider that for thirty years we have been, in regard to free trade, impoverishing ourselves in the hope of converting our neighbours; if I could consider that for all those years we have been only making an experiment upon the Governments of the United States, and of France, and of other countries—then, of course, I should be all for retaliation. I should say: "You won't open your ports, and until you do we will close ours." I have no expectation that the policy of Governments will be regulated upon principles of abstract benevolence. That which appears to me most extraordinary is that any Englishman should suppose, or pretend to suppose, that we open our ports for the benefit and advantage of the foreigner. I will go a step further. If I believed that a policy of retaliation would injure the trade of the foreigner more than it would injure our own trade, and would by that injury lead him to adopt a system of free imports, I should not hesitate to inflict the injury. It is because retaliation would hurt us most of all; because by expressing our own want of confidence in free trade the heart of the foreigner would more than ever be hardened against that policy; it is for our own vital interests, and for those alone, that I uphold, and will be faithful to, the policy of free imports.

It is of course of but little use to argue with those who would accept reciprocity as a cure for the ills which misgovernment and mismanagement of all sorts have brought upon us, for the same reason that a boy at a country fair takes sarsaparilla,—because it has a long name, the meaning of which he does not understand. What does reciprocity mean? It means that what is done on one side should be done on the other. It does not mean the taxation of exports, of goods sent out of the country. It is not proposed that we should retaliate upon the foreigner by taxing the export of the coal, the iron or steel, or even of the finished machinery which he uses in competition with our own manufacturers. The taxation of exports is forbidden by the Constitution of the United States, and is therefore out of the question as a strictly retaliatory policy in our dealing with that country. As applied to imports, reciprocity in its closest meaning, as between this country and America, indicates that what is

charged upon one side of the ocean should be charged on the other. I can fancy that such a dealing will sound fair enough even to many who are disposed to be free traders, and that not a few, accepting that as the simple meaning of reciprocity in its application to international trade, will say that they are in favour of reciprocity. To state the matter precisely, such a policy would come to this :—If the people of the United States levy a duty at their ports of entry upon cotton manufactures from Manchester, we will put an equal duty upon the import of cotton goods from the United States. "All right," says the British reciprocitist. But, suppose we live by exporting cotton manufactures, and they send out but an insignificant export, then our imposition of a duty will be utterly impotent for the object of forcing them to admit our cotton manufactures free of duty. The quantity of cotton goods which the United States send to England bears but very small proportion to that which, even under existing restrictions, England sends to the States. In the year 1877, the United States received cotton goods from abroad, chiefly from England, to the value of more than £3,000,000, and that amount was little more than half the value of the import of 1872. These goods paid a very heavy duty; I believe about 45 per cent. In the same year, 1877, England received cotton manufactures from the United States to the value of £163,000; and it may be taken for certain that, if free import had not been the rule of this country, even that insignificant arrival would not have been recorded. We cannot, therefore, wound the trade of the United States by retaliating with an import tax upon their cotton goods. It would not be felt.

I take the case of the United States because, of all countries, that is the one in which we encounter the highest tariffs. Our three principal manufactures are of cotton, iron, and wool. The United States load these manufactures at their ports with duties varying from 53 to 100 per cent. Next comes Russia, which, however, imposes no duty exceeding 50 per cent. Then Austria, France, and Germany stand in a somewhat less repressive attitude against the admission of our manufactures. We have seen that it is impossible to retaliate successfully upon the United States in regard to cotton manufactures. Let us now see if we could distress the trade of those States by dealing reciprocally with reference to manufactured iron. Neither in 1876 nor in 1877 did the export of manufactured iron from the United States amount to a million sterling; and of that export, so insignificant compared with our own, a portion only was received in England. It is certain that if American iron were met here by such duties as are laid upon our iron in the United States,

not a pound would be delivered in the United Kingdom. We could not move the United States by cutting off a trade worth two or three hundred thousand pounds a year. A policy of retaliation, imposing reciprocal duties on manufactures of iron, would be simply ridiculous; a standing silly protest against our own policy of free trade, and nothing more. Let us look at the next great offender against the system of free imports—I mean Russia. In spite of her heavy import duties, we do a large trade with Russia—a trade larger than that of all the other countries of Europe (except Germany) and the United States put together. Russia loads our iron, our cottons, and woollens with heavy duties, and is so far successful in excluding our manufactures that I have wandered for hours through the great Russian fair at Nijni Novgorod, and could only find here and there scanty specimens of British work. But we could not, with effect, retaliate upon Russia; for in return for our machinery, cottons, and woollens, she sends us articles of quite a different character.

So it is with France or any other country. We obtain wines and spirits from France in great abundance. But we cannot retaliate or reciprocate as to France upon these articles; for France imports neither wine nor spirits. She sends us a large quantity of "fancy wares." Upon these goods we cannot retaliate; for among the principal articles imported into France there are no "fancy wares." France is a larger exporter of brandy than of cotton manufactures. If we look to Germany, or to any other country, we should find the same impossibility of forcing a policy of free trade by the imposition of reciprocal duties. As great manufacturers of cotton, of iron, of wool, we wish to obtain for our productions free entry into the ports of the world. But it is just because we are great manufacturers of these goods that we cannot substantially affect the policy of other countries by imposing strictly reciprocal duties. We may see how absurdly inoperative such a policy must be, by regarding the complaint of Spain against our Customs' duty on Spanish wines. Spain wishes to see that duty lowered; but she is not so silly as to say to England, "If you do not lower your alcoholic duty, I will put a reciprocal duty on British wine";—because a bottle of British wine is never asked for in Spain.

Have we not, then, arrived at this position—that the diversity of products, which we at first saw makes international trade advantageous, renders it also impossible to affect equally the trade of any two countries by strictly reciprocal duties? Coercion by reciprocal duties is impossible, because nations do not chiefly need those articles which they chiefly export. The strict meaning of reciprocity

we may therefore presume, is abandoned; and that which is intended by those who use the term is, that we should coerce foreign countries by imposing equivalent charges upon the goods which are bartered for our exports. If there is any reality in the talk about reciprocity, it means that we should raise the price in this country of those articles which we need most, which we purchase from the foreigner, in order that, by the rise of price, we may diminish the demand, lessen the consumption, and so reduce and diminish the export trade of foreign countries. To have effect upon the trade of the foreigner we must tax the import of those things we most require; we have seen that it will be of no use to tax the import of those commodities which we ourselves produce most extensively. But we have seen also that the United Kingdom is peculiar in this respect—that the great bulk of our imports consists of corn, flour, meat, wine, tea, articles of universal consumption, together with cotton, and other raw materials of industry. If we, then, adopt the policy of reciprocity, in the only way in which that policy could seriously affect the trade of the United States, we should certainly find that the sharper edge of the tool we employ will be cutting ourselves, and affecting the daily sustenance of English people. In 1877, the United States, which did not altogether export manufactures of cotton and iron to the value of £3,000,000, sent out more than £40,000,000 worth of breadstuffs and provisions, of which nearly the whole was consumed in this country. Reciprocity means, then, that we are to endeavour to force the Americans to open their ports, by making all this food dearer in all the shops and stores of the United Kingdom. Will the people of these islands do anything of the sort? The man who thinks they would do it is not a practical politician. Reciprocity means reversing the policy which Robert Peel accepted at the hands of Richard Cobden. It can only be effected by raising the price of the daily food “of those whose lot it is to labour;” it must take from them that boon, which Peel boasted he had given them, of recruiting “their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food.”

We cannot in this way injure the foreigner so much as we should injure ourselves. We consume on an average 341 lbs. of wheat per head per annum; and of that quantity, Mr. Caird says, 158 lbs. are home-grown, and 183 lbs. are produced in foreign countries. If we put, say 1s. a bushel, or 8s. a quarter, on the import of foreign wheat, by way of reciprocity, we should raise the price of bread not merely on the foreign import, but also on the home-grown wheat. Exactly the same might be said of the bacon and the beef, the cheese and the

pork, which we get from the United States. If we were to put a tax on the import of such goods, not only should we raise the price of those that come from foreign countries, but we should also add just as much to the cost of that part of the supply which is produced at home. Now let us ask ourselves, for whose benefit would this be done? It would be a mistake to suppose that the person who grows wheat, the person who produces meat, the baker, the butcher, and the grocer, would obtain all the difference in cost. That increased payment for food, gathered from small wages and narrow incomes, would go for the most part to the landed gentry, in the shape of rent, and to the Treasury, in the form of indirect taxation; thus relieving the pockets of the rich by providing out of the mouths of the poor and needy a further portion of the public revenue. I have read in English newspapers communications recommending reciprocity of this sort. There is a gallant captain, who, it seems to me, is practising upon the credulity of the men of Birmingham in this matter. Captain Burnaby has been in Spain, from whence he has communicated to the *Times*, with indications of approval, opinions of Spanish gentry upon the commercial policy of England. I know them well, those Spanish hidalgos, perhaps the most ignorant gentlemen in the world. They say, through Captain Burnaby: "Protect your farmers as well as your manufacturers, and although the consumers will suffer in one way, they will gain in another by not having to pay so much in direct taxation." Five-and-thirty years ago our farmers were protected, our manufacturing population was starving—bread, tea, and sugar were at double the present prices. Were the farmers then prosperous? Mr. Cobden succeeded in obtaining from the farmers everywhere the confession that they were badly off. Who was satisfied with that protection? No one but the landlords, who were a majority in Parliament, a majority which succumbed to the fear of violence as the consequence of famine.

Why, it will be said, if free trade is so good a policy, do the nations of the Continent, and even our colonies, seem more than ever determined to maintain protection? I reply, that it is the Governments and not the nations of the Continent which are protectionist. If the Continental nations drew, as we do, their food supply from abroad, the error of protection would be irresistibly plain. But as it is, their manufacturing interests being united, active, and persistent, prevail with the Governments, and the interests of the consumers, that is, of the great body of the people, are sacrificed. Nor should we forget that the Governments of military empires and republics are led to raise revenue by the costly medium of Customs duties, because

they fear to place the lighter burden of direct taxation upon the small landowners. Continental Governments find it a good deal easier to make the landowning population pay taxation in the shape of a much increased cost of shirts, and blouses, and railway iron, and so on, than it would be to get them to pay even a fraction directly to the support of the onerous military systems of which they are the victims. As to the colonies, it should be remembered that a duty cannot be called protective where there are no manufactures to protect; and that is the case with several of our colonies. It may be interesting here to quote from a letter which my friend Sir Robert Torrens, a colonial authority of high repute, has written to me on this part of the subject. Sir Robert says: "Duties of Customs are levied in the colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, and Queensland solely for revenue purposes, not at all for protection. It is sufficiently obvious that, in countries where the earnings of unskilled labour average 30s. per week, and those of skilled labour 50s. to 60s., and where interest on capital even on first-class securities is 8 per cent., an import duty of 5 per cent. upon cotton manufactures, and other products of British industry, cannot possibly operate as protective of colonial manufactures. In fact, there do not exist in the Australian group of colonies any cotton manufactures to protect." Customs duties in such colonies, imposed upon articles of universal consumption, are in effect similar to direct taxation. But it is otherwise in the United States, in Continental countries, and in India, where there are manufactures which are protected by duties. In those countries it is the interest of the consumer which is neglected.

Whenever there is talk of protection in England, we should always turn our thoughts to the consumer; because the consumers are the many, and producers are, as a rule, comparatively few, and our first care must be for the interests of the multitude. It is said we ought to protect our manufacturers. "Let nothing but food and raw materials come in free at the ports," I have heard said. What does this mean? I have shown that we cannot substantially affect the trade of the foreigner by imposing duties upon the chief articles of manufacture in this country. But it is quite possible to make all manufactured goods somewhat dearer to purchase, and a few might be made much more costly, much dearer to the English consumer, if we forbade the entry of foreign goods by imposing taxes at the ports. We might certainly make silks, and velvets, and refined sugar, dearer by ordering that none of these things should come in from France without paying high import duties. Every man and woman in the country who wanted sugar, or silk, or velvet, would have to pay

more ; prices would rise ; capital would be drawn to those trades until profits attained the usual level. But would other trades permit the protection of one or two ? Of course not. The history of protection teaches quite another lesson. All would demand protection ; and that can have no other meaning in this country but dear food, dwindling manufactures, reduced foreign trade, high prices everywhere and for everything, less wealth and less expenditure throughout all classes of our community.

I have seen it stated that, if we attempted to force reciprocity by taxing the admission of food at our ports, consumers would get back the money they paid for dearer bread and meat, and other articles of food, by having to pay less taxation. That is a plea either very ignorant or very impudent. The poor would be made to subsidise careless husbandry, and to pay the taxation at the ports. What difference would the increase of the price of bread by *2d.* a loaf, or of meat, and bacon, and butter by *2d.* a pound, make to the gentry ? Nothing, compared to the pressure which such increase of prices would bring upon the poor man. They who never have known the lack of a meal in their lives, should they be permitted to try experiments in raising the prices of the food of the people ? The landed gentry dare not do this thing directly, but they will not easily abandon the hope of doing it indirectly. They dare not say, "We are going to reverse the policy of free trade ;" but they will encourage those who chatter about reciprocity, and in doing that they will probably be deferring to a yet later day the spread of free trade. There can be no doubt that foreign countries are watching this controversy in England. We have with them the reputation of a wealthy, intelligent people, possessing a good knowledge of our own business. They do not doubt that we have profited by free trade ; because, they say, England thereby gets her food cheap. But they have a suspicion that we opened our ports to manufactures as an enticement to them to go and do likewise, rather than for our own permanent advantage. We know how it is in private life. Many of us have some friend whose operations we see rewarded with unvarying success, whose judgment appears unerring, but whom, for some reason or other—perhaps from mere timidity—we hesitate to follow. We know the time will come when we shall buy that stock he has purchased, and we have a suspicion that we shall do so with less advantage than our prosperous friend. But if upon a capital matter of business we saw him hesitate, falter, and talk of retracing his steps, we might possibly lose confidence in him, certainly we should abandon the thought of occupying the position from which he had retreated. So it is with

this matter of free trade. Because there is this "hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity" concerning protection, foreign countries are beginning to suppose that we are loosened in our allegiance to free trade; and nothing would be so certain to prevent any advance on their part in that direction as the report that a reversal of the policy was contemplated by England.

Wherever these false doctrines are promulgated among ourselves, there, we may be sure, is the landed interest openly or covertly at the back of them. Paragraphs have lately appeared with great frequency announcing reduction of agricultural rent by the wealthier landlords. Many of the poorer landlords are, I know, themselves much embarrassed, and so are thousands of farmers, by the present condition of agriculture. The leaders of the Tory party will be strongly tempted to strengthen themselves with these interests by favouring the vague talk about reciprocity. The farmers of North Norfolk were, it seemed to me, wise in their generation when they returned Mr. Birkbeck rather than Sir Fowell Buxton. They knew from which quarter Bills raising the price of meat by imposing restrictions, such as the Cattle Diseases Bill of 1878 proposed, are most likely to come. This is, it must be remembered, an Administration of great landlords, with a statesman at the head of it who has declared that in this country "there can be no such thing as government which is not based upon traditionary influences and large properties." I do not for a moment suggest that any sordid view of personal interest will sway the political action of these gentlemen. But I well know that every association of their lives prompts them to look with favour upon the policy which would reap indirect taxation, with which the Executive is always more free to deal, and would increase the price of the commodities their land produces. We cannot forget that they support the feudal land laws of this country; that they would say the present system of agriculture—the consequence of those laws, and under which the land of the country is steadily but surely passing out of cultivation—is the best possible; nor can we doubt they would feel themselves justified in taking any necessary measures, at the expense of the people of the towns, to make land-owning more profitable than it is now, because they believe that the real prosperity of the country depends upon the success and stability of the present system of agriculture. By indirect means the landed gentry in Parliament will try to keep up their rents at the cost of the people of the towns. They made a great effort in proposing last year the compulsory slaughter, at the ports, of every head of cattle from America. But that proposal was too gross for acceptance, and

look abroad, we observe as the result of free trade that every sea is peopled with our ships bearing to our shores productions of every land, such rich tribute as never before was paid to nation or to conqueror. We look at home, and because there is not free trade in land, how different is the spectacle ! Our agriculture, at most, does not yield two-thirds of the food that might be raised ; year after year the towns become more thronged ; the land more silent. There are more Irishmen in America than in Ireland, and the green curtain which our land system has encouraged Nature to draw over the depopulation of that country, is now advancing from the west towards the east of England. Where the ploughman was wont to whistle over agriculture, the beast grazes, requiring nearly three acres in that condition to produce the quantity of meat which an acre would yield to suitable tillage. The question of free trade is here around us. Our towns are unwholesomely crowded ; the people age and die prematurely. Such evils are not the result of accident, nor of the free operation of economic laws. They are consequences of the denial of free trade in land.

I began by reference to a scene in Lancashire ; I will end by reference to another in which also I had a place. It was the delivery of Cobden's last speech. Before us was spread an upturned sea of faces, but none in that vast assembly could discern the approaching hand of death. Yet that hand, which crushes and crumbles so much, is impotent against the work of those who have in their time and generation rendered such great service to humanity. Cobden is dead, yet still he lives amongst us—a silent, unseen, honorary member of all our parliaments. I have no fear that Englishmen will abandon his policy, nor that they will ever deny the commercial truth maintained by Peel that "the best way to fight hostile tariffs is by free imports." But I want them to do more—to be mindful of his last speech, to remember that his work of freedom is yet unaccomplished, that it can never be accomplished while the attention of the country is drawn hither and thither by wars and rumours of wars. "At home we have still to apply to land that freedom which has worked such marvels in the case of capital and commerce." These words, from the *Edinburgh Review*, were quoted by the great free trader on that last public night of his life ; of whom Lord Beaconsfield has said, that he was "the greatest political character the pure middle class of this country has yet produced—an ornament to the House of Commons, an honour to England." And when Mr. Cobden had quoted these words I heard him say "Amen." May that "Amen" be made to resound in the hearts and ears of the people of

his country,' as it rings for ever in my own, until its hope and expectation be fulfilled ; may it roll from the Mersey and from the Humber, to the Tyne and to the Tweed, to the Severn and along the Thames, upon the tongues of toiling millions ; may its fulfilment record the grateful recollection of a mighty people for one whose victory and whose memory are the priceless possession of his countrymen ; and may that " Amen " guide the votes of an enfranchised and enlightened people to mark the death-warrant of all that is opposed to the freedom of the land.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

THAT all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—those common sayings which we seem bound to whether we like it or not. It is a truthful saying and an unwise, according as one word in it is interpreted, and that word is *play*. If play really means, in the strict sense of the term, as it is defined for us in the dictionary, “as any exercise or series of exercises intended for amusement, or diversion, like blind man’s buff;” or as “symbols, jest, not in earnest”—then truly all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and Jill a dull girl.

But in these days there is a difficulty in accepting the true, because the idea of play, especially when it is expressed in the term “recreation,” is not always represented in the definition given above. We now often really transform play into work. Our minds are so constituted that what is one person’s play is another person’s work. What a backwoodsman would call play, a foremost statesman may call his light of labour. How shall we define it? What is play or recreation?

Men differ, I think, on the definition of work and play on almost any other subject: differ in practice as much as in regard to it. I have had the acquaintance, and I mean friendship, of a man who lives, it is said, for nothing but work or pleasure, or play. Such a man will rise at ten in the morning after a leisurely, gossiping, paper-reading, luxurious breakfast, stroll to the stables to look after the horses, of each one of which is very fond. He delights in horses. Thence he will walk to the club, will gossip there, read the reviews or the latest new

l holiday. To me it would be something worse than death. The monotony of it would be a positive misery, and I am conscious that my wife would be found to share with me in the same dislike.

I will say that is all true enough with respect to persons who are led out of youth into manhood, but that when life is young the different appreciations for different modes of recreative pleasure are not so well marked out. I doubt, for my own part, that this is not the case. It seems to me that in childhood the tastes for recreative pleasures are as varied as they are in later years, with this difference, that they are not so effectively expressed. The little mind is ever in the process of becoming the greater, and is often forced to express a gladness or contentment which it does not truly feel. When children, left to themselves and independently observed, nothing can be more striking to me than the difference of taste that is expressed in respect to the games at which they shall play. More than half the noise and bustle of the nursery is, in fact, made up of this difference of feeling and character of the game that shall be constituted a pastime. It is, indeed, on the rule, I suppose, of the survival of the fittest, that the children have their way, and one or two little tyrants drag the others into their own delights.

I would, on the grounds here stated, venture, then, to say that there is no more actual difference between work and play in childhood than what exists as a mere matter of sentiment: that the difference is a question of sentiment altogether, both in the young and in the old.

It would be well to get this fact into our minds in our educational efforts for the young we should accomplish at once a positive

drop altogether; the praise of labour, which is so often extolled, would find its true meaning; and the blame of play, which is so often unduly criticised, would have its proper recognition.

It has always seemed to me that in that once high though brief development of human existence; in that period, if we can believe that the art of the period came from the life of it, when the human form took its most magnificent model for the artist still to copy; in that period when the perfection of bodily feature and build indicated, of itself, how splendid must have been the health of the living organizations that stood forth to be copied and re-copied for ever—it has always seemed to me, I repeat, that in that wonderful period of Greek history, so effulgent and so short, the reason why such physical excellence was attained rested on the circumstance that amongst the favoured cultivated few, for they were few after all, there was from the beginning to the end of life no such thing as work and play. Everything was existence—nothing less and nothing more. Every office, every duty, every act must have been an existence for the moment, varied but never divisible into one of two conditions, practical pain or practical pleasure. Life was an enjoyment which nothing sullied except death, and which was purified even from death by the quick consuming fire, that the life might begin again instantaneously and incorruptibly.

If by some grand transformation we could in our day approach to this conception which has been rendered to us by the history of art, and could act upon it, we should, in a generation or two, attain a degree of health which no sanitary provision in the common meaning of that term, can ever supply. If we could turn our houses into models of sanitary perfection; if we could release our toiling millions from half their daily labour; if we could tell want to depart altogether; if we could give means of education to every living human being; we should not remove care, and therefore we should not secure health unless with it all we could also remove the idea of the distinction of labour and pleasure, the morbid notion that some must work and some must play, that the world may make its round.

In this country, so differently placed to the country of the great and the ancient nation of which I have spoken, it is impossible perhaps, ever to introduce a joyousness like to that which the favoured old civilization enjoyed. Our climate is of itself a sufficient obstacle to such a realization. Where the physical conditions of life are so unequal, where we waste in structure of body, whether we will it or not, at certain fixed seasons, and gain, whether we will it or not at other fixed seasons, it is impossible to attain such excellence b

any diversion of mind or variation of pursuit. For universal gladness the sun must play his part, doing his spiriting gently, but never actually hiding the brightness of his face. From us, for long intervals, his face is hidden. Under these variations of the external light and scenery around us we have to cripple our minds through our bodies. Our clothing must be heavy during long stages of the year, and our food so comparatively heavy and gross, that half the power which might otherwise go off in vivacity, or nerve, or spirit is expended in the physico-chemical labour that is demanded for keeping the body warm and moving and living.

To these drawbacks is added the unequal struggle for existence, the partitioning off of our people into great classes, the millions of whom are obliged to work from morning to night, compared with the thousands who are at liberty to make some change in their course of life; the millions of adults who may be said to be tied to some continuous, monotonous round of labour, until the whole body lends itself to the task with an automatic regularity which the mind follows in unhappy and fretful train, with little hope for any future whatever on earth that shall bring relief.

From whatever side we look upon this picture it seems at first sight to present an almost insoluble problem, when the conception of mixing recreation with work, so as to make all work recreative, is considered. Amongst the masses there is no true recreation whatever, no real variation from the daily unceasing and all but hopeless toil; nay, when we ascend from the industrial and purely muscular workers to the majority who live by work, we find little that is more hopeful. There is no true recreation amongst any class except one, and that a limited and happy few, who find in mental labour of a varied and congenial kind the diversity of work which constitutes the truly re-creative and re-created life.

We get, in fact, a little light on the nature of healthful recreation as we let our minds rest on this one and almost exceptional class of men of varied life and action of a mental kind. They come before us showing what recreation can effect through the mere act of varying the labour. The brainworker who is divested of worry is at once the happiest and the healthiest of mankind, happiest, perchance, because healthiest; a man constantly recreated, and therefore of longest life.

Dr. Beard, of New York, who has recently computed the facts bearing on this particular point, gives us a reading upon it which is singularly appropriate to the topic now under consideration. He has reckoned up the life-value of five hundred men of greatest

mental activity: poets, philosophers, men of science, inventors, politicians, musicians, actors, and orators, and he has found that the average duration of their lives to be sixty-four years. He has compared this average with the average duration of the life of the masses, and he has found that in all classes, the members of which have survived to twenty years of age, the duration to be fifty years. He, therefore, gives to the varied brainworkers a value of life of fourteen years above the average. By a later calculation, relating to a hundred men belonging, we may say, to our own time, he has discovered a still greater value of life in those who practise mental labour, seventy years being the mean value of life in them. Thereupon he has enquired into the cause of these differences, so strange and so startling, and has detected, through this analysis, as I and others have, a combination of saving causes, the one cause most influencing being the recreative character of the work. His observation is so sound, so eloquent, and, above all, so practical, I can feel no necessity for apology in giving it at length. He is comparing, in the passage to be quoted, what he calls the happy brainworker with the mere muscle-worker, and this is the argument:—

“ Brainwork is the highest of all antidotes to worry; and the brainworking classes are, therefore, less distressed about many things, less apprehensive of indefinite evil, and less disposed to magnify minute trials, than those who live by the labour of the hands. To the happy brainworker life is a long vacation; while the muscle-worker often finds no joy in his daily toil, and very little in the intervals. Scientists, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, orators, statesmen, literati, and merchants, when successful, are happy in their work without reference to the reward; and continue to work in their special callings long after the necessity has ceased. Where is the hod-carrier who finds joy in going up and down a ladder; and, from the foundation of the globe until now, how many have been known to persist in ditch-digging, or sewer-laying, or in any mechanical or manual calling whatsoever, after the attainment of independence? Good fortune gives good health. Nearly all the money in the world is in the hands of brain-workers; to many, in moderate amounts, it is essential to life, and in large and comfortable amounts it favours long life. Longevity is the daughter of competency. Of the many elements that make up happiness, mental organization, physical health, fancy, friends, and money—the last is, for the average man, greater than any other, except the first. Loss of money costs more lives than the loss of friends, for it is easier to find a friend than a fortune.”

The contrast put before us in these forcible remarks is most striking. It is the key to the position in trying to unlock the secret as to what true recreation should be. These brainworkers of whom Dr. Beard speaks are, indeed, the modern Greeks, not perhaps in perfection but in approximation. The Greeks might, possibly, have gone higher than they did in the way of developed physical beauty and of mental endowment, and these happy brainworkers of later ages might, perhaps, more nearly approach the happy Greeks. But both were on the lines towards the highest that may be attainable, and this, as a means of indicating the right line, is my reason for using the illustrations that have been offered.

That which I have so far urged consists, then, of two arguments. Firstly, that recreation to be healthful must, as its meaning conveys, literally, be a process of re-creating ; that is, of reconstructing or rebuilding ; a practice entirely distinct from what is called play, when by that is meant either cessation from every kind of creation, or enjoyment of abnormal pleasures which weary mind and body. Secondly, that they who are able to live and re-create in the manner suggested are, in positive fact, they who present the healthiest, the happiest, and the longest lives.

From these premises I further draw the conclusion that we have no open course of a reasonable kind before us except to strive to beget a healthful recreation in the direction indicated.

At the same time I do not say this in order to divert attention from what may be rightly called the natural animal instincts of man. I have no doubt there might be a cultivation of mind which should cease to be recreative, and which thereby should be as injurious to the health of the body as an over-cultivation of mere gross mechanical labour, and which might even be more dangerous. It is not a little interesting to observe that the greatest of the Greeks had become conscious of this very danger, as if he had learned its existence from observations in his daily life. Plato, in treating of this subject in one of his admirable discourses, warns us against the delusion that the cultivation of nothing but what is intellectually the best is, of necessity, always the best. It is more just, he says, to take account of good things than of evil. Everything good is beautiful ; yet the beautiful is not without measure. An animal destined to be beautiful must possess symmetry. Of symmetries we understand those which are small, but are ignorant of the greatest. And, indeed, no symmetry is of more importance with respect to health and disease, virtue and vice, than that of the soul towards the body. When a weaker and inferior form is the vehicle of a strong and in every way

mighty soul, or the contrary; and when these, soul and body, enter into compact union, then the animal is not wholly beautiful, for it is without symmetry. Just as a body which has immoderately long legs, or any other superfluity of parts that hinder its symmetry, becomes base, in the participation of labour suffers many afflictions, and, through suffering an aggregation of accidents, becomes the cause to itself of many ills, so the compound essence,—of body and soul,—which we call the animal, when the soul is stronger than the body and prevails over it—then the soul, agitating the whole body, charges it with diseases, and by ardent pursuit causes it to waste away. On the contrary, when a body that is large or superior to the soul is joined with a small and weak intellect, the motions of the more powerful, prevailing and enlarging what is their own, but making the reflective part of the soul deaf, indocile and oblivious, it induces the greatest of all diseases, ignorance. As a practical corollary to these remarks, Plato adds that there is one safety for both the conditions he has specified: neither to move the soul without the body, nor the body without the soul. The mathematician, therefore, or anyone else who ardently devotes himself to any intellectual pursuit, should at the same time engage the body in gymnastic exercises; while the man who is careful in forming the body should at the same time unite the motions of the soul, in the exercise of music and philosophy, if he intends to be one who may justly be called beautiful and at the same time “right good.”

Such is the Platonic reading of the recreative life as it appeared to him in his day and amongst his marvellous people. We have but to trouble ourselves with half the problem he refers to, and with but half the advice he suggests. Little fear, I think, is there amongst us that the soul should be so much stronger than the body, and so greatly prevail over it that it should agitate the whole inwardly, and by ardent application to learned pursuits cause the body to waste away. Nor is this to be regretted, because if the danger so stated were a prevailing one we should have two evils to cure in lieu of one which is all-sufficient for the reforming work of many of the coming generations of men.

I have not, I trust, dwelt too long on what I may call the practical definition of recreation as it ought, I think, to be understood, as it once was understood and practised, and as it is still practised, if not systematically understood, by a few whose varied and delightful works and tastes make them the healthiest and longest lived amongst us.

It is well always to have a standard before us, though it be seen-

ingly unapproachable, and the illustrations I have endeavoured to supply of all work and all play, and of long-continued recreation thereupon, form the standard I now wish to set up for observation.

To make all England, and all the world, for the matter of that, a recreation-ground : to make all life a grand recreation : to make all life, thereby, healthier, happier, and longer ; this is the question before us.

Confining our observations to our own people and time, it may now be worth a few moments of analytical enquiry as to how far we, in different classes of our English community, are away from so desirable a consummation—the consummation of all human effort towards the perfected human life: the dream of some poets that such a life has been and will return—“*Redeunt Saturnia regna*”—the dream of many poets that it is to be, if it has not been.

The Registrar-General, with much judgment, due to long and wide experience of the component parts of the nation comprised under the title of England and Wales, has divided the community into six great classes, which classes are, in many respects, so distinct that they may almost be considered as great nations of themselves, having their own individual pursuits, habits, tastes, and, if the word be allowable, recreations. He describes for us (1) a professional class, made up of governing, defending, and learned persons, and numbering some 684,102 persons, chiefly of the male sex ; (2) a domestic class, wives and women of the household, and hotel and lodging-house keepers—a large class, the great majority women, numbering as many as 5,905,171—nearly, in fact, six millions ; (3) a commercial class of buyers, sellers, lenders, and transporters of goods and produce, chiefly men, and numbering 815,424 ; (4) an agricultural class, cultivators, growers, and animal keepers, the majority men, numbering 1,657,138 ; (5) an industrial class, mechanics, fabric manufacturers, food and drink producers, and purveyors of animal, vegetable, and mineral produce—a very large class, having in it members of both sexes, and numbering 5,137,725 ; (6) an indefinite non-productive class ; persons of rank and property ; and scholars and children ; nearly an equality of representation of numbers of both sexes ; the whole class including a total of 8,512,706, of whom 7,541,508 are scholars and children—the living capital of the next generation of men and of women.

As we glance at these classes we quickly detect that what may be called their vocations are extremely different ; that each class—with the exception, perhaps, of two, the professional and the commercial, with that part of the indefinite class which is composed of persons of rank and property, and which approach each other—are as widely separated in tastes and habits and inclinations as they are in labours

and works. Looking at the education of body and mind in these classes as a whole, there is certainly little enough of symmetry.

Amongst the representatives of these classes which are best able to command the advantages of true recreation there is little sound attempt to use the privilege in a refined and reasonable way. The persons who have their time at command, and who belong to the most favoured division, are divisible into two groups: a group which does no work at all that can bear the name of useful or applied labour, but which spends all its waking hours at what it considers to be recreative pursuits, which may be laborious, but must not be remunerative; and a group which labours industriously for the sake of return or reward, but which steals from time of labour regular intervals in which to follow out certain of the recreations which form the whole life of the first group, in strict imitation of that envied group, and in hopeless neglect of any recreation of its own better adapted to its real wants and best enjoyments. Each of these groups suffers from the course it follows. The representatives of the first kind lose much, since they are for ever repeating the same to them pleasurable or automatic activity. The second lose because, while they are ever repeating the same useful activity, they are only relieving that activity by repeating day after day the same automatic and imitative recreations. Thus both are subjected to what may be called the automatism of recreation. The automatism of recreation is bad in every sense, and it is specially bad in the present day, because of the quality of it, as well as the limited quantity. There is no such diversity of recreation as is wanted to keep the body in health by the exercise of the mind. With one man the recreation is all taken out in cards, with another in chess, with a third in billiards, with a fourth in debate or gossip on some one persistent topic of discourse or argument, and so on, for what may be called the indoor recreative life. Nor is it much different with outdoor recreative amusement. Some one particular amusement claims the attention of particular men, and to this amusement the men adhere as if they had to live by it, and as if, in fact, there were no other recreative pursuits in the world.

This speciality of recreative pleasure or labour,—for soon it becomes labour,—leads to consequences which are often of the most serious character. The man who undertakes the recreation at first as an enjoyment, and, indeed, as a relaxation, is so absorbed in it that he strains every nerve to be eminent in it, a professor of the accomplishment, with a local repute for his excellence. The moment he enters on this resolve, however, he loses recreation. He sets himself

to a new work, be it mental or physical; his mind becomes an emporium for the produce of that one particular culture, and he is in respect to that not far removed from a monomaniac. From the day that he is completely enamoured of the special pursuit it is little indeed that he is good for out of it in hours apart from the common vocation of his life. He becomes fretful if for a day he be deprived of his peculiar gratification; irritable if he joins with others in it who are not so skilful as himself; envious if he meets with a rival who is better at it than himself; and often actually sleepless in thinking and brooding over some event or events that have been connected with the previous play or venture.

If the time at my disposal admitted the introduction of detailed illustration of the facts here referred to I could supply from experience instance upon instance. I have seen an amateur chess-player so infatuated with the game, which he originally sat down to as a relaxation, that he became for months a victim of insomnia. He carried the whole chessboard, set out in various difficult problems, in his brain, if I may use such a simile, studied moves on going to sleep, dreamt of them, woke with the solution solved, was sick and feeble and irritable all next day, followed his usual occupation with languid ability and interest, resumed his play at night with excited but not recruited determination, got more and more sleepless, and at last failed to sleep altogether. I have known more than one similar illustration in whist-players and in great billiard-players, and have seen the results of these so-called recreations end in the most sad physical disaster, when the pursuit of them has been made a matter of living importance, and when the player has ever had in his mind that pitiful *if*: "If I had done this or that—if I had made that move on the board—if I had played that card—if I had made that stroke, how would the case have been?" It matters little what the answer to the question may be—whether it be that by such a move, card, or stroke the game would have been lost or won; the perplexing doubt is there to annoy, and it keeps up an irritation which imperceptibly wears out the animal powers and does permanent injury to life. You see men while still they are actually young grow rapidly like old men under this supposed recreative strain. They grow prematurely careworn, prematurely grey, prematurely fixed in idea and obstinate in idea, angry at trifles, baffled by trifles, and, in a word, young senilities.

In this busy city, in the great places of business near to which we now are, there are hundreds—may I not extend the calculation and say thousands—of men who, in pursuit of the recreative pleasures I have specified, or of others similar in their results, are wearing them-

selves out twice as fast, and more than twice, than they are by the legitimate labour to which they have to apply themselves that they may earn their daily bread? It is the fact; and the observant physician, as he listens to the suffering statements of these men, is obliged in his own mind to differentiate between the assigned and what is often the real cause of that train of evils to which it is his duty to lend an attentive ear.

Thus, amongst the most intelligent part of the community—amongst the part that can help itself—there is no systematised scale or class of recreations that can be relied upon to afford the change really demanded for health. Nor are matters much improved when we take up the kind of change that is sought after by the same classes in the matter of physical recreation. When the Volunteer movement first came under notice, and for some time after it first came into practice, it was the hope of all sanitary men,—I believe without any exception,—that the exercise, and drill, and training, and excitement which would be produced by the movement would prove most beneficial to the health of the male part of the people at a period of life when the training of the physical powers is most required and often most neglected. I remember being quite enthusiastic at that change and its promises, and I recalled the other day an often-quoted paper or essay which had sprung out of that enthusiasm, and which I dare say at the time it was written seemed common sense itself. I can but feel now that the hope was begotten of inexperience. The movement has been a success, I presume, in a national and political point of view, but a careful observation of it from its first until this time has failed to indicate to me, as a physician, that it has led to any decided improvement in the health generally of those who have been most concerned in carrying it out by becoming its representatives. Certain it is that nothing affirmative of good stands forth in its favour, and I wish I could stop with that one neutral statement. I cannot in order of truth and fairness so stop, for I have seen much injury from the process. To say nothing of the expense to which it subjects many struggling men, to the loss of time it inflicts on them, to the neglect it inflicts at the fireside and home, to the spirit of contest of mind and fever of mind which it engenders; to say nothing, I repeat, of these things—all of which, nevertheless, are detrimental, indirectly, to the health of the men themselves and of those who surround them in family union—there is a direct harm often inflicted by the service, call it recreation if you like, which is not to its credit. The man who has advanced just far enough in life to have completed his development of growth, and to

have lost the elasticity of youth, the man who has rather too early in life become fat and, as he or his friends say, puffy, the man who has, from long confinement in the office or study, found himself dejected and dyspeptic, each one of these men has passed into the ranks of the Volunteers, in order to regain the elastic tread, to throw off the burthen of fat, or to find relief from the dyspeptic despondency. For my part, I have never been able to discover a good practical result in any of these trials; but I have seen many bad practical results. I have seen the partly disabled men, in the conditions specified, striving to do their best to keep alive and be on a level with younger and athletic men, and I have been obliged to hear of the signal and natural failure of the effort. I have heard of the attempts to meet the failure by the tempting offer and too willing acceptance of what are called artificial stimulants to give temporary support, and I have been obliged to discover in persons so overtaxed and so overstimulated a certain heavy excessive draw on the bank of life, an anticipation of income which, in the vital as surely as in the commercial world, is the road to a premature failure and closure of the whole concern.

There are many who will agree with me, I doubt not, on this point; there are many men, and there are more women,—for wives and mothers are far more observant and wise than husbands and fathers on these points,—who will be able to bring their experience to bear in confirmation of that which I have spoken; and these will agree that to put men of different ages and of different states of constitution and habits in the same position for recreation; to trot them all through the same paces; to make them all wear the same dress, walk or march the same speed, carry the same load, labour the same time, move the limbs at the same rate; that to construct one great living machine out of a number of such differently built machines is of necessity an unnatural and, in the end, a ruinous process. There are some, however, who, while admitting so much, will put in a plea for the younger members of the community. They will insist that the younger men, the men who are from nineteen or twenty up to twenty-nine or thirty, may with advantage go through the recreation of training after the Volunteer fashion. The case is much stronger on behalf of this argument, but even in the respect named there requires a great deal of discrimination. A race of strong men may be bred, and a weak race may, by gradual development, be raised, into a strong; but a weak man, born weak, can, through himself, be led a very little way into strength; while during the process of training he can most easily be broken into utter feebleness, so that the last of

the man may be worse than the first. Hence, in training the weak into strong through any form of recreation, mental or physical, but specially physical, there must be a singular discrimination. In this instance of Volunteering as a mode of progress in physical health for the young there are dangers that ought to be avoided with religious care. To advise a weakly youth of consumptive tendency and feeble build, or one having some special proclivity to rheumatic fever, heart disease, or other well-defined hereditary malady, to compete with other men of the same age and of athletic nature, in the same recreative exercise, is to deceive the youth into danger. To force such a one into violent competitive exercise, and tax him to the same degree of vital withdrawal day after day, or week after week, is to subject him all but certainly to severe, if not fatal, bodily injury.

I have selected the recreative exercise of Volunteering as a case for illustration of an important lesson, and I have made the selection, not because the recreation is special as a sometimes harmful recreation, but because more persons are concerned in it just now than in aught else of the same kind of recreative pursuit.

There are many other so-called recreations which are even more injurious to the feeble adolescent and to the enfeebled matured individuals, who seek to find symmetry of health in extreme recreation. Football is one of these recreations fraught with danger. Rowing is another exercise of the same class. Polo, while the fever for it lasted, was found to be of similar cast. Excessive running and prolonged and violent walking,—in imitation of those poor madmen whose vanity trains them to give up sleep and all the natural ordinances that they may walk so many thousand miles in so many thousand hours,—these are alike injurious as physical recreations, unless taken with the same discrimination as is required by those who enter into the Volunteer movement.

As we pass from the freer and wealthier classes of the community into the less prosperous we find no marked improvement whatever in any form of recreation. We begin, in fact, to lose sight of the recreation that ministers to either mind or body in a sensible and healthy degree, and to see that which should be recreative replaced almost entirely by continuous and monotonous labour. The idea of symmetry of function and development between mind and body disappears nearly altogether; so that, indeed, to mention such a thing would, in some of the classes concerned, be but to treat on a subject unknown, and therefore, as it would seem to them, absurdly unpractical. To tell a country yokel that his body is not symmetrical in build, and that his mind has no kind of symmetrical relation to his body, were cruel,

from its apparent satire. Yet why should it be? Why should ignorance and labour so deform anyone that the hope of a complete reformation, the hope of the constitution of a perfect body and in it a perfect mind, should seem absurd? It is not the labour that is at fault. The labour is wholesome, healthful, splendid; it is a labour compatible with the noblest, nay, the most refined of human acquirements. Why should it be incompatible with perfect physical conformation of mind and body? It is not, indeed, the labour that is at fault, but the ignorant system on which it is carried out.

There is much difference, in fact, between the three classes of the community called the domestic, the agricultural, and the industrial, in respect to the work, the recreation, and the resultant health pertaining to each class. The domestic class as a whole is, by comparison with the industrial, fairly favoured. The members of it lead, it is true, a monotonous life, and see often but little of the beauties of external nature, but they find in the amusements they provide for those who are about them some intervals of change which are, as far as they go, of service. Moreover, except in that part of the class which is engaged in disposing of spirituous drinks, and which pays a heavy vital taxation from the recreation springing out of that vocation, its representatives are not exposed to harmful recreations to an extreme degree. The domestic class therefore presents, on the whole, a fairly healthy life. The majority of its members are women and mothers; and, in the gladness with which they tender their love and adoration to the young and innocent life that comes into their charge, they find, perchance, after all, the purest pleasure, the most enhancing, the most ennobling recreation, that, even in the midst of many cares and sorrows and bereavements, falls to the lot of any section of the great community.

The agricultural class, less favoured in recreative opportunities than the others which have passed before us, living a laborious and very poor life, ever at work for small returns, and finding little recreation beyond that which is of mere animal enjoyment, is still comparatively favoured. To the agricultural worker the seasons supply, imperceptibly, some delight that is beneficial to the mind.

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the *varied* God.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine
Deep felt in these appear: a simple strain,
Yet so delightful, mix't with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd,
And all so forming one harmonious whole—
Shade unperceived, so soft'ning into shade
That as they still succeed they ravish still.

The labour of the outdoor agricultural class, blessed by these changing scenes which the exquisite poet above quoted so exquisitely describes, is varied also in itself. Each season brings its new duty: the spring its meadow-laying and sheep-shearing; the summer its haymaking; the autumn its harvesting and harvest-home, and fruit-gathering; the winter its ploughing and garnering, and cattle-tending; with sundry well-remembered holidays which are religiously kept. There may be through all this continuous wearing labour; there is; but, as it is not monotonous, it is to some extent recreative, and the facts of mortality tell that it is saving to life. The agricultural classes present a mortality below the average in the proportion of ninety-one to one hundred of the mass of the working community. Moreover, there is hope for the agricultural classes in the fact that, it is, comparatively, an easy task to supply them with a perfect roundelay of beautiful recreations for their resting hours. It is only to remove from them the grand temptations to vice in the beer-shop and the spirit-store, and to substitute for these resorts a rational system of enjoyments, to win for the country swain the first place in that symmetry which Plato called "right good."

The utter blankness, the blankness that may be felt, in respect to recreation is realized most in the millions of the industrial class who live in the everlasting din of the same mechanical life; who see ever before them the same four walls, the same tools, the same tasks; who hear the same sounds, smell the same odours, touch the same things, feel the same impressions, again and again and again, until the existence is made up of them, never to be varied until death doth them part. It is to this class,—repining, naturally envious, naturally restless, and at this moment of time unsettled, mournful, and disaffected, to an extent which few, I fear, of our rulers comprehend,—it is to this class most of all that the balm of wholesome recreation is most necessary, and for whom the absence of it is most dangerous. In this class there is no such thing as health. It is a blessing not to be found. You could not, I solemnly believe, bring me one of them that I dare, as a conscientious physician, declare, after searching examination, to be physically healthy in any approach to a degree of standard excellence. As a rule the average of life amongst those who have passed twenty-five would not be above fifteen years.

In these classes we see the effect of what I may venture to call the denseness of work, leading to mortality in the most perfect and distinctive form; work without any true recreative relief; work without anything changing or becoming recreative in itself; work relieved at no regular intervals for introduction of new life.

The greatest of all the *social* problems of our day is involved in this study of the manners and modes of thought of over five millions of adult English people, all confined in order that they may labour, with no satisfactory relief from labour, and with no land of promise before them. The greatest of all the *political* questions of our day is also involved in this same study. The physician knows that the wisest of mankind, the most intelligent of mankind, are only half their former selves when they are out of health. He knows that health which is bad, but not sufficiently bad to prostrate the physical powers to such an extent as to cause inactivity of the will, is the most perplexing of all states of mind and action with which he has to deal. He feels thereupon a fellow-sympathy with the political physician who is called upon to treat the industrial masses in mass; to provide for their minds' health, to calm their excitement, to plant confidence in their hearts, and, most arduous task of all, to find out the way for securing for them those two grand remedies in the Pharmacopœia of the ordinary physician, rest and change of scene, in pure and open air.

"They find their own recreations these working millions," I think I hear some one say. They *try* to find them, would be the truer statement. They try their best, but they have found few conducive to health, many that are fatal. They are to be pitied and pardoned for these errors of their finding. What if they do discover recreation of the worst kind in the bar and saloon of the spirit-seller? Have they not the example of the wealthier classes before them, teaching that the same indulgence, in another style, is recreation? May they not ask how many other obtainable pleasures are provided for them, and whether many, too many, of obtainable pleasures so called, and so bad, are not positively thrust upon them? They have laboured all day in monotony: where shall they go for recreation, and what shall the recreation be? If they go far away they are removed from the sphere of their labours; if they look near to their own abodes, they find not one true and ennobling pastime, but fifty that are degrading, and, at the same time, filled with every possible temptation.

I apply this to our own people; but it is, I fear, equally applicable to other peoples. Dr. Beard, the American I have already quoted, writes his experience, gathered in his own country, as follows:—"To live," he says, speaking of the same classes, "to live on the slippery path that lies between extreme poverty on the one side and the gulf of starvation on the other; to take continual thought of to-morrow, without any good result of such thought; to feel each anxious hour

that the dreary treadmill by which we secure the means of sustenance for a hungry household may, without warning, be closed by any number of forces, over which one has no control ; to double and triple all the horrors of want and pain by anticipation and rumination—such is the life of the muscleworking classes of modern civilized society ; and when we add to this the cankering annoyance that arises from the envying of the fortunate brainworker, who lives at ease before his eyes, we marvel not that he dies young, but rather that he lives at all."

There remains still in the list of classes requiring recreation, and the health that springs from it, the last or indefinite class. Of the purely indefinite of these I need not speak ; for they, the waifs and strays of our civilization, are, I fear, under little influence of such refining agencies as we would put forward for the future. With the very small class of persons of rank and property, less than 169,000 altogether, I have dealt already, by joining them with the professional and commercial well-to-do classes. To the seven and a half millions of scholars and children and their recreations attention will be called in a new chapter.

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM.

II.

DURING his engagements at the Princess's Theatre Charles Mathews played many new parts, although his position as a "star" would have justified his confining himself to a fixed repertory. The manager liked to vary his programme, and dealt largely in translations from the French, hastily written and cheaply produced. The company did not lack strength : numbered, indeed, many excellent performers. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in recognition of the success obtained with it at Covent Garden, was revived : Madame Vestris re-appearing as Mrs. Page to the Mrs. Ford of Mrs. Stirling, the Ford of James Wallack, the Page of Mr. Ryder, the Falstaff of Granby, &c. Resigning the part of Slender to Compton, Charles Mathews now undertook the character of Sir Hugh Evans, looking quaintly picturesque in his cassock and bands, and performing with admirable humour ; he was an adept, as his singing of "Jenny Jones" had proved, in delivering English after the glib, clipped, tripping Welsh fashion. This was the operatic edition of the comedy : Ann Page and Master Fenton being personated by singers, and the action every now and then undergoing suspension, in order that Mrs. Page and her daughter might sing "I know a bank," or that Master Fenton might introduce "Blow, thou winter wind." The songs, by various composers, all boasted Shakespeare's words, derived indiscriminately from the plays and the poems ; their appropriateness in relation to the positions they occupied in the play being very little considered. Another Covent Garden triumph—Mr. Planche's fairy play of "Beauty and the Beast"—was also essayed ; and many farces and small comedies were presented, including "A Sovereign Remedy," "A Curious Case," "The Barber Bravo," and "Love's Telegraph," an adaptation of "Le Gant et l'Eventail," in which Charles Mathews found congenial occupation. About this time, too, he first undertook an exclusively serious character. He appeared as Lovelace in a version of Jules Janin's "Clarissa Harlowe," an adaptation, of course, of the novel of Richardson.

I may speak with some hesitation of a play which was produced more

than thirty years ago, and which I, a school-boy critic, saw but once. As I remember it, however, it was a sombre work, unlikely to gratify an English audience, unsuited to our stage. Little success attended its performance here, although, I believe, it had prospered in Paris. But French critics have long been wont to prize exceedingly the writings of Richardson; absorbed by regard for his skill as a narrator, they have overlooked, or have not been capable of estimating, the tediousness and diffuseness of his literary style. "Clarissa Harlowe" was thus found to be a name to conjure with in Paris. The play owned a French compactness of construction. In the first act Clarissa was seen oppressed by her family. Mr. Ryder played her father, I think; Mr. James Vining her brother. There was much preaching on the subject of filial disobedience; the characters were all attired in Quaker drabs and greys; Clarissa wept; she did little but weep from the first scene to the last of the drama, as she endured the didactic efforts and exercises of her relatives. The second act was more lively, in Sir Anthony Absolute's sense of the word; indeed, the proceedings of Lovelace might well have evoked the prohibition of the Lord Chamberlain: and here too relief was afforded by the vivacity of a rural *soubrette*, very well played by the late Miss Marshall. The last act—the English play consisted of three acts only—was chiefly occupied with the sufferings, the sorrows, and the death of Clarissa, personated with much ingenuity and pathos by Mrs. Stirling, if I rightly remember. As Lovelace Charles Mathews looked very handsome and wore well his bag wig and tasteful court dress, carrying himself most gallantly. His aspect and mien were worthy of the *Français*; but at all times he was wont to appear at ease in costumes of fanciful or old-fashioned device; he had never the awkward, inconvenienced air exhibited by many players when required to assume unaccustomed clothes. Still, his Lovelace was not accounted successful. He took great pains with the part, played with unusual care, was calm and composed, avoiding levity and flippancy, and fairly exhibiting the unworthiness of Lovelace, but failing wholly to convey the passion animating him. Something the performance may have gained in decorum by this very deficiency on the part of the actor. But the spectator became aware of the boundary of Charles Mathews's art in a certain direction: it was like coming suddenly upon the ring fence confining an estate. It was manifest that as a stage lover Charles Mathews could not shine; he was wholly without fervour or earnestness; it was as much as he could do to be commonly serious; he could only woo the heroines of the theatre after the tepid, unreal, insincere fashion of the conventional walking gentleman: always heedful during his most ardent

speeches to keep his curls and his costume unrumpled, and the white lining of his glossy hat well turned towards the pit. It was very certain that he could not adequately represent the Lovelace of Richardson. At the time this was of the less consequence, seeing that Janin's play did not please and had to be withdrawn after a few representations.

Something further I may here, perhaps, be permitted to add touching the aspect and costumes of the actor. He had never been carried away by what was once called "the moustache movement." He entertained an old actor's prejudices on the subject, holding that facial expression was in such wise injuriously affected. He would have sympathised with Macready's objections upon one of his Macduffs appearing "with a pair of well-grown moustaches." When it seemed to him that such a decoration was absolutely necessary to the character he assumed, Charles Mathews exercised his skill as an artist, and, with a camel's-hair brush, painted a moustache upon his upper lip. His appearance as Lovelace I have mentioned; but I may add that he was not less picturesque and elegant of presence when he wore a Kneller dress of green velvet as the Duke of Buckingham in Planché's "Court Beauties"; when he assumed mediæval trunks and hose as the hero of "The Captain of the Watch"; or what may be called the French-Revolutionary costume of Lavater and some other characters. But he was chiefly seen upon the stage in modern dress; to his audiences he was usually a gentleman of their own period. Mr. G. H. Lewes has written of him: "In our juvenile apprehensions he was the beau-ideal of elegance. We studied his costumes with ardent emotion. We envied him his tailor, and made him our pattern to live and to die." Thirty-five years ago men were more superfine of dress than they are just now. There were dandies still surviving; and D'Orsay was a power in the world of fashion. "Such a dress!" writes Haydon of D'Orsay in 1839; "with great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with *eau de Cologne*, or *eau de jasmin*, primrose in tint, skin in tightness," &c. Charles Mathews dressed much after the D'Orsay manner, persisting in it even after it had become a little old-fashioned. He long delighted in frock or "Newmarket cut" coats, olive green or light brown, claret or mulberry colour, with lawn wristbands turned back over the tight cuffs; in shawl-patterned waistcoats and profuse satin stocks confined by jewelled pins linked together; in the lightest and tightest of trousers, cut to fit the boot like a gaiter and closely strapped beneath the instep. He was the last man, I think, to wear trousers of this pattern upon the stage

although the late Mr. James Vining, a dandy of an earlier date, may have rivalled him in the matter. It almost seemed at last as though there were a conventional costume to be worn by light comedians irrespective of the fashion prevalent outside the theatre. But no doubt it was hard to surrender D'Orsay as a model, to turn away from so consummate an *arbiter elegantiarum*. Even Macready, about to personate Alfred Evelyn, in 1840, thought it well to take counsel of the Count concerning "his hatter, the mode of keeping accounts at the clubs at play, about servants," &c.

The Lyceum opened with a strong company, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews being assisted by Mrs. and Miss Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Stirling, and Miss Louisa Howard; Messrs. Leigh Murray, Frank Mathews, Selby, Roxby, John Reeve junior, Meadows, Buckstone, and Harley. The theatre had been tastefully and elaborately re-decorated; certain of the modelled figures, panels, and medallions have survived until the present date. A new system of lighting was introduced, and, for the first time in an English theatre, draperies of white lace adorned the private boxes. The scene-painter was Mr. Beverley, and the stage appointments soon acquired fame in right of their exceeding beauty and originality. The entertainments were of the pattern which had proved so successful at the Olympic under Madame Vestris's management, with increase of importance and magnificence. Little advantage, however, was taken of the Act of 1844, which established free trade in theatrical exhibitions, and permitted the representation of the legitimate drama upon all stages alike. Five act comedies were eschewed at the Lyceum, nor was the slightest encouragement offered to native authors. The management endured for some nine years or so; but during that period scarcely an original work was produced. The theatre subsisted upon vaudevilles, comedies, and melodramas, adapted from the French, and upon a series of extravaganzas founded by Mr. Planché upon the old French fairy tales. "The Golden Branch," "King Charming," "The King of the Peacocks," "The Island of Jewels," "The Prince of Happy Land," "The Good Woman in the Wood," and "Once upon a Time there were two Kings," were perhaps the most remarkable of these productions, which gradually degenerated from vehicles of pun and poetry, song and dance and Christmas pleasantries, into mere spectacles, brilliant and yet barren. Mr. Planché has himself described how the scene-painter by degrees came to take the dramatist's place in the theatre. "Year after year Mr. Beverley's powers were taxed to outdo his former outdoings. The last scene became the first in the estimation of the management. The most complicated machinery, the most

costly materials, were annually put into requisition, until their bacon was so buttered it was impossible to save it. As to me, I was positively painted out. Nothing was considered brilliant but the last scene. Dutch metal was in the ascendant." Mr. Planché fled from the Lyceum and found refuge again at the Olympic. Robson was playing there, proving himself a great burlesque actor, and something more—indeed, a very great deal more.

It must not be supposed, however, that Charles Mathews allowed himself to be effaced by his extravaganzas. He rarely took part in these, although he had won fame by his efforts of a grotesque sort in the kindred plays of "Riquet with the Tuft" and "The Golden Fleece." At one time, Madame Vestris being ill, he appeared in her stead as King Charming, attired splendidly in robes of pink silk and a head dress of pearls, diamonds, and bird-of-Paradise plumes, in imitation of the Nepaulese ambassador, a celebrity of the time. Upon another occasion he undertook Mr. Buckstone's duties, and assumed the character of Box in the famous farce of "Box and Cox." But in burlesque and low comedy he was not usually concerned, and the farces in which he appeared were always of a certain refinement, strongly flavoured with comedy, and affording him artistic opportunities. He was seen at his best, I think, during these Lyceum times. He was in excellent health and spirits, and his histrionic method, with all its gaiety and sprightliness, was distinguished by a steady force and incisiveness that it lacked somewhat in late years. He even took his audience by surprise, developing unexpected resources and essaying characters of an unaccustomed sort. He shone in melodrama. Mr. Lewes has described his performance of the Count D'Arenal, the villainous hero of the "Day of Reckoning," an adaptation by Mr. Planché of a rather commonplace French melodrama, owing its origin to the popularity of M. Sue's "Mystères de Paris." Certain of the *dramatis persona*, indeed, in quest of adventure, assume blouses and visit a *tapis-franc* avowedly after the manner of the Prince Rudolphe of that once famous romance, although without his philanthropic intentions. The Count is a monster of perfidy and cruelty, hardened and consummate, capable of any crime. Nevertheless his demeanour is most calm, polite, gentlemanly; nothing in his aspect reveals his really shameless and corrupt nature. He is as unlike the conventional villain of melodrama as could possibly be. A bankrupt *roué*, he treats his young, rich, and beautiful wife with the most insulting coldness and neglect. He suspects her of infidelity, and indeed hopes that she may prove unfaithful; in such wise he may the better prey upon her fortune, which meantime is protected

by the French code. The lady's distresses are great, and she seeks some consolation at the hands of a devoted but platonic admirer. The Count simply threatens to shoot her friend and to ruin her reputation; but his manner is still scrupulously polite. He listens calmly to her appeals and protestations, does not interrupt her for a moment, yet never swerves from his resolve to secure her fortune or to slay her lover. This exhibition of intense and complete cruelty proved most effective upon the scene. It may be added that the Count's courage is unquestionable, although founded as much upon scorn of his fellows, their follies and weaknesses, as upon his own strength of character and self-reliance. When in the *tapis-franc* his rank is discovered and his life threatened, he is not discomposed: he despises his antagonists too much. He knows that his own safety and their good opinion can be bought for a dozen of wine. When the final duel is forced upon him and he tries to take an unfair advantage of his adversary, he is not influenced by a cowardly regard for his own safety, but by utter contempt for his plebeian foe, whom he would sweep from his path as he would brush away an insect that troubled him.

The play is of an unwholesome kind, with a disagreeably opaque moral atmosphere; and neither upon its first representation in 1851 nor upon its revival at the Adelphi in 1868 did it greatly please the public. But it enhanced considerably the histrionic fame of Charles Mathews. It was well understood that the actor was curiously deficient in tenderness; that his art, however winning, graceful, vivacious, and humorous, had no hold whatever upon the serious emotions of his audience. Even that semblance of feeling by means of which very obtuse players, given a pathetic situation, have been able to move their public was beyond him. He could not sound a pathetic note ever so gently. When in the little comedy of "The Bachelor of Arts," for instance, he was required but to exclaim "My poor father," and to hide his face in his handkerchief as the drop-scene fell, the effect was almost ludicrous from the actor's curious inability to portray emotion even of the simplest and slightest kind. As Mr. Lewes has noted, not only were strong displays of feelings—rage, scorn, pathos, dignity, vindictiveness, tenderness, and wild mirth—all beyond his means, but he could not even laugh with animal heartiness; he sparkled, he never exploded." In the Count D'Arenal, as in some other characters, what may be called without offence the heartlessness of the actor was turned to theatrical account and made to serve tragic uses. His levity was no longer harmless and pleasant: it was now allied to villainy and infamous cruelty. The audience did

not much relish, perhaps, the change involved in this experiment ; yet it had its success from an artistic point of view and in relation to the fame of the actor.

"The Day of Reckoning" paved the way for "The Chain of Events," produced in the following year—"a drama in eight acts occupying the whole evening"—adapted by Mr. Lewes from "La Dame de la Halle," a French play of prodigious elaboration, ingenuity, and tediousness, so successful in Paris that its performance at several London theatres seemed a managerial necessity. I retain no very distinct impressions of it ; but I remember that it was most liberally equipped with scenery and costumes, with a very vivid effect of a storm at sea and shipwreck ; that Miss Laura Keene, afterwards very favourably known in America, personated the heroine ; that the characters wore hair powder, and that Charles Mathews played a cool and calculating villain, who in the last scene committed suicide by leaping from the balcony of a gambling-house, I think, in the Palais Royal. The "Chain of Events" enjoyed many representations, although the stage has seen nothing of it since 1852. A still longer play, however, presented in 1853—"A Strange History, in nine chapters"—was withdrawn after a few performances. For this production Mr. Lewes, in conjunction with Mr. Mathews, was also responsible. It had, of course, a French origin, and contained many wonderful incidents—the fall of an avalanche, I remember, among its scenic effects. But "A Strange History" oppressed, because of its strangeness, its prodigious length, and the numerous complexities of its plot. It was relieved of an act or two ; but the public refused to accept it upon any terms, and, with a sigh, for it had cost many pains and much money, the management abandoned it altogether and for ever. It made way for "The Lawyers," a successful version of "Les Avocats."

But the greatest success at the Lyceum under the rule of Charles Mathews was probably obtained by "The Game of Speculation," first represented in October 1851. This version of "Mercadet," Balzac's posthumous comedy, was prepared by Mr. Lewes, then assuming the name of Slingsby Lawrence, "in less than thirteen hours, and produced after only two rehearsals," as the preface to the printed play informs us. "Mercadet" had not been performed in Paris exactly as its author had left it. The five acts of the original had been reduced to three ; many scenes were omitted and some transposed. Mr. Lewes judiciously followed the abridged, acting edition, rendering the dialogue in spirited English, and tampering in no respect with the nature of the plot. The only fault to be found

with his adaptation relates to the characteristic names bestowed upon the *dramatis personæ*: Affable Hawk, Prospectus, Earthworm, Hardcorn, Dimity, &c. This was pursuant to a fashion long enjoying public favour and boasting the authority of the best writers; but injurious, nevertheless, to the illusions which it is the aim of fiction to produce, and imparting unreality to what otherwise would appear genuine and natural enough. Sydney Smith rightly condemned what he termed "appellative jocularity," as savouring of vulgarity and sinning against good taste.

The original Mercadet was Geoffroy, I think, but I never saw him, and I am without information as to his method of playing the part. When the comedy was transferred to the Théâtre Français, Got appeared as Mercadet. In the course of the visit of the Comédie to London in 1871, "Mercadet" was presented at our Opera Comique in the Strand, and our playgoers were provided with an opportunity of comparing the impersonations of two most accomplished comedians. Mr. Lewes has frankly avowed his preference for the performance of Charles Mathews. But in regard to rival histrionic portrayals the one first seen is likely to be the one more admired. The player who has pre-audience secures our vote and interest. His art impresses us to the prejudice of the later performer, whose merits are tested by a standard not of his choosing, and to which he may reasonably object. The Mercadet of Got differed materially from the Affable Hawk of Charles Mathews. The one succeeded by sheer force of character, the other by exquisite charm of manner. Got represented a sort of George Hudson, a railway king, a blunt man of business, careless of dress, homely of bearing, rough of speech. He rather encouraged his creditors to dupe themselves than laboured to cajole them; he was somewhat ashamed of the roguery to which his embarrassments had driven him, and in his own home appeared as a respectable member of society, an affectionate husband and father. He was thoroughly in earnest; and when he threatened to drown himself in the Seine it seemed certain that he would be as good as his word. The performance was, indeed, much heightened by the actor's adroit touches of pathos, and by the passionate excitement of his surprise and joy at the return of his missing partner and the redemption of his name from discredit. As Affable Hawk Charles Mathews invested debt with a sort of diplomatic dignity. He carried the graces of the drawing-room on 'Change. His creditors were constrained to yield to the fascinations of address; wrath and importunity were subdued by placidity and elegance. He was little troubled with remorse; those who

sought money of him were his natural enemies, and to be treated accordingly. Under such conditions trickery was allowable, and only open to reproach if failure attended it, and he did not intend to fail. He hinted at suicide in the Thames, but no one took the hint. A conviction prevailed that if ever he got into the water he would promptly get out again, much benefited by his brief immersion. It was difficult to withhold sympathy from the engaging adventurer who, treating debt as a fine art, bore his pecuniary burthens with such admirable gallantry and good humour, fighting against bankruptcy so courageously, and by superior intelligence and address, helped by a lucky accident, triumphing at last over creditors even less reputable and scrupulous than himself. The actor obtained great popularity by reason of his performance of *Affable Hawk*. The "Game of Speculation" underwent revival in many subsequent seasons; it has never been presented, however, without Charles Mathews for its hero. It was last played in London during his engagement at the Gaiety in 1873. Among other Lyceum successes may be counted the comedies and farces of "A Nice Firm," "A Bachelor of Arts," "Serve Him Right," "A Wonderful Woman," "A Practical Man," "An Appeal to the Public," "Aggravating Sam," "Little Toddlekins," "Cool as a Cucumber," &c.

But the experiences of the Lyceum management were not wholly of a prosperous sort. The expenses were very great, and now and then serious disasters befell the enterprise. The strong company gradually dispersed. Sometimes the band, in despair at the non-payment of their salaries, declined to enter the orchestra. It became notorious that the manager was in pecuniary straits, and he was charged with extravagant habits. Again he was constrained to invoke the aid of the law, and compound in such wise with his creditors. Performing in a little comedy called "My Heart's Idol," he was so unfortunate as to receive a wound in the hand while fighting a duel with Mr. George Vining, who also took part in the play. Forthwith appeared this epigram upon Charles Mathews's recent accident:

Poor Charley's misfortune the public deplore,
Metallic advances he never could stand;
The *two* always slipped through his fingers before,
And now the *steel* goes through the rest of his hand!

It was said, too, that his own embarrassments had taught him how to play *Affable Hawk*. Mr. Lewes, in reference to the opinion entertained by the public touching the actor, has recorded the utterance of an elderly gentleman in the boxes of the Lyceum after the

fall of the curtain upon the "Game of Speculation": "And to think of such a man being in difficulties! There ought to be a public subscription got up to pay his debts!" He attacked the press in regard to the use and abuse of "orders," and he entered into a literary duel with Mr. Angus Reach, who, as the critic of the *Morning Chronicle*, had ventured to censure certain of the Lyceum productions and representations. In 1852 Charles Mathews further distinguished himself by publishing, in French and English, a pamphlet setting orth the condition of our English theatres, and demonstrating that the new copyright treaty with France would not improve the prospects of French dramatists. He alleged that in the year 1851, out of 263 plays produced upon the French stage, but eight had been appropriated by London managers; the reason being that, as a rule, French plays were too foolish or too indecorous to suit English theatres. The pamphlet was clever, saucy, and amusing; as a piece of reasoning it was absurd. Mr. Charles Reade justly wrote of it: "The thing that astonishes me is, how he could sit down, in the spring of 1852, with his pockets full of money made out of French skulls, and try to create a general impression that their pieces are too irrational and loose to be played in England, either with or without that alteration, abridgment, and discolouration, which adapters say are so difficult, and inventors, and even impartial observers, know to be so easy—compared with invention."

On July 26, 1854, Madame Vestris was seen upon the stage for the last time. She appeared on the occasion of her husband's benefit, as the heroine of "Sunshine through the Clouds," a version of Madame de Girardin's famous "La Joie fait Peur." Her health had been failing her for some time, and she had been able only intermittently to take part in the Lyceum representations, employing herself chiefly in the direction of the stage and the selection and arrangement of the costumes; in these departments her taste and skill were invaluable to the theatre. She died on August 8, 1856, at her residence, Grove Lodge, Fulham. She left behind her pleasant memories of her attractions, gifts, and accomplishments as actress and singer.

The Lyceum management at an end, Charles Mathews renounced for ever the cares and responsibilities of an impresario. He was content now to wander as a "star," now to attach himself for awhile to a London company. For some seasons he served under Mr. E. T. Smith at Drury Lane, appearing in "Married for Money," an amended version of a comedy derived by Poole from the French, and parodying the "Wizard of the North" in an occasional piece

called "The Great Gun Trick": even executing with remarkable neatness certain sleight-of-hand tricks for which the Wizard, a North Briton, whose real name was Anderson, had become famous. The public was much amused; but the Wizard, who had undertaken the management of Covent Garden, scarcely approved. He promptly retorted by producing a farce with the polite title of "Twenty Minutes with an Impudent Puppy," Mr. Leigh Murray being expressly engaged to personate Charles Mathews. The Strand Theatre ridiculed the contest in a farce, boasting the Shakespearian name of "A Plague on both your Houses." The joke and the conjuror's management ended seriously: Covent Garden was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of March 6, 1856, at the close of a very riotous and vulgar bal masqué given for Mr. Anderson's benefit.

From a visit to America Charles Mathews returned in 1858 with his second wife, an actress possessed of personal advantages and considerable histrionic ability, known in the United States as Mrs. Davenport. He re-appeared at the Haymarket on October 11, and was received with enthusiasm; he resumed his old part of Dazzle, Mrs. Mathews making her *début* in England as Lady Gay Spanker, and forthwith obtaining the good opinion of the audience. Mr. and Mrs. Mathews remained some seasons at the Haymarket Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Buckstone. They appeared in new plays called "Everybody's Friend"—since known as "A Widow Hunt"—"A Tale of a Coat," "The Royal Salute," "The Overland Mail," "The Contested Election," "His Excellency," &c. In 1860 they accepted an engagement at Drury Lane, personating the hero and heroine of "The Adventures of a Billet-Doux," an early adaptation of "Les Pattes de Mouche" of Victorien Sardou. They visited the provincial theatres, and later years found them fulfilling engagements now at the St. James's, now at the Adelphi, and now at the Olympic. In 1863 Charles Mathews played at the Variétés, Paris, in a French version, executed by himself, of the English farce of "Cool as a Cucumber," and in other plays.

Old actors usually shun new parts; but Charles Mathews did not shrink from histrionic experiments, although he had now numbered more than sixty years. He achieved great success by his performance of Young Wilding, in a revised edition of Foote's "Liar" at the Olympic, in 1867, Mrs. Mathews lending him valuable assistance as the heroine of the comedy. He appeared, too, as Tangent in a revival of Morton's comedy, "The Way to Get Married"—but the work proved to be hopelessly out of date—and in forgotten comedies of French origin, "From Grave to Gay," and "The Woman of the

World." In a powerful drama called "Black Sheep," founded upon Mr. Edmund Yates's novel of the same name, his energetic impersonation of the murderer, Stewart Routh, stirred memories of his old success as the Count D'Arenal of the "Day of Reckoning," and obtained for the production great favour. Early in 1870, after taking the chair at a grand dinner given in his honour, he departed to fulfil a very profitable engagement in Australia and the colonies. On October 7, 1872, he re-appeared in England, at the Gaiety Theatre, playing his old parts in "The Critic" and "A Curious Case." As his manager, Mr. Hollingshead, has recorded: "His reception was the most enthusiastic burst of feeling I ever witnessed or can imagine; and the one who seemed the least moved by it was the chief actor." He played for ten weeks, the receipts being larger than the theatre had ever known before, "amounting to nearly £1,000 per week," says Mr. Hollingshead. He was re-engaged for the summer of 1873, and in the winter of that year he appeared for a night or two as Tom Shuffleton in "John Bull," in combination with Mr. Phelps, Mr. Toole, Mr. Hermann Vezin, and others. He fulfilled further engagements at the Gaiety in 1874 and 1875, returning there in 1876, after playing for a month in Calcutta, during the Prince of Wales's visit to India. On the following year he played for nine weeks at the Opera Comique Theatre. On the night of June 2, 1877, he made his last appearance on the boards of a London Theatre. His last new part was Mr. Evergreen, in "My Awful Dad," a farcical play he had contrived for himself out of foreign materials. Its success was great, and it enjoyed many representations, both in London and the provinces.

He died at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, on June 24, 1878, of bronchitis. He had been playing but a fortnight before, at Staley-bridge, but his strength had declined—he was seventy-five—and he sank under the severity of his malady. To the last he had acted with an ease and a spirit which had gone far to compensate for certain physical deficiencies and infirmities which would take no denial. Time had not galloped with him; but it had not stood still with him. He was youthfully slight of figure to the last, and he moved about the scene with his old graceful restlessness; but his voice had lost tone, the family gift of clearness of articulation was failing him, and if he looked younger than his years he looked old, nevertheless. It would be hard to charge him, however, with the veteran's foible of lagging superfluously upon the stage. He was wont to say that his profession kept him alive, that he was never so well or so happy as when he was acting. And he retained to the end power to please his audiences;

he had been drawing crowded houses within a few days of his death ; the managers still offered him engagements ; while, in addition to the army of old playgoers still eager to applaud him and the genuineness of his art, there had grown up a new public, curious to see something of an actor whose connection with the theatre stretched backward to a remote period, and who had won for himself so large a share of public favour. But those who have only seen Charles Mathews at seventy or so must not deem themselves qualified to pronounce judgment upon his merits. He was then, in truth, but the shadow of what he had been at forty, fifty, or even sixty.

I will not employ the old phrase, always hyperbolic, that his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations. But I am sure that very many felt their spirits sadly dashed when tidings came of the passing away of Charles Mathews. He had figured so prominently during so long a series of years in their theatrical pleasures ; he had contributed so largely to the harmless entertainment of the public. The special attractions and attributes of his acting had, indeed, evoked on his behalf an amount of personal sympathy and regard such as few actors have ever known. I do not, of course, rank him among those great players of the past, whose names have become historical, whose triumphs have been achieved on poetic and heroic heights towards which he at no time pretended to mount ; but he will long be remembered, I venture to think, as an artistic comedian, singularly gifted and accomplished, comparable with the best of actors, English or foreign, of his class ; original, following in the footsteps of no earlier performer, and leaving no successors—unique, unrivalled, inimitable.

CARDINAL WOLSEY AT ESHER.

IT is not only at Whitehall or at Hampton Court that we meet with the footprints of Cardinal Wolsey, but in at all events one other place which, thanks to modern railways, may be styled almost a suburb of London. Close by the side of the river Mole, in the grounds of Esher Place—about a mile from Esher Station, and in the rear of Sandown Park—stands a curious Gothic building, a castellated gateway, which is always styled in the neighbourhood “Wolsey’s Tower.” Though it was not built by that statesman, it was once tenanted by him, shortly before his fall from the King’s good graces, and when he had begun to have reason to cry aloud,

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.

And doubtless here he often walked at eventide, and on the grassy banks of the Mole, which flowed deep and full beneath his windows, mused upon the transitory nature of royal favour.

This gateway is all that remains of a house which, from a survey of the manor of Esher taken early in the reign of Edward VI. appears to have been “sumptuously built, with divers offices, and an orchard and garden.” There was also, we are told, a park adjoining, three miles in circuit, well stocked with deer. In the early part of the last century the mansion of Esher Place—as its successor is still called—consisted of little more than the old tower, or gate-house, above mentioned; but Mr. Henry Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle, and the then owner of the property, made considerable additions to the building, in a style supposed to correspond with the original, but, it must be owned, rather in the gingerbread Gothic fashion of Strawberry Hill. The additions, consisting of wings and offices, were designed by Kent, the architect of the eastern front of Kensington Palace; but they were inferior to the central part of the edifice, and, as Walpole himself remarks, “were proofs how little he conceived either the principles or graces of the Gothic architecture.” The name of Kent, however, whom Walpole styles “the inventor of an art that realises painting,” has been inseparably connected by the poet with

Esher’s peaceful grove,
Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham’s love.

Several engravings of the house and grounds at Esher have been published at different times. One of the earliest is a bird's-eye view, by Knyff and Kip, taken when the estate (with the manor of Esher) belonged to Mr. Thomas Cotton, in the reign of William and Mary. Another and larger plan, including both fronts of Mr. Pelham's mansion, together with four ornamental buildings, styled the Temple, Grotto, Hermitage, and Thatched House, was engraved by Rocque in 1737. Another view, showing the east front, was published in the same year by Buck; and in 1759 a large engraving was made of the west front, by Luke Sullivan. Of the Tower, as it now stands, there is a fine steel engraving given as a vignette on the title-page of the first volume of the new edition of Brayley's "*History of Surrey*," now in course of publication.

This gateway, though it stands low, forms a most picturesque object when seen from the flat meadows on the opposite side of the stream, backed as it is by the dark foliage of the trees in the park which surrounds Esher Place; and it must be owned that it bears a striking resemblance to Wolsey's Gateway at Ipswich, and to the towers of Layer Marney and Leigh's Priory, in Essex. It owes its erection to William of Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester nearly a century before the day of Wolsey's pride. Aubrey, in his *Survey*, tells us that Waynfleet, who held the see of Winchester from 1447 down to 1486, erected a "stately brick mansion" on the bank of the river Mole within the park of Esher. He adds: "Over the gate-house, and on several other parts of the building, he placed the armorial bearings of his own family and those of his see, sculptured in stone; and on the timber-work of the roof of the hall were carvings of angels supporting escutcheons, on which were inscribed in scrolls the words 'Tibi Christe'; and in the windows the sentence 'Sit Deo Gracia' was several times repeated." The interior of the tower comprises three stories, but the apartments are small, and the flooring is so sadly decayed that it is dangerous to enter them. There is, however, within one of the octagonal turrets, a very skilfully wrought staircase of brick, in a good state of preservation, and in the roofing of which the principles of the construction of the oblique arch (a supposed innovation of modern times) are practically exhibited. The windows and door-frames, and the dressings, are of stone. In the character of the tower itself there are indications of an earlier period than that of Wolsey. Cavendish, in his "*Life of Wolsey*," speaks of the removal to Westminster (Whitehall) of "the new gallery which my lord had late before his fall newly set up at Asher"; and "the taking away thereof," he continues, "was to

him corrosive—the which, indeed, discouraged him very sore to stay there any longer—for he was weary of that house at Asher, for with continual use it waxed unsavoury.” This, it may be stated, is the only distinct notice which has appeared to connect Wolsey's name with any architectural works at Asher (or Esher) Place.

As might naturally be expected, the Bishops of Winchester occasionally resided on this pleasant spot, which was at the same time near the Court, and yet far removed from the bustle and strife of tongues. In fact, it was, not their Lambeth, but their Addington. The historians of Surrey record the fact that Cardinal Wolsey, not content with his other ventures in the way of building, gave instructions for the partial rebuilding of his house at Esher, which he fondly purposed to have made one of his residences after he had surrendered Hampton Court to his jealous sovereign. Many interesting circumstances relating to the last retirement of the great Lord Cardinal to Esher, on the declension of his favour with the royal tyrant, are mentioned by his biographers ; but unfortunately there was no Pepys or Evelyn in the Tudor days to throw light upon his movements by the help of a personal Diary.

It may be remembered, however, that when the Cardinal was at Whitehall in the summer of 1529, and when the King sent the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk to demand back from him the Great Seal, Wolsey was ordered to retire to Esher. But, the order being unaccompanied by any voucher of authority, the fallen Chancellor refused to obey it until the return of the king's messengers next day with his Majesty's written commands. He then went by water to Putney, whence he rode leisurely to Esher. It was in the course of this journey that, being overtaken by one of the king's courtiers, who assured him that the storm would soon blow over, and that he stood really as high as ever in the tyrant's favour, he sent back his fool or jester, Patch, as a welcome present to his royal master.

For the rest of the story we have the “Chronicle” of honest John Stow to guide us. We read that Wolsey, having returned to Esher, continued there, with a numerous family of servants and retainers, for “the space of three or four weeks, without either beds, sheets, table-cloths, dishes to eat their meat in, or wherewithal to buy any : howbeit, there was good provision of all kind of victual, and of beer and wine, whereof there was sufficient, and plenty enough : but my Lord was compelled of necessity to borrow of Master Arundell and of the Bishop of Carlisle plate and dishes, both to drink in and eat his meat in. Thus my Lord, with his family, continued in this strange estate until after Hallownetide.”

The Cardinal then dismissed a large part of his attendants, and sent Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, to London to "take care of his interest at Court." But apparently Cromwell did not take much trouble in the matter, for, though the charge of treason originally preferred against the Cardinal was abandoned, Wolsey was subjected, as every reader of English history knows, to a *premunire*, the result of which was to place him, with all his worldly goods and chattels, at the mercy of the King his master.

During the next few weeks of Wolsey's existence our interest is fixed on the river-side at Esher. For it was here that, whilst his enemies were pursuing their plans for his destruction, the King sent him "gracious messages," betraying occasional symptoms of returning favour, first by Sir John Russell, and afterwards by the Duke of Norfolk; and it was whilst he was entertaining the Duke here that Sir John Shelley, one of the Judges, arrived for the purpose of obtaining, or rather of extorting, from Wolsey a formal cession of York House (Whitehall), the town mansion of the Archbishops of that see. We are told that the Cardinal hesitated so much to execute this royal command, that he only put his pen to the parchment upon being assured that the Judges of the land considered it to be a lawful act and deed. It was here, therefore, that, on finding all opposition vain, Wolsey did that which was required at his hands; but the deed threw him into a severe fit of illness. Dr. Butts, the Court physician, who came down to visit him here, was forced to go back to London with the news that his life was in danger; and it was here that, lying on his sick-bed, Wolsey received the historic ring which Henry, in a fit of ill-timed regret, sent to him with a "comfortable message." The latter was so far effectual that the great statesman was somewhat cheered by the seeming kindness of his tyrannical master, and recovered for a time. It must, however, have been at Esher that the document was signed which alienated Whitehall from the prelates of York, and handed over that magnificent palace to the tender mercies of "Old Harry."

That he was "sick unto death" whilst here for the last time, is clear from the Cardinal's last letter to Stephen Gardiner, which is dated from Esher, and in which he writes: "I pray yow at the reverens of God to helpe, that expedicion be usyd in my persuits, the delay whereof so replenyshth my herte with bevynes, that I can take no reste; not for any vayne fere, but onely for the miserable condycion that I am presently yn, and lyclyhod to contynue yn the same oneless that yow, in whom ys myn assuryd truste, do help and releve me therein. For fyrst, contynuyng here in this mowest and

corrupt ayer, beyng enteryd into the passyon of the dropsy, *cum prostratione appetitús et continuo insomnió*, I cannot lyve; Wherfor of necessity I must be removyd to some other dryer ayer and place, where I may have comodyte of phsycyans," &c.

A reference to Hume or Froude, or to any other historian of the Tudor times, will serve to show the reader that only a few months subsequently the Cardinal obtained permission from Henry to remove from Esher to Shene, or Richmond, where he appears to have remained—making occasional expeditions to Esher, till his journey into Yorkshire, a few months previous to his death, which took place at the Abbey of Leicester, in November 1530.

When Henry VIII. had resolved to constitute Hampton Court an "honour," and to make a chase around it, he purchased several neighbouring estates, and among others that of Esher. In 1538, as we learn from Rymer's "Fœdera," Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, conveyed to the King "his manor of Asher, in Asher, Ditton, Cobham, Kingston, and Walton; William Basyng, *alias* Kingswell, prior of the monastery and cathedral of St. Swithin at Winchester, confirming the deed." In consequence of these acts this manor, with other lands, was annexed to the "honour and chase of Hampton Court" in 1540. Ten years afterwards, King Edward gave the office of chief keeper of the mansion of Esher, with its gardens and orchards, and that of Lieutenant of the Chace of Hampton Court, to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and John, Lord Lisle, his son, for their joint lives and the life of the survivor. The Earl had a grant of the manor and park to himself and his heirs, but he soon re-conveyed them to the King. Bishop Gardiner obtained from Queen Mary the restoration to his see of this estate, described as the "lordship and manor of Esheere," with the park (part of the "honour" of Hampton Court), the rabbit warren, about 185 acres of land, and the land called Northwood in Cobham, "to be held of the Crown in frankalmoigne."

In 1538, Queen Elizabeth bought this manor of the Bishop of Winchester, and very shortly afterwards granted it in fee to Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham. The estate subsequently passed, probably by sale, to Richard Drake, Esq., Equerry to the Queen, who was in possession in 1603, in which year he died. His only son and heir, Francis Drake, held it in 1631; and five years later it had become the property of George Price, Esq. The manor of Esher was subsequently purchased by Thomas Pelham Holles, Earl of Clare, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister to George II. and III., who built on part of the estate the mansion of

Claremont, which has since been rebuilt, the grounds being laid out by "Capability Brown."

After numerous intermediate transfers, in 1768 this manor, together with Esher-Wateville and the mansion and estate of Claremont, was purchased by Lord Clive, who continued in possession until his decease in 1774, when his property at Esher was sold to Viscount Galway, an Irish peer. He again disposed of the whole to the Earl of Tyrconnel, who made Claremont his residence until the beginning of the present century, when he resold the estate to Mr. Charles Rose Ellis, afterwards Lord Seaford. He, in 1816, conveyed the property by sale, for £66,000, to the Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods and Forests, for the purpose of providing a suitable residence for the Princess Charlotte, on her marriage with Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg.

About the same time that the manor of Esher was sold to the Duke of Newcastle, the park and mansion-house of Esher, which had been separated from the manor, were disposed of to Mr. Peter de la Porte, one of the directors of the South Sea Company; but he possessed it only a few years, for on the breaking of that bubble the estates of the principal directors were seized under an Act of Parliament, and sold for the benefit of those proprietors of South Sea stock who had been deprived of their property by the practices of the general board. Esher Place was thereupon purchased by a Mr. Dennis Bond, who in 1729 resold it to the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, who was celebrated as a statesman in the reign of George II., and who, as stated above, soon made extensive alterations in the building. Few statesmen have been more highly eulogized by contemporary poets and other writers than Pelham. Thomson, in his "Seasons" (Summer), thus refers to

Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the gentle Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham found repose.

Edward Moore, also, in an ode addressed to Pelham, and entitled "The Discovery," in which the goddess Virtue is portrayed as in search of an earthly abode, has sung the praises of the retired statesman in several stanzas: the two here quoted are selected as being peculiarly applicable to the place under notice:—

Long through the sky's wide pathless way
The Muse observed the Wand'rer stray,
And marked her last retreat;

O'er Surrey's barren heaths she flew,
 Descending like the silent dew
 On Esher's peaceful seat.

There she beholds the gentle Mole
 His pensive waters calmly roll
 Amidst Elysian ground ;
 There through the windings of the grove
 She leads her family of Love,
 And strews her sweets around.

By will, dated 1748, Mr. Pelham devised his lands in Esher to his eldest surviving daughter, Frances, on whose death in 1804 they devolved on her nephew, Lewis Thomas, Lord Sondes. In the following year, however, his lordship sold the estate in parcels, by which means, according to the public prints of the day, he realized the good round sum of £37,000. Esher Place, with the park and other lands adjoining, were purchased by Mr. John Spicer, who pulled down what was left of the old house, with the exception of "Wolsey's Gateway," and with its materials erected a new mansion, of brick, stuccoed in imitation of stone, on higher ground. The estate now belongs to Mr. Money Wigram, a member of the family of Sir F. Fitzwygram.

The new mansion commands extensive views, particularly towards the north-west and north-east points ; the vale of the Thames, with all its delightful scenery, composing as it were the leading features of the intermediate landscape ; whilst the hills of Harrow, Hampstead, and Highgate unite with the horizon in the extreme distance. Independently of the extensive prospects obtained from the boldly-swelling heights of Esher, the home views in themselves possess great interest, both from variety and contrast. How far the creations of the landscape gardener may have contributed to this effect it is now too late to ascertain ; yet the natural undulations of the ground would seem to have required but little improvement from his conceptions. At all events, Kent has the credit of making alterations in conformity with the disposition of the ground and the range of scenery it commands. Within a sunken dell, in that part of the grounds called the Wood, is a large votive urn, standing on a pedestal of freestone, which, as appears from the following inscription, was placed there as a grateful and becoming record of the beneficence of Mr. Pelham, by one whom he had patronized :—"HENRICO PELHAM PATRONO SVO OPTIMO SEMPERQUE HONORATO, BENEFICIORUM GRATA VT DECVIT RECORDATIONE POSVIT. I. R." On the three other faces of the pedestal are bas-reliefs of Charon preparing to carry a disembodied spirit over the river Styx ; shepherds leaning upon a

sarcophagus, on which are the words, "et in Arcadia Ego;" and a mourning figure reclining against a column, surmounted by a vase. The following lines, adapted from the Odes of Horace, are annexed to these sculptures, respectively:—

Tellus et Domus et placens Uxor linquenda.
Nec Pudor aut Modus Desiderio.
Debitâ spargens Lacrymâ Favillam.

The plantations of fir, beech, &c., which cover the heights, add much to the picturesque effect of the views; and there are some fine old oaks, beeches, and elms in different parts, together with a remarkable holly-tree, the girth of which is between eight and nine feet. There are likewise several small ornamental buildings in the park; but the principal feature of that description, as we have already shown, is the old brick tower, which formed part of "Asher Palace," when the estate belonged to the sec of Winchester. The ivy by which it is now luxuriantly clothed was planted by the late owner, Mr. Spicer, when yet a boy.

EDWARD WALFORD.

BLUE-BEARD.

IT is not always the book an author most prizes, the one which he considers his masterpiece, that wins for him the recognition of posterity. Charles Perrault, whose brother Claude designed for the Grand Monarque the famous colonnade of the Louvre, and who himself held the office of comptroller of state buildings under the great minister Colbert, undoubtedly set more store upon his *Siecle de Louis le Grand*, his poem of *La Peinture*, or his metrical translation of the fables of Faernus, than upon the volume of fairy tales, which of all his works is the only one that has survived him. No one, nowadays, reads his essay on behalf of modern *versus* ancient writers, written in answer to the strictures of Boileau, or feels interested in the once absorbing controversy that prompted its composition; but who has not heard of the more or less fanciful creations of Perrault's fairy tales, those heroes of the nursery, Riquet with the Tuft, Hop o' my Thumb, or Blue-Beard? Many of Perrault's stories came brand-new from his imaginative brain, but others, such as *Peau d'Ane* and *Blue-Beard*, were based on popular legends already widely disseminated at the time he wrote, and partially founded upon fact.

It has more than once been asked what truth there is in the story of *Blue-Beard*. In England an attempt has been made to identify our Henry VIII. with Perrault's hero, and there is another theory that he was a Turk. More than once, also, the strange and loathsome story of Gilles de Laval, Sire de Raiz, Marshal of France, and Lieutenant-General of Brittany, the companion in arms of Joan of Arc, Dunois, Xaintrilles, and Richemont, has been quoted with the view of showing that his evil doings gave rise to the *Blue-Beard* legend. True enough, the chroniclers of the time report that his long beard of swallow-tail form was bluish-black in tint, and that the surname of *Blue-Beard* was given him by the Bretons among whom he lived; still, not a single particular of his career tallies with the popular nursery story. He might be more rightfully compared to the fabulous French *Croquemitaine*, for his victims were not his wives—he had but one, Catherine de Thouars, from whom he lived

apart—but the children of the peasantry and townsfolk, who dwelt around his many castles, whither the poor little innocents were attracted by promises or presents. Once the drawbridge raised behind them, they disappeared for ever from the outside world. When Gilles was eventually brought to justice, after having carried on his atrocious practices with impunity for eight years, it was found impossible to compute the number of his victims, for after having strangled or decapitated them he caused the bodies to be burnt. On the 26th October, 1440, the miscreant was hanged on the *pré de Biesse*, just outside Nantes, and when his body had been slightly scorched by a fire lighted under the gibbet, it was placed in a coffin and conveyed to the church of the Carmelites, where with great pomp were celebrated “the obsequies and funeral of most high, most powerful, and most redoubtable lord, Gilles de Laval, Sire of Raiz, in his lifetime chamberlain of King Charles the Seventh, and Marshal of France.”

In the story of Gilles' career we look in vain for some mention of the mysterious room where he kept the corpses of his murdered wives, of the magic key with the stain which would not wash off, or of the charming and popular dialogue between the poor wife and Sister Anne whilst Blue-Beard is sharpening his formidable sword. There is, however, a far more ancient Breton tradition which tallies in some remarkable particulars with Perrault's famous story. Indeed, it seems evident that the favourite nursery romance was founded upon this half-forgotten legend, which dates as far back as the sixth century of our era.

Taking its source in the *Côtes du Nord*, near the squalid little hamlet of *Querien*, in a wild country, literally up hill and down dale, with stretches of marshland intervening between lofty hills decked with flowering gorse and littered all over with great blocks of granite, the trout-abounding river *Blavet* flows southwards into the department of *Morbihan*. Here, on the one side rise rocky barren hills with just an occasional tuft of furze or broom growing among the granite boulders, whilst on the other bank extend furrowed slopes planted with buckwheat and colza, and with many an intervening patch of underwood, crowned by a clump of beech trees or fringed with pines. At the foot of the slopes lie verdant pasture lands, through which, with poplars, pollards, and bushes clustering on its margin, the river flows, now slowly and now swiftly, forming miniature whirlpools with leaping foam as it escapes through the frequent locks. Behind the apple trees which dot a neighbouring hill, the thatch roof of some homestead may be descried; beyond,

in the midst of the shady woods, rise quaint grey rocks, now overgrown with moss or creeping plants, and now decked round about with rosy eglantine or holly bushes rich in coral berries. The rushes bend to the breeze around the pools of deep blue water in which a sunbeam dances ; whilst, after coursing through the meadows, the rivulets gleam for a while amid ferns, heather, and trailing periwinkles, and then leap onward in tiny cascades, in which the passing birds quench their thirst and dip their wings. There is no dearth of melody in the surrounding groves and thickets, where linnets, thrush, and nightingale pour forth their joyous song.

Beyond the abbey of Bon-Repos, devastated by the iconoclasts of the Revolution, the river flows through the romantic forest of Quénécan, with vast overhanging rocks that threaten to topple over and impede its progress, dominating either bank. To yonder mysterious gorge, so dark and gloomy, tradition has assigned the name of Stang-en-ihuern, or Valley of Hell. Here, as in the neighbouring dolmen of Cléguérec, and in the tangled underwood around, once lived the Poulpiquets, Cornandons, or Cornicanets—those elfine *confrères* of the German Bergmännlein and Scottish Brownies. In truth, we are in fairy-land ; some Breton Oberon, perchance, once held his court in an adjacent glade ; the strange misshapen rocks that rise every now and then among the trees affect the aspect of grim giants or ogres ; possibly this was the very forest where " Petit Poucet " and his tribe of brothers were purposely " lost " ; and if, indeed, we have reached the fairy realm of fantasy, why not look around and try to discover Blue-Beard's famous castle ?

The quest need not be a long one. At the point where the Blavet changes its eastern for a southern course, nigh to the lock of Guerlédan, it washes the base of a conspicuous barren promontory, the summit of which, girt round with the *débris* of a stone fortification, is bright with pink and purple heather, offering a lively contrast to the green foliage of the trees at the margin of the stream. This steep height bears the name of Castel Finans, and tradition tells us that in the sixth century Blue-Beard's stronghold crowned its summit.

Before I relate who Blue-Beard was, it is as well to allude to some events which occurred previous to his day ; they will help to explain the story of his crimes.

According to traditions handed down to us by the monkish chroniclers of Brittany, the Breton kingdom of Cornouaille was founded by Grallon Meur, or Grallon the Great, a prince of Britain, who, emigrating from his island home to Armorica, founded on the

jutting headland bounding the bay of Douarnenez on the south, the famous city of Is, whence some say that the French capital derived its name (Par-is). It was protected from the fury of the ocean by a formidable dyke, and provided with locks, regulating the passage of the waters, and opened by means of a silver key, which King Grallon invariably wore around his neck. The Princess Ahés, his daughter, having deprived him of his authority, and of the silver key, its symbol, opened the locks and allowed the waters to sweep over the splendid city. Grallon, warned in time, mounted on horseback, and, still desirous of saving his daughter, who was a true forerunner of the ill-famed Marguerite de Bourgogne of the Tour de Nesles, took her up behind him and fled. The waters were gaining upon them, when a mysterious voice exclaimed, "Grallon, if thou dost not wish to perish, cast off the demon behind thee;" whereupon the hands of Ahés, suddenly becoming numbed, loosed their hold around her father's waist, and she fell backwards into the surging waves and was drowned. The king reached Quimper in safety, and made it the capital of his dominions, and to-day they show you his statue between the twin towers of the cathedral of St. Corentin, where he sits on horseback in all the pomp of sovereignty—the crown upon his head, the sceptre in his hand, and the mantle of royalty cast around his shoulders.

The depraved Princess Ahés is credited with having beautified, and she certainly gave her name to, the ancient town of Carhaix (Ker-Ahés), which rises, rich in old, high-peaked, gabled houses, quaintly ornamented, midway on the road from Lorient to Roscoff, where "bonnie Prince Charlie," sadly downcast, landed after the battle of Culloden. Now, in A.D. 520, we are told that Carhaix was wrested from the kingdom or, as it had become, earldom (comté) of Cornouaille by a certain Finans or Comorre, a bandit of the worst description, as his deeds will suffice to show. He is styled Count of Poher and Count of Cornouaille, but it is probable that he was a usurper rather than a descendant of King Grallon, though, as the latter had such a vicious daughter, our hero might well have belonged to the same family. His times were times of strife and turmoil. In Britain, swarming around "the Dragon of the Great Pendragonship," King Arthur's knights bravely resisted the progress of the Saxon invaders. In Gaul, each day the Franks extended their dominion; and whilst in every direction some chieftain or another was carving out for himself a kingdom with his sword, no wonder that Comorre should seek to do the same. One of his earliest exploits seems to have been the seizure of Carhaix. Here lived his

son, one Tremeur by name, who was canonized after his death, and the chief incidents in whose life are depicted in a series of sculptured groups adorning the church door of the locality. In one of these he is shown holding his head on his hands, for Comorre the Cursed, our Breton Blue-Beard, not merely put his wives to death, but decapitated his sons as well. On the death of King Riwal—a British chieftain, who, defeated by the Saxons, landed in Armorica in 513, and established in what is nowadays the department of Ille-et-Vilaine, the so-called kingdom of Domnonée, under the suzerainty of the Merovingian monarchs—Comorre dispossessed the young Prince Judual, Riwal's son, of his crown, and compelled him to take refuge at the court of King Childebert of Paris. The territory of Domnonée was ravaged far and wide, and throughout the length and breadth of Brittany the name of Comorre sufficed to inspire fright and horror.

He had married four wives, and each of them had mysteriously disappeared (it being rumoured that they had been murdered on becoming *enceinte*), when his fancy led him to ask the hand of Triphyne, daughter of Count Guérok of Vannes, an independent chieftain, the father probably of the Canao, who, having succoured Chramme, the rebellious son of Clothaire I., fell fighting on his behalf in the great battle described by Gregory of Tours, and whose dominions were annexed by the Merovingian king. Comorre knew well enough that his vices and cruelty inspired more horror than affection, and to gain the hand of Triphyne he resorted to an artful stratagem. He called to his court Gildas the Wise, Abbot of Rhuy, whose reputation for sanctity had spread through Brittany.

This Gildas plays so important a rôle in our story, that I must tell you who he was. He was the son of Caw, prince of the Strathclyd Britons, and English chroniclers say that he died in 570 and was buried at Glastonbury, in the same monastery as his contemporary, Arthur the blameless king. But at the abbey church of Rhuy, in Brittany, his skull and one of his arm-bones are to this day kept as relics, whilst his tomb still stands behind the choir. Saint Gildas (for he was canonised after his death) has been styled the Jeremiah of Britain. In his *Historia Calamitatum* or *Quæstio de Excidio Britannie* he is remarkably bitter against his fellow-countrymen, whose depravity he deplores, and he regards the Saxon invasion as the retributive vengeance of heaven. It is uncertain in what precise year he landed in Brittany and built the abbey bearing his name, which overlooks the famous bay of Quiberon, and where, six centuries later, the renowned Abelard was abbot; still, at the epoch when Comorre flourished, his reputation for holiness was well established.

St. Gildas repaired to Comorre's court in hopes of converting this ravenous wolf into a meek lamb. The prince received him courteously, and commissioned him to propose to the Court of Vannes on his behalf a durable peace and friendly alliance, on condition that the latter should give him the hand of his daughter, whom he promised to treat with kindness, honour, and cordial affection. The Abbot being desirous to put an end to the disastrous wars which desolated Brittany, pleaded the cause of Comorre to Count Guérok and his daughter so successfully that, in spite of their repugnance, they accepted the Count of Cornouaille's propositions, on the express condition, however, that if one day he lost his affection for Triphyne he should send her back to her parents without ill-treating her. The marriage took place at Vannes with great pomp, but shortly afterwards Triphyne perceived a change in her husband's manner. She became seized with a sudden fright, and early one morning, mounting her palfrey, fled from Castel-Finans, where she lived, towards Vannes, her father's home. Comorre soon discovered her absence, and followed in hot pursuit. Perceiving his coming, Triphyne dismounted from her horse and sought a retreat in a neighbouring thicket, where her husband seized hold of her, and, dragging her out upon the road, cut off her head with a single stroke of his great sword.

Whilst the murderer was quietly riding home again, a servant who had accompanied Triphyne without daring to defend her, arrived at Count Guérok's castle at Vannes. The father, with his guards, started off to his daughter's assistance, but arrived too late to save her. Still, the head and body of the countess were recovered and placed upon a funeral couch in the great hall of the Château de la Motte, where, sending for St. Gildas, at whose instigation he had given Triphyne's hand to Comorre, Guérok asked him if that was how it had been agreed he should receive his cherished daughter, the child of his heart, back from the hands of her husband? The reproach filled Gildas with emotion; kneeling beside the decapitated body, he prayed with all the people present to Him who restored Lazarus to life, and then rising, he placed Triphyne's head upon her neck and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Triphyne, in the name of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I command thee to rise and to tell me where thou hast been!" The countess rose, and before all the crowd of people she declared that the angels were carrying her to paradise, to place her among the saints, when the words of St. Gildas had called her soul back to earth.

This is the story as told by the monkish chronicler of Morlaix

Albert le Grand ; but not many years ago the workmen repairing the vault of the chapel of Saint Nicholas de Bieuzy, south of Napoleonville, discovered a series of quaint frescoes, which competent authorities declare date from the thirteenth century. These picture the legend of Sainte Triphyne far more in accordance with Perrault's famous story. The first subject is the marriage of Comorre, whose beard is of a bluish black, with Triphyne at Vannes. Next the husband is shown, starting on some warlike expedition, and handing to his wife a little key. Then comes the mysterious chamber, the door of which is open, whilst against the wall hang the bodies of Comorre's murdered wives, who in this instance are seven in number. The terrible interrogatory follows : Triphyne is on her knees, and sister Anne, looking out of the window down the road, declares that there is nothing in view. In the last subject, however, whilst Comorre is passing a rope round Triphyne's neck, her brothers are seen approaching, accompanied by Saint Gildas in his abbot's dress, and ready to run their swords through the body of the would-be murderer. These frescoes were painted 300 years ago or more, before Albert le Grand wrote his "Lives of the Breton Saints." In his account of the affair, he was mainly desirous of expatiating on the miracle performed by Saint Gildas, and on the virtue and godliness of Triphyne, who, being canonised after her death, has become the patron saint of more than one Breton village. The mysterious chamber, the silver key, the pathetic dialogue with Sister Anne, were details which did not affect our monkish chronicler's subject, hence, probably, his silence concerning them.

You may perhaps be interested to know what became of Comorre after this singular adventure. According to an old tradition, the holy Abbot of Rhuys having vainly demanded admission into Castel-Finans, the drawbridge of which was raised at his approach, took up a handful of dust and threw it against the walls, which suddenly crumbled to pieces. Comorre was not, however, buried beneath the ruined battlements as might be supposed. Although badly wounded, he succeeded in making good his escape to another castle he possessed near Péder nec, where, undaunted by the warning of heaven, he continued his career of crime. A solemn council of bishops accordingly assembled on the Menez-Bré, an isolated conical mountain not far from Guingamp, on whose summit Guin Clan, the prophetic bard, is said to have lived, and which is nowadays crowned by a chapel dedicated to St. Hervé, whither people afflicted with headaches resort in solemn pilgrimage. St. Hervé presided over the gathering of bishops convened to punish the tyrant, who having been

solemnly anathematised, was seized with a terrible malady and died; his soul, it is said, being borne to hell in a stream of blood! Probably because St. Hervé is the patron of shepherds, and the guardian of sheepfolds against the attacks of wolves, some say that Comorre still wanders at night-time around the Menez Bré or in the glades of the Forest of Quénécan, in the form of a giant wolf, who can only be overcome by a stab with a knife in the centre of the forehead. I should mention, however, that there is a totally different account of our hero's death. With the assistance of St. Samson of Dol, Judual, the prince of Domnonée, whom he had dispossessed of his dominions, raised a large army, and in a pitched battle fought in 554, near the Abbaye du Relecq, some six or seven miles from Morlaix, Comorre the Tyrant and the Cursed lost both his life and his throne. They still show you between the abbey and the heights of Arez a spot known as Branc-Hallec or the Willow-Bough, where he is said to have expired; and not many years ago, a large schistous stone was pointed out as covering the remains of the miscreant, who, if the mediæval frescoes of St. Nicholas de Bieuzy are to be trusted, was undoubtedly the original Blue-Beard.

ERNEST VIZETELLY.

TABLE TALK.

I SAT next a four-year-old at the afternoon performance of the pantomime at Drury Lane the other night, and never, since I was a child myself, have I been so delighted with any dramatic spectacle. I have hitherto been rather disappointed with my child companions; they have either been so timid as to have been terrified with the appearance of the demons, and have shrunk from every stroke of the big drum, or they have known a great deal too much; have assured me that the whole affair was only play-acting, and even expressed an audacious desire to go behind the scenes. But my little friend of the other day was one to go to the play with indeed. It was not the theatre he was visiting at all, but another world from this work-a-day one altogether—and in his judgment a far brighter one. When the spangled band of ballet-dancers came on, in their Valley of Lilies, he whispered with the air of one who has tasted for the first time of the Tree of Knowledge, “*Now I know what Fairyland is.*” I noticed that his little hands were a little damp. “*Yes,*” he said, “*they are soft and wet because I like it so much.*” Only once, when the giant came in, he expressed a wish to retire into the second row (where his mamma was sitting). “*Me not like giants quite so tall as that,*” he said. But with that exception, never in the whole course of my existence have I seen a human creature for two hours enjoy such unmixed happiness. The crowd in the harlequinade was as usual extremely disorderly, and I heard him whisper as if to reassure himself, “*I am glad there is a policeman.*”

I have sat in a stall, and even in the sweet seclusion of a private box, next to the loveliest of her sex, but never have I had so delightful a companion as that four-year-old. If any gentleman in want of a new sensation—that of giving the extreme of happiness to a fellow-creature—will apply to me for the little fellow's address, I am almost certain (in spite of there being no previous acquaintance between them) that he will go with him on a similar expedition. On his return home from “*Jack the Giant Killer,*” it was confidently made known to him that the same performance would be repeated that very evening. He folded his little hands most fervently, and prayed

"Oh, do let us go again to-night, Mamma." It is of course impossible to conceive the condition of mind of that human creature who wishes to see the same pantomime twice in one day; but it surely suggests a state of innocence beyond the dreams of optimism! The question, however, which makes this little experience of some importance is why in a performance intended for children, and otherwise unexceptionable, music-hall songs in praise of drink should be introduced; their vulgarities I need not say were to my young friend fortunately without meaning, and slipped like water off the little duck's back: but why should they be permitted? It is bad enough that such plays as the "Pink Dominoes" should pollute the dramatic atmosphere for "grown-ups" (as my little companion calls them), but that allusion to any other spirits save those of air and water should be imported from "halls by the sea" into a Christmas pantomime is to my mind intolerable.

IN spite of the Laureate's preference for war—

Loud war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones—

over a slothful and dishonouring peace, the fact remains that war, however imperious and inevitable may be the necessity, is an all but unredeemed evil. At the present moment, Englishmen are awaking to a sense of the kind of ills of which it is productive. For the first time in the memory of the present generation, they are turning to records of pestilence, and debating the expediency of establishing a system of quarantine that shall keep from their doors the plague, a malady which was a few years ago supposed to possess no terrors for western civilization. Not many months ago I mentioned that the servant of an English officer had died at Dover of what medical men pronounced to be the plague. His garments and everything that could convey infection were burned, and the disease did not extend further. It will not do to count, however, upon similar good fortune in the future. If once a foreign ship should bring the black-death in our midst, and disembark its crew among the seething population around the docks, it is impossible to estimate what consequences might not follow, even though the opinions of some medical men should prove to be true, and the conditions of life in English cities should prohibit the malady receiving again such development as our annals record. It is impossible to make that class of the population which is always on the verge of starvation abandon, in the interests of health, its desires of acquisition, and submit to the destruction of

property which is likely to convey contagion. Not many years ago, virulent disease attacked the inmates of a few wretched hovels on the fringe of a popular watering place. With more promptness of action than ordinarily characterises local boards, the municipal authorities removed the whole of the residents in the tenements in question, and ordered the destruction of the contents of the houses. Some wind of the contemplated action got abroad, and the poorer inhabitants of the town flocked to the spot and bore away everything portable, leaving nothing for the authorities to consume. The natural consequences followed, and the disease manifested itself at once in a score of places in a town previously free from the scourge, except at the outlying spot indicated.

IN his new volume called "Patchwork," Mr. Frederick Locker has collected more good stories than can be found in any similar work of anything like the same dimensions. They are, of course, old; but the same, I fear, may be said of almost every story that is told. Two seem to me worthy of being set before my readers. Here is one: "A dignitary of the Greek Church ventured to alter the form of his ritual, and the historian who describes this event gravely remarks: 'And his congregation, justly incensed, tore their bishop to pieces.'" In England, under kindred aggravations, we have not as yet proceeded to similar extremities. Our parishioners have as yet shown themselves like the *Clarissa* celebrated by Pope, whose

Nature, moderately mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child,

and have stopped short at vestments without immolating the priest.

I don't know the authority for the second story, which, in addition to other merits, has the merit of brevity—"In setting the ten commandments to music, Haydn, the composer, with grim humour, stole a melody for the eighth."

A CORRESPONDENT asks me to reconsider my criticism (see *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1879) of the usual punctuation of the lines—

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand,

on the ground that the epithet "ribbed" is correctly associated with the words "long and lank." "The three epithets together," says my correspondent, "convey a complete picture to any one who has noticed the curious *long narrow brown* ribs of sand left by the tide

when it has retreated gently from the shore, giving almost a suggestion of some long lank skeleton, barely covered by the brown sand. If the literal meaning of the words cannot be pressed, their poetical power may be felt by those to whom the appearance of the 'ribbed sea-sand' is familiar." It seems to me that the poetical power of the simile resides in its truth as I think it must originally have been written. I feel, with my correspondent, the force and beauty of the epithet "ribbed," as applied to sea-sand. The comparison of the sand ridges, or wave-marks, to ribs, is as perfect as Tennyson's comparison in the *Idylls*, where he speaks of

arms, on which the standing muscles sloped
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
Running too vehemently to break upon it.

And again, the comparison of the ancient mariner's brown skin to the colour of ribbed sand is admirable, because it is to be noticed that there is only one kind of sand which is ever seen ribbed, and the tint of that sand, when moist, is singularly like that of a sailor's tanned skin. But I cannot admit that ribbed sea-sand, or any other sand, can correctly or poetically be called long or lank. The word "lank," let me remark, does not mean narrow or thin, but loose—describing the flesh of one who is much emaciated; now, sand-ribs are singularly compact both to the touch and in appearance. Apart from this, it will be noticed that, in trying to defend the ordinary punctuation, my correspondent has been led—I may almost say has been obliged—to seek for length and narrowness in sea-sand in two distinct and incongruous ways, finding these qualities first in the ribs themselves, and then in the skeleton to which the ribs are supposed to belong. I venture to assert that so true a poet as Wordsworth would not have used a metaphor requiring so recondite an explanation. As I have punctuated the lines, they are poetical and just. We see the long, worn frame of the ancient mariner; his sea-tanned tint is aptly brought before us; and the ideas suggested by the use of the epithet "ribbed," though not prominently obtruded, are sufficiently suggested. But with the ordinary punctuation the mind (if attentive) is at once withdrawn from the subject of the poem, to consider in what way such epithets as long and lank can be justly applied to the ribbed sea-sand. Even if the mind could satisfy itself on this point, the use of similes so perplexing would involve an offence against the rules of art. It is true that

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas;

but

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

Or, to sum up, we may adopt Horace's well-known rule for such cases—

Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum.

The same correspondent defends also the common reading of the parallel passage which I quoted to show how readily mistakes in punctuation would creep into poetical descriptions,

I saw my father's face
Grow long and troubled like the rising moon ;—

on the ground that in some disturbed conditions of the air the moon, when rising, seems to be lengthened. "The Poet-Laureate," he says, "is a very close student of nature, and he has, if I read him aright, given us in these lines an apt if somewhat ghastly simile of the 'long and troubled face.' Unfortunately for this defence, the lengthening which affects the discs of the sun and moon when rising is in the wrong direction. The rising moon appears compressed vertically,—that is, broadened horizontally,—and thus has a shape which, if comparable to that of a face at all, ought certainly not to be compared to that of the Prince's grim father, but rather to the

. . . visage all agrin as at a wake

of mighty Arac, as

Here and everywhere
He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists.

THE stewards of most clubs take a good deal upon themselves, but it is only lately that they have been interpreters between the members and the *chef de cuisine*. The other day a grand dinner was given at the *Megatherium*, and the host sent the next morning for the cook to compliment him on his skill. "Everything was excellent," said he, "but dinner was a little late."

"Sir," said the Frenchman, in his native language, and with a profound bow, "it is better that guests should wait for the dinner than the dinner for guests."

While the host stood in amazement at this audacity, the steward, who thought him ignorant of the French language, interposed:

"What the cook *says*, sir, is that the fishmonger didn't send the oysters."

NOW that rheumatism is to be cured by lentils or celery, and that the former nutritious, if sedative, diet is warranted to make men so mild and peaceful that a cessation of war will follow upon its general adoption, considerable interest is manifested in a crop the mere name of which is scarcely known outside agricultural

circles. If such a power is indeed inherent in lentils, it is much to be desired that the whole world should, as Comus deprecates its doing,

In a pet of temperance feed on pulse.

I fear, however, that the idea, like many others which have taken hold on men of imaginative temperaments, is attributable to similarity of sound. Pliny states that he "finds in writers that the eating of lentils maketh men to be mild and patient, whereupon they bee called *Lenti* and *Lenes*" (Natural Historie, Holland's translation, vol. i. p. 569, ed. 1601), but supplies no corroboration from his own knowledge. Our ancestors who fed on acorns are not known to have been specially peaceful, though the virtues of the acorn, like those of other forms of mast, were to a certain extent kindred to those of lentils. That many forms of disease may be cured by the substitution of a vegetable for an animal diet is probable enough. Augustus Cæsar is reported to have been cured by Musa, his physician, by means of lettuce. "The chast lectuce, or the civile lectuce," Pliny, through the aforesaid translation, calls it. For a reason why this name was bestowed on lettuce, he refers his readers to Cælius Rhodiginus, 27th book, and last chapter; and his advice is seasoned with so much sly humour, that some of his readers must regret the difficulties in the way of acting upon it.

I DO not know if anything especially urban or sylvan in my appearance commends me to sailors as sharing with Marines a quality of receptivity which predisposes them to spin for my benefit their most outrageous yarns. If not, I throw out, from my own observation, a cause of discontent which may possibly operate in the army as well as in the navy. On three separate occasions I have heard Englishmen serving in the navy declare that, in case of action, many officers would be shot by their own men. The reason advanced was, that the men were never addressed but as dogs. I do not for one moment believe that our sailors would act in the way indicated, though I admit the language I have personally heard addressed by naval officers to their men is sufficiently aggravating. In the hour of combat, however, when Jack's business is to flog the enemy, whether "Mounseers," or "Spanishers," or "Rooshians," I think he will warm to his work, and be as capable of surrendering before action as of trying to injure, under any provocation whatever, one who is fighting on his side. Still, is it not worth while trying to remove the discontent which springs from unnecessary and most irritating abuse, levelled, as is too often the case, at good and bad alike? I do not want to see matters brought to quite such a point as

is exhibited in Mr. Gilbert's clever burlesque, "H.M.S. Pinafore." Still, as the amelioration of manners is one of the first things to be hoped from the educational influences at work, those of our officers who offend in this respect might do well to remember that a reformation has the best chance when it commences from above to act on those below.

AN instance how much the ameliorating influences of education are needed is supplied in a story which has provoked some strong language during the past month from the daily and weekly press. Two women, it seems, fought, almost naked, in Dublin for nearly an hour, in presence of a ring of spectators. It may startle my readers to hear, but it is none the less true, that I witnessed, within the last few years, a similar exhibition in a street off the Caledonian Road, Islington. My attention was arrested by the sight of a crowd up a by-street. I walked to the spot, and saw two women, stripped to the waist, and dealing blows like men. I was regarded with much suspicion, and, before I could interfere, coats were flung over the girls' shoulders, and they were marched off, assumably to a more remote slum, into which a passenger with a black coat on would scarcely dare to penetrate. If the "intelligent foreigner" had seen this spectacle, he might have had something to say concerning English manners. There is something to be said and thought about such things by those at home.

IN a previous number of "Table Talk" I described how a blind beggar used for years to stand on a bridge in Edinburgh soliciting alms with the following inscription round his hat: "Blind from my birth. I have seen better days;" and as the self-contradictory character of his statement attracted no attention in that town, I ventured to use it as an illustration of the Scotch want of humour. A correspondent in the North has forwarded the following refutation of the charge, and in how far he has succeeded I leave my readers to judge:

SIR,—The Scotch are quite willing to humour the idea expressed in a recent number of *The Gentleman's Magazine* by the words "the general absence of humour in the North." In this matter their principal instructor is the Laird of Logan, who teaches how to become a wit; and the principal method pursued is by hunting up ideas not words; thus for instance—the incongruity of a man blind from his birth having seen better days, does not strike a Scot because in this case the word "seen" stands for "experienced," and there is no incongruity in a blind man having experienced happier times. Had it happened, however, that the blind man was standing out on a dreary wet winter day with his board inscribed "I have seen better days," the thickest-headed Scot would have laughed.

I may illustrate my meaning further by an anecdote of the Rev. Mr. M., who has the misfortune to be blind. A young lady was rallying him about taking a wife—he said in reply that he had never seen the lady he would marry as yet. "No," said the young lady, "and I think you never will." Here the incongruity of a blind man seeing was used as the vehicle of *double entendre*—Mr. M., when he said he had never seen the lady he would marry, did not mean to say that he had never met her, and the young lady, in her answer that he probably never could see the woman he would marry, meant to insinuate that he could never get anybody to marry him."

W. V. B., as the gentleman signs himself, evidently believes that his initials, appended to the above, are equal to Q. E. D.

REFERENCES to our latest acquisition, Cyprus, with the exception of those that occur in *Othello*, are not frequent in English literature. Such as are encountered are, of course, soon drawn to light. In Ford's tragi-comedy, "The Lover's Melancholy," the scene of which is laid at Famagosta, in Cyprus, occurs an allusion which has not yet, I fancy, been publicly noted. Addressing Menaphon, who has lately returned from travel, Amethus, described as cousin to the Prince of Cyprus, says :

This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds
In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,
Than any you have seen abroad.

Whatever truth this statement may have possessed in the days when it was first put forth, its accuracy or its aptness will now scarcely be questioned.

THE days of the *Eatonswill Gazette* versus the *Independent* have been long left behind. Rival journalists cut one another's throats, and sometimes their own, in quite another fashion than of old. There is no great plagiarism of ideas, for a reason that would be impolite to mention, but there is a considerable conveyance (in the Shakespearian sense) of telegrams and appropriation thereof to their own purposes. And if the "we" of Pott Street can say anything unpleasant of the "we" of Kettle Street, especially with regard to the state of our circulation, it *is* said.

In Glasgow, recently, there was an example of this which not only exhibits pleasant professional feeling, but even genius, so very original was the mode of annoyance. One paper advertised that at a certain news-shop "nine tons" of a rival journal, "about 396,000 copies," were for sale as "waste." As this offensive statement was repeated, the insulted journal employed a detective to discover the advertiser, brought it home to the cashier of an opposition print, and

then managed to procure forty-five bags of the "tons" in question. Their contents were composed of papers dead and forgotten years ago; papers from all the chief towns of the United States and Canada, from Victoria, from New South Wales, France, Germany, and Switzerland, and from every spot in Scotland that ever boasted of a weekly sheet; temperance tracts, missionary records, programmes, blue books, and even of copies of the very newspaper that had had the audacity to publish the advertisement. It was like a petition to Parliament in favour of the Claimant, or Phonetic Spelling, or the compulsory consumption of Gingerade, in which, on being examined, are found the signatures of fifty Dukes of Wellington, the Pope, Mr. Newdegate, and the Devil. But in the mean time it was a very clever trick of the *Eatonswill Gazette*, and must have made the *Independent* very unhappy.

ONE should always remember whom one is talking to. A certain constituency, vacant the other day, was greatly under the thumb of a neighbouring landowner, who is of the Hebrew persuasion. Jones, who went down on canvass, had the good will of this gentleman and the promise of his vote and interest, but forfeited them both through his incautiousness of speech. "The present financial embarrassments are all owing to the Jews," was one of his public observations. It is true he remembered his position directly the words had passed his lips, and added with suspicious alacrity, "that's what some people say, though nothing can be more ridiculous." He flattered himself he had recovered his lost ground; and, indeed, all went well till his departure. The great man, with a contingent of his grown-up sons, even accompanied him to the railway station. "My friend," said Jones, as the train began to move, "I thank you; I hope to always behave as a Gentleman and a Christian." It was absolutely useless for him to lean out of the carriage window and shout after them that he didn't mean as a Christian, but only as a Gentleman: the mischief was done.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1879.

UNDER WHICH LORD?

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

CHAPTER X.

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

NEVER in Crossholme within the memory of man had there been such a festival as this Harvest Thanksgiving, which Mr. Lascelles had arranged and the ladies of the place had carried out according to his ideas. And never had the old church looked as it looked to-day. It was like a bower of greenery interspersed with fruits and flowers and miniature sheaves of corn and barley, and was true fairyland to the women and children—a seductive illustration, as Mr. Lascelles wished that it should be, of the beauty and pleasure to be found in the way of religion as the Church directs. For religion without the Church was, according to him, only climbing over the wall like so many thieves and robbers; and the Master of the Orchard would give no sacks full of fruit to such bold breakers of the law. If the people wanted material beauty as well as spiritual safety and eternal life they must come to him as the dispenser and interpreter of it all; and to-day was an earnest of, a kind of preface to, the real thing behind.

And truly the old place had been made fair enough to the eye. The dirty whitewash of the finely modelled freestone pillars was hidden by twisted wreaths of laurel and ivy; the reading-desk and pulpit, the pew-tops and altar-rails, the line of the noble Norman arches—all were marked out by borderings of laurel and laurustinus mixed with scarlet berries and snow-white flowers. The altar was like a conservatory, heaped up with pyramids of hothouse fruits and greenhouse plants; and the bare walls of the chancel were covered by a trellis-

work of ivy with floral ornaments of crosses and crowns, trefoils, triangles, and doves among the interspaces. A magnificent cross of gardenias on a ground of scarlet geraniums formed the centrepiece. It was Hermione's own work and her special gift ; and it had cost Jacob Ellis not a few angry tears and a volley of bad words for the ruthless destruction of his best blooms which it had entailed. It had cost Theresa Molyneux also many tears. She had petitioned so earnestly for this place of honour ! She would have spent pounds and pounds for the most splendid flowers that could be bought if the vicar would but have allowed her to be so distinguished ; and when he had refused, saying that Mrs. Fullerton had already petitioned and been accepted, she had wept with more passion and despair than the occasion of itself seemed to warrant. It had been one more lifting of the veil to the man who had already divined what lay within ; and though he was sorry to see her suffer, her suffering only confirmed him the more in his intention of asking Hermione to supply this grand central ornament as the public expression of her dutiful affection, instead of allowing Theresa to confess therein her passionate desires. To her, however, he gave the two secondary designs—the three triangles interlaced and the trefoil which flanked the central cross, and which, made as they were of blue salvias, early yellow chrysanthemums and purple dahlias, completed the chord of colour.

Already the walls of the church had been enlivened by boldly illuminated texts which to-day were framed in leaves ; and from the capitals of the pillars floated banners of ecclesiastical meaning which helped to give a still richer flood of colour. Lights were on the altar, which it would have been worse than bad manners to have called the communion table as in the old days of darkness ; and the musty smell of dust and dead air so familiar to the congregation, had given place to the fragrance of nature mixed with the lingering scent of incense. It was a transformation in truth, complete in all its parts ; and the ladies had worked well and deserved the praise that was given to them.

Everyone was excited and almost everyone enjoyed the show, though some sturdy old Protestants shook their grizzled heads at the patent Popery of it all. Still, that did not prevent their taking their fill of the pleasure which the Church spread before them so liberally as the lure which should bring them over to attendance at her services and acceptance of her doctrines as well as of her decrees. It relieved their consciences to shake their sapient old heads and grumble behind their bandana neckerchiefs ; but it gratified their senses to join in the crowd and gape and sniff with the rest. And after all.

the church was their own; and a bonny sight is always a bonny sight when the cost of it does not come out of one's own pocket.

Presently the harmonium sounded a few opening chords with a bold vibrating touch. No frightened schoolmistress was the performer to-day, but the High Church organ-builder who had come down to take the dimensions of the gallery where the magnificent instrument was to stand when the restorations should be completed. The congregation rose, led by the ladies as the fuglemen who knew their lesson and gave the note of direction; and then Mr. Lascelles, in shining white vestments embroidered in silver and gold and many-coloured silks, marched in at the head of the procession. He was attended by several strange "priests" and "brothers" who had come from London to give greater dignity to this the first stately festival in his clerical reign. Immediately behind him, his eyes bent on the ground, came Cuthbert Molyneux, solemnly swinging an incense-burner—which he was careful to call thurible; while after the strange "priests" and "brothers" came in the choir in white surplices over red, carrying candles, crosses, a banner or two, and the crucifix in front of all. Some of the lads rather spoil the solemnity of the show; for, not yet broken into due decorum, they nudged each other slyly and giggled and blushed like girls when they caught the eyes of their mothers and sisters fixed with pride and exultation on them as they paraded the church, round the side aisles and up the nave.

The men of the village looked at each other doubtfully. This kind of thing was new to them and they did not approve of it. But as it was not Sunday they let the banners and the crosses and candles pass as part of the raree-show. It was a kind of religious play-acting to them; and being a workaday matter made all the difference. Had it been Sunday, now, they said to each other, some by look and some in whispers, it would have been a crying shame and a burning sin, and nothing short of profanation and Sabbath-breaking; but week-day mountebanks are lawful, and their foolishness is not to be too gravely considered. All the same they thought it taking liberties with the Constitution, the Church as by Law established, the village and the old building itself; and each wished that some other Tom or Bill would have the boldness to speak to the vicar and give him the mind of the place; while all shirked the task for themselves. Mr. Lascelles was not an easy man to deal with, as they had already found; and it is ill work plucking nettles with bare hands.

This was the general feeling of the benighted commonalty; but

the ladies who had worked the banners and become familiarized with the vestments—the stole was Hermione's own work ; every stitch put in, as she believed, purely for love of religion and Church observances—the ladies who had made the wreaths and crosses and all the mystic emblems, were delighted with the results, and congratulated themselves warmly on their good fortune in possessing such a vicar as Mr. Lascelles.

How grand he looked in his beautiful new vestments symbolizing rejoicing and gladness !—how saintly, how divine, and how handsome ! More than one heart beat fast as he passed with his slow and stately step, the very ideal of a well-born, well-bred High Priest, the incarnation of godly functions and goodly manhood ! Theresa, flushed and feverish with excitement, hysterical for want of sleep and insufficient food, felt as if an archangel were passing by when she heard his measured tread, and caught the mellow notes of his well-trained voice chanting the processional hymn ; and when he ascended the altar steps and stood there with his arms outstretched in the form of a cross, for a moment she was faint and dizzy with the passionate ecstasy that swelled her heart and drew the mist across her eyes like a veil—that ecstasy which made her realize the supreme bliss of a soul possessed by the Divine.

The burning love that shone in her large bright eyes, her rapt look of personal adoration, startled Mr. Lascelles himself, used as he was to the passionate love of women disguised as religious fervour—to the personal adoration of so many before her, whom, like her, he had spiritually seduced for the good of the Church. It discomposed him for the moment. It was flattering, truly, and marked her as his own possession—and the possession of the Church through him ; but it was also a little terrible ; and he felt for the moment rather the peril of her devotion than the glory of her conversion. He must manage her carefully, else there would be trouble, and though he could meet them boldly enough if they came, he was naturally anxious to avoid all such scandals.

Then he looked at Hermione's face—animated more than usual—with a certain reckless air in the pose of her head—affectionate and even something more, as she stole one of her shy girlish glances at him ; but it had not in it the possibilities of danger from excess that were in Theresa's. The one was an instrument which would yield to his touch when he chose to awaken its response, and be passive and uncomplaining when he saw fit to leave it mute. The other would respond—yes, without question respond ! but the strength of the echo might break it to pieces, and the wail of those

rent chords might sound too far and wide for the dignity of his office or the honour of the Church. Yes, Hermione was the safer of the two, as well as the more profitable both socially and pecuniarily; but Theresa was the better subject for vivisection—to be conducted with caution and his hands well protected.

All this flashed in one formless thought through his mind as he stood before the altar in the attitude of a High Priest, symbolizing the cross and blessing the people, while Theresa knew the supreme bliss of spiritual ecstasy—that ecstasy which though spiritual is also sensuous; and Hermione, with darkened eyes, thought what a charming thing it was to be religious, and how happy she was in her new life! For the moment Richard, her late trouble with him, and her marriage altogether had ceased to exist, and she was now simply one of Mr. Lascelles' congregation—and the favourite member.

Perhaps Virginia was really the happiest of all. She was not quite so pale as usual, and her gentle face had even more of that tender peace which had come into it since she had known Sister Agnes, as she fixed her eyes on the white cross above the altar and prayed to Mother Mary and Our Lord to make her worthy of her privileges. And ah! what a treasure of pure love was in it as she looked over to Sister Agnes in her nunlike dress standing in voluntary humility by the pillar in the free seats, and said an Ave as her act of thanksgiving for the gift of her spiritual mother. Then she looked at Ringrove, who was looking at her, and her eyes shone if her lips were still—glad, grateful, as she was that she had been able to bring him here, according to the command laid on her by the Sister.

That look was poor Ringrove's reward for the violence which he had done to his truest self in coming here to-day simply to please her; and, being in love, it made him think:—

“Perhaps after all such women as these are right. Perhaps they do see more clearly than we coarser and less pure men, and we might do worse than listen to them!”

It was a concession to have got so far as this; what if Virginia should care to lead him to the end?

Aunt Catherine near Sister Agnes, also ostentatiously in the free seats, was mysterious and beatified but fluttered and half coy to-day. The ladies had all come in their brightest dresses to do honour to a festival which was in its intention joyful and a thanksgiving; and Aunt Catherine was in white with a certain strange bridal character about her veil and bonnet that looked odd enough on a rosy-cheeked, apple-faced, round little dumpling of a woman past fifty as she was. But she had dreamed last night of certain heavenly

espousals by which her imagination had been more awakened than usual—and it was never very drowsy; and thinking a ghostly bridegroom better than none at all, and a marriage made in a dream a witness of sealing here which shall be proclaimed and solemnized hereafter, she had come in what she meant should express bridal array; and the meaning of which she would explain to Sister Agnes and Superior when mass was over.

For the rest, pretty Beatrice and her younger sisters were here, shame to say, in part as at a show; not having reached that state of ecclesiastical grace when the Church is the same as God, and a week-day service, with decorations like a fair, as sacred as the Sunday prayers without. She glanced often at Ringrove Hardisty; her brown eyes full of mild surprise to see him standing there, tall and superior-looking, in his pew. For she was an unconverted kind of creature; and, though thoroughly good and gentle and wholesome, had not in her the makings of a zealot—besides having no great admiration for the man who was now the great god Zeus of Crossholme. Ringrove had been always her ideal of what a strong good man should be; and especially had she taken delight in his quiet resistance to the new vicar. And now he was here in church on a week-day, and assisting at a service that was just a Roman Catholic mass, and nothing else! How odd it was, and how strange these contradictions were! And how strange too were these differences of feeling! Here was Bee Nesbitt sorrowing secretly over her friend's weakness, while Virginia's soul was elate with holy joy to think that this pleasant, good-tempered, honest-hearted sinner, known since her childhood and liked always if never loved, was so far on the road to salvation that he might be one day looked for among the saved—turned into a new path by the means of a handful of incense and a few barrow-loads of flowers! It was a very little matter on which to build up hope or fashion fear; but life is made up of small touches; and Ringrove was in love; and when men are in love there is no miracle that may not be expected, no transformation that may not be wrought.

Even Mr. Lascelles allowed himself to draw bigger conclusions than the premiss warranted. As he said to Cuthbert Molyneux in the sacristy—there was no vestry nowadays—Virginia Fullerton's influence was evidently blessed. She had brought Mr. Hardisty to the service to-day, as she had brought him yesterday to assist in the preparations; and, tainted as he notoriously was by the diabolical principles professed by Mr. Fullerton, it was an immense deal to have accomplished. What a gain it would be to the Church should

he be won over by the means of this dear young saint, this sweet child of grace and natural piety united!

To which Cuthbert had assented warmly, so far as Virginia was concerned—but in the matter of Ringrove's possible salvation, somewhat tamely. He wondered at the time why he was not able to feel more Christian and fraternal exultation at the possible gathering-in of a notorious outsider like Ringrove. It was not like him not to hail the probable salvation of a now lost brother with effusive sympathy; yet, he would rather that Superior himself, or say his own Aunt Catherine, had been that vessel of grace by whose influence the master of Monkshall had been won. He was not in love with Virginia; not in the least, as wholesome-minded men count love; but he was glad to be the only male sheep in the flock which held her as its most precious lamb; and he dreaded the introduction of another masculine saint, especially one so self-assertive and strong as Ringrove Hardisty. He was a good young man; a very good young man indeed; but he had rather mistaken his vocation in being a man at all, and if he had some of the virtues of women, he had many of their faults and not a few of their foibles.

But now the procession and the processional hymn were ended; the Wicked Man and the opening exhortation had been intoned in a high-pitched key by one of the strange priests; and then the ladies dropped on their knees in the abrupt automatic manner practised by this school, which makes manner of as much account as matter, and holds it for testimony when human beings are enabled to make themselves look like marionettes jerked by a string. Virginia knelt close behind her mother in their big pew, which was soon to be cut down into an open seat in conformity with the rest. Theresa, her burning hands clasped nervously together, repeated the clauses of the Confession, while, the inevitable reaction from that moment of ecstasy having set in, the hot tears of what she thought was penitence and Mr. Lascelles knew to be hysteria, streamed down her face; and the service went on in great volumes of voice and music such as they had never heard at Crossholme before, and did not know what to make of now when they did hear.

Still it was fine and heartsome. Even those most hostile could not deny the grand effect of it all, while those most committed were enraptured; and of the *tertium quid*, halting between two opinions, some were won over by the brave show and thought that there must be something in it all, and some were terrified at the papistry which

now seemed to have thrown off its disguise, and would never stop until it had got its foot on their necks, and made them slaves without a voice in the disposition of their own souls.

And then, in its right place in the service, Mr. Lascelles, in his surplice tied round the waist with a cord, and with a small cap or berretta on his head, went into the pulpit, and after his usual formula, "In the name of—" crossing himself rapidly as he spoke, abruptly began his textless sermon of thanksgiving.

No pains of hell, nor penalties for sin, informed the vicar's discourse to-day. It was all jubilant, hopeful, inspiriting. It spoke much of the gratitude which we owe to the Divine Father who gives us all these good things, and who leads us so gently through the thorny ways and guides us safely over the burning ploughshares; who cares for us as His children and does not allow a hair of our heads to fall without His will. It spoke much too of the peace which comes to souls that are reconciled to the Church, and by the power of the Church made free of divine grace and eternal forgiveness; and it extolled the beneficence of the Creator who had given us grain for our food, fruit for our refreshment, and flowers for our delight. He might have made all these things painful to us, but He made them pleasant instead; wherefore, praise be to His Name,

He left out of sight the other side of the question—the side which might put forward, as a plea for the rights of man, the elemental fact that, being here, we must live; and as by the law of our physical constitution we live by eating, we must therefore have something to eat. Also he left out of sight the possibility that the Supreme Intelligence which he assumed to magnify, was degraded by rhapsodies of wonder at necessary consequences of certain conditions—as that the earth should bring forth food when all organic nature has to be fed; or that the Benevolence which he assumed to honour was insulted by rhapsodies of gratitude in that life is not rendered more terrible than it is already to so many of us; and that, born as we are without our own consent, into a world of suffering and death, and set in the midst of circumstances which we have not shaped and cannot control, we are not punished yet more severely than we are for the sinless ignorance of our forefathers and the innocent helplessness of ourselves. Nothing of all this was so much as hinted at; and save Ringrove Hardisty, who did not pay much attention to what was being said at all, there was no one in the congregation acute enough to form these thoughts in his own mind, still less to give *them utterance*. So Mr. Lascelles had it all his own way, and his

sermon brought comfort to some and conviction to others, and seemed to all a rational and faithful method of stating the main facts of human life.

Then the vicar ended as abruptly as he had begun; his last words being an exhortation to the people to show themselves worthy of their privileges and grateful for their blessings, by following the commands of the Church in all things:—beginning with punctual attendance at daily matins, and, for such as were fitted to receive the grace, reverent attendance at weekly Early Celebration. Then the rest of the service went on; and the offertory was the largest ever made at Crossholme.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE SACRISTY.

WHEN the service was over Mr. Lascelles gave notice that any of his parishioners who wished to speak to him—about their souls—would find him in the sacristy for an hour from that time, or for so much longer as he might be wanted. This too was a fitting occasion for the thin edge, and he wished to gently insinuate it before he drove home the wedge with what he meant should prove to be irresistible force. He knew human nature so well! and he knew that when the senses have been stirred, as now, hearts are softened, consciences are awakened, and the reason is sent to sleep with fear, caution, and distrust. And as he intended to establish confession as a practice of faith and duty, he thought he might as well begin with the alphabet to-day.

He had already told Hermione and the Churchlands family what he intended to do, so far as receiving his parishioners in the sacristy after service went; but he did not say even to them that he intended this as the beginning of weekly confession. He had merely asked Theresa to come in to him when service should be over; and to Hermione he had said, with friendly meaning and a graceful kind of partiality:—

“Do you come the last of all, dear Mrs. Fullerton. Wait until the rest have gone and then come in.”

The prospect of this private conference had a little disturbed the devotions of both these ladies. Perhaps it would be better to say, it had heightened their fervour but distorted the direction. The vicar and the Almighty were getting sadly entangled in their minds, the

one for love and the other for authority, and to obey Mr. Lascelles was to both perilously synonymous with obeying God; which was exactly the state of mind that he wished to produce.

The first however to go into the quondam vestry, and present sacristy, was Adam Bell, the sharp, keen-witted chandler of the village. He went, he said, in great mental distress and some perplexity. He could not rest, he continued, drawing down the corners of his mouth like a man who has a secret grief which he is about to disclose, until he had discharged his conscience and told the vicar how things were going in the parish;—also, until he had confessed manfully his own share of the blame in having gone to hear one whose teaching was so outlandish and full of harm. He then gave a clever but inexact account of Mr. Fullerton's lecture the night before last; which he translated as an invitation to men to take life easy and make the best of the sunshine when it comes, and not bother themselves with the idea that this is wrong and that disallowed by God, for there is no such thing as right or wrong anyway, and God is only a name put forth by the priests to frighten folk into submission. And then he professed himself uneasy in his mind, and indeed he might say penitent, for having listened to such blasphemy. So long as Mr. Fullerton had confined himself to telling them a few plain facts about stones and gases, bones and crystals, he said, he had been glad to listen to him and learn from him; but when he touched sacred things, then he, Adam Bell, parted company with him, and would go no more to hear him.

The keen eyes glancing here and there restlessly, furtively, never looking straight into the face that looked straight enough at him, told their own miserable tale, and condemned the would-be penitent as a renegade, as he had been a spy from the beginning. Mr. Lascelles, no longer looking down with that affected humility, that artificial reticence which was one of his professional tricks, but fixing his eyes boldly on the mean and crafty face before him, took the measure of the man who thus offered himself for his service, and appraised him at his true value. The vicar was not one to be easily deceived, however smooth in speech and careful he might be not to show distrust. Men whose object in life is to use others and to make all things subserve a settled plan, seldom are easily taken in. But Adam Bell's treachery and ratting pleased him as a sign of what he at least thought of the way in which things were going, and what was to be the dominant rule of the parish. It was a straw; but straws are good indicators of the quarter whence the wind blows; and the *Crossholme* chandler served this turn as well as any other.

He showed nothing however of the contempt that he felt; but thanking Adam gravely for his information, said a few words of priestly exhortation, perhaps more friendly than priestly, and then ended the interview a little abruptly. The farce was too transparent to need lengthening out; and Mr. Lascelles, though he did not disdain to use his office as a lever, did not like to degrade it by humbug that was confessed and palpable—besides having the disdain of the gentleman for the trickiness of a cur. He could do dishonourable things on his own account when need be, but he was always the gentleman even when he did; he was right then to disdain the trickiness of a cur!

When Adam Bell went, Aunt Catherine came in with the story of her dream; wanting dear Superior to confirm her in her belief that it was a true vision—an actual spiritual occurrence—and that henceforth she might look upon herself as Chosen and a bride. But Mr. Lascelles would not go all the way with her.

“Before confession and absolution?” he demurred; “while still so young in the practices of the Church?—not having attained the counsels of perfection? I should be inclined, dear Miss Molyneux, to accept it rather as a picture of the possible future when you shall have taken still higher rank in the world of grace, and have learnt more thoroughly the mind of the Church and how to obey her ordinances.”

It was a hard blow to the poor little woman. Religion had been to her a very charming and a very flattering drama wherein she had her part to play, with saints and angels and Divine personages all round for her comrades. She had no idea of creeping painfully up steep places and walking humbly on the lower levels. She held to sudden conversions and souls snatched up, like so many Elijahs, straight from earth to heaven, without the necessity of middle terms of striving and discipline. She cried a good deal when Mr. Lascelles blew down her house of holy cards, and made her understand that she was still in the dark ages of comparative ignorance, and still had much to do and far to go before she should be accepted as she believed she had already been.

But tears or not, it was what he had to teach and she to learn. For though his object was to excite and warm the imaginations and affections of his people to the wildest extremes, they must all be under discipline—all be under the guidance and control of the Church, without whose permission there could be no visions or spiritual marriages, no dreaming of divine dreams or spiritual camping out in high latitudes. Aunt Catherine had gone too fast. She

must be checked; taught the duty of humility and obedience; and sent to the bottom of the class, with hope only, not fulfilment.

"Learn the will of God through the Church: practise faithfully your duties, dear Miss Molyneux; and what has been only a vision now will become a reality. But you have something to learn yet, and something to do; and one of the first necessities for such grace as your loving soul desires is confession—with priestly absolution to follow. There are many, many more essentials;—works of corporal mercy to perform; works of spiritual mercy to fulfil; fasting, abstinence, and absolute obedience; counsels of perfection to attain. Heaven is not won by a *coup de main*, dear lady, and the strait gate which leads to the narrow way is not to be carried by assault. I am sorry to distress you, but my duty as your priest bids me destroy your hope."

"I will obey you in all things," sobbed poor Aunt Catherine in her humiliation. "Nothing will be too hard for me to do if I can but make my dream of last night true. Oh, it was so good to feel safe and accepted!"

"Take it as a prevision—a state to be attained after diligent endeavour, and something for which to live and strive," said Mr. Lascelles.

And Aunt Catherine, with a crushed mien and a sore heart, said "Thank you" gratefully, and still weeping left the vestry, a poorer woman by many degrees than when she entered.

She was not the only penitential Niobe whom Mr. Lascelles received in his sacristy this day. Theresa, broken with hysterical emotion, in the depths of spiritual despair—because of what?—her realization of sin, she thought to herself, poor innocent girl of twenty-two; she, who had never done harm to human being, nor even come to the knowledge of the forces which stirred her!—feeling lost and abandoned by God and all good angels, and only yearning to be taken into the arms of some strong Saviour who should guard her from herself and from evil alike—poured out her flood of self-accusation, of self-betrayal, as she knelt at the vicar's feet and wept out the passion of her love disguised as sorrow for her soul's sin.

He understood it all. He was forty years of age, and he had not made the study of the human heart, and above all of the female heart, his chief care in vain. He read her like an open book, as he had read some others before now; and smiled at the poor little transparent subterfuge with which she hid the truth from herself and turned it full to the light for him. Here was no need of grave admonition to curb the too ambitious flight of a vain and somewhat silly spirit; here were needed precious balms that would heal, not *caustic that should eat out the proud flesh starting so mischievously*

to the surface. But they must be balms administered gently and sparingly; balms that should soothe but not nourish—that should still keep the sight enchanted as with the old-time dwellers in fairy-land, but not give the power of showing to the world that she had the right to see and the claim to speak.

"God is calling you, my child," he said gently. "In your tears He is speaking to you, in your yearning, your despair, you are feeling for Him. He will not abandon you; trust to me, your pastor, me, sent to be your guide and leader. Lean on me, child, and I will carry you to the foot of His throne, to the presence and the knowledge of Eternal Life. The Church can do all things, and the priest has power to absolve, to teach, and to save."

"Can I ever be saved, I who am so wicked?" cried Theresa, burying her face in her hands. "I am so full of sin, so abominable altogether."

The faintest smile crossed the vicar's thin lips.

"If you repent and turn away from your wickedness," he said gravely. "Grace is never denied the penitent and faithful."

She lifted her tear-stained agonized face to the light, her large dark feverish eyes looking full into his.

"Can I ever be assured of salvation?" she cried; "shall I ever know the feeling of acceptance?"

He took both her hands in one of his, and with the other smoothed her hair.

"Trust me," he said with grave tenderness; "I will be your pastor in the secret and divine sense, as well as openly by my office. You shall be my soul's care, my child in the Church, my spiritual beloved. Will you not trust me, child, your director and father appointed by the Church to lead you?"

The touch of his long, white, scented hand seemed to act as a charm on her; the word "beloved" sank down like sweetest music into her soul, but music that calmed while it inspired her. The flush did not fade from her cheeks nor the feverish brightness from her eyes, but her tears no longer flowed, and the poor parched lips, pinched and strained before, relaxed into a smile like that of a child in sleep. She looked so tender, so confiding, so innocently impassioned, so slight of frame, so frail of health—there was something in her that was so appealing, so eloquent of suffering and sincerity and love—that the vicar might have been forgiven had he forgotten his priesthood and remembered only his humanity and that marriage is an honourable estate. But he did not. What she felt he knew well enough. He had seen it too often before not to understand every sign of it.

now ; and he meant to make his account of it now as he had done before ; but he himself was neither moved nor warmed, neither disordered nor elated. He was only the vivisector studying phenomena and interpreting symptoms ; only the priest binding his victim to the horns of the altar ; the fisher of men hauling in his net with his prize,

The moment had come when he could clinch all this excitement, and with one blow make it serviceable to his purpose. In a grave and tender but eminently priestly manner he told her what he wished her to do, and framed her answers of confession to his questions of inquisition. Oh, how sweet it was to be thus questioned by him ! to bare her secret soul before him ! to kneel there at his feet and lay her innermost being without veil or disguise in his hands ! to give him that greatest gift which a woman has to bestow—the gift of her spiritual freedom, her self-respect, her reticence, her reserve ! There was no evil deed done of which she had to make shameful confession, as there was no hostile influence at home or in her own heart which he must set himself to overcome. It was only her soul that she had to declare—only her selfhood that she had to yield into his keeping. He questioned her of her waking thoughts and nightly dreams ; he probed now the yearning and now the suffering, to which she gave fancy names that disguised the truth from herself but not from him. When she looked up with her feverishly bright eyes, and said how ardently she longed to realize Christ and feel Him always with her, he stooped his head low to hers and whispered a few words, which seemed to give her all she wanted ; and when she spoke of her spiritual darkness, her loneliness by reason of her consciousness of sin, he assured her of the divine companionship because of the divine love that was around her. Then he gave her absolution, and imposed a few light precious penances—such as prayers and fastings and observances to be followed rather for the sake of the good which lies in acts of obedience than as punishment for her sins. And then he lifted her gently from the ground and pressed her to him—paternally.

Her heart was throbbing wildly, her blood was all on fire, her brain was dizzy with excitement. He was as calm and cool as in his quietest moments.

“You are very, very precious to me,” he said tenderly, but with the same priestly intonation as before. “You are my child, consecrated to my care.”

She clung to him confidingly.

“Thank you,” she said simply.

He stooped his head and kissed her on the forehead. Were not the elect sealed there?

"Now you know," he said, "how dear you are to me, Theresa."

It was the first time that he had called her by her name; and had anything been wanting to complete her deep sense of blessedness it would have been found in the sweet and holy familiarity of this splendid high-priest in the Church of Christ.

"And now you must be good, my child, and show me that you deserve my love, my pastoral care; that you profit by my ministrations, and will not falsify the hope of my heart. We must have no more tears, no more sorrow or hesitation. Your pride has been broken down, and your heart turned to God once and for all time; now, cheerfully and hopefully, follow on the way which the Church marks out, as one of her dearest and most dutiful daughters. Doubt of acceptance, so godly in the beginning—so necessary until you receive grace and pardon by absolution—may become doubt of that grace—disbelief in that pardon; which is a tempting of the devil and to be resisted as much as overweening pride. Do you understand me, Theresa?"

He said these last words gently, caressing her with his hand.

"Yes," said Theresa, in a low voice.

To stand there encircled by those holy arms, resting on that divine breast, was enough for her, so far. She was calmed, consoled, soothed. He had given her the assurance of divine acceptance; why then should she doubt or weep? Was not he her friend? Was not God her Saviour? This harvest festival would stand for ever in her mind as the epoch whence she should date her personal happiness and spiritual peace; and she must for ever connect this beloved priest with her hopes of salvation and her assurance of acceptance.

She lifted her face to him, softened and less disordered than when she had entered. His kiss had been both the seal of her blessedness and the charter of her acceptance. It had transformed her from Magdalen the sinner to Magdalen the saint; but whether sinner or saint, Magdalen the woman who loved. And when, to study the effect for a second time, the vicar pressed her to him as tenderly as before, and again laid his cold thin lips on her forehead, she felt as if she had been taken bodily into heaven, where some supreme archangel had received her.

All life had a different significance for her, all human feeling other issues than she had ever known before, as she left the sacristy and turned into the church still redolent and glowing with the offerings of the time. How cold and tame and meaningless all her other loves had

been, she thought, compared to this her love for the Church and religion! She cast herself on her knees before the altar and prayed with a very passion of yearning, a very ecstasy of thanksgiving, that seemed to draw her soul away from her body and fill it with divine light and life. Heaven seemed to open to her—the majesty and mystery of the Divine were revealed as in a painted picture above the altar. With eyes strained upward, hands clasped and body rigid, she realized one of the ecstatic visions of her namesake, Saint Theresa; and when the sacristan, who was once the clerk, came to do something with the flowers, he found young Miss almost gone, as he told his wife in a voice of awe; and if so be as Madam Fullerton had not been closeted with the vicar, he would have called him out to help; he did not add—to look at his own sorry work.

And now there was Hermione with whom Mr. Lascelles had to deal. She was both more manageable and less dangerous than Theresa—more profitable, too; though he hoped to make the Churchlands family profitable enough to the cause before he had done with them; but she had to be handled in a different manner from that which best suited the girl. It was more subtle play with her, and an enemy to be fought through her;—another set of feelings altogether to be manipulated, and love to be craftily gained for ulterior ends, not love already gained to be soothed for fear of danger. What a sense of power all these women gave him! How weak they were! how contemptible, and yet how interesting!

Mr. Lascelles was gracious, courteous, unexcited, but tenderly alive to the grace of this visit and the social importance as well as the personal charm of the visitor—as much the gentleman as the priest—when Mrs. Fullerton came in, as he had desired, the last of all. It was late now; long past the usual luncheon-time at the Abbey—that house of unbroken regularity and monotonous sameness of habit—but Mr. Lascelles was glad that again to-day the antagonism between him and her husband should be shown clearly, and that Richard should see for himself which was the stronger of the two.

At first Hermione, still in her wilful, reckless mood, had also been glad to put this little affront on her husband. He deserved punishment at her hands and she was not sorry to humiliate him—so far—and to show him that she cared no more for him than he for her; and that if he did not think it worth while to strain a point for her pleasure, neither would she inconvenience herself for his. But as time wore on she began to relent. Opposition, like independence, was so new to her, so foreign to her nature—and she had loved

Richard so much, and she once believed that he had loved her also so much, before he had become a philosopher and a sceptic! She did not want to hurt him really; and she knew that this break in the home habits, for such reasons as she had to give, would hurt him. Besides, she was getting hungry for her own part, and she was annoyed that Theresa Molyneux had stayed so long with the vicar. It was not nice, she thought; and she wondered at Superior—whom however, being annoyed, she called mentally Mr. Lascelles—for allowing this long interview, which was a kind of slight on her own claims. So that altogether she had somewhat veered in her feelings since the benediction, and came in looking a little sulky and undeniably dignified. At a glance Mr. Lascelles took in the change, and understood the ruffled state of her feeling for him, which of course meant corresponding smoothness towards her husband.

"I am so sorry that you have had to wait so long," he said with his best breeding, placing her in a chair opposite to him.

No kneeling penitent pouring out her love as confession of sin was this fair creature—as yet—but just a lady of the parish consulting him, the vicar, on parochial matters.

"It is very late. I do not know what they will say at home," said Hermione gravely.

"I will not keep you long, but indeed I must have a word with you to-day," said Mr. Lascelles, more gravely, looking at her intently.

She looked up half frightened at his air and manner. What was amiss? What had he to say that called forth a tone so full of menaced danger?

"I am afraid that I shall have to mar the perfectness of this blessed day to you, Mrs. Fullerton," he began; "but the cross laid on us to bear must be carried at all costs, and there is no happiness in a false peace."

"What has happened?" she asked, turning pale.

"More than I dare trust myself to speak of, save in generals," he answered. "But I must tell you so much: that your husband's lectures, dear Mrs. Fullerton, are simply the scandal and the sin of the parish."

"I know how dreadful his opinions are!" she cried nervously. "But I can do nothing! I am helpless to prevent them! He will not listen to me—I have no influence over him, and he will go his own way, whatever I may say!"

Mr. Lascelles, still looking at her narrowly, thought to himself: "How much will she bear?"—he must feel his way cautiously, if boldly.

"He is the curse of the place," he said solemnly. "He is the direct leader of souls to hell."

Hermione shuddered.

"It is dreadful," she said helplessly. "It breaks my heart, and always has, to know that he holds such awful opinions; but what can I do?"

"You cannot stop him?" he asked. "If I were to tell you what he said the night before last, I think you would be ready to take almost any steps that I might recommend to check this awful flood of blasphemy and sin which he pours out in that place of yours. To men too ignorant to understand even his few paltry facts in natural science he preaches license to sin—for there is no God and no hereafter; and laughs at all but human law and human knowledge, ridiculing justice and mercy together—denying God and Satan in one. It is an awful state of things, Mrs. Fullerton, and the responsibility rests on you as well as on him; for, though you are his wife, you are the owner of the estate."

She did not quite take in his meaning.

Tears gathered into her eyes.

"Yes, I am his wife," she said; "but he is the master. And though I know how wickedly he thinks on matters that are dear and sacred to everyone else—yet he is so good in himself!" she added; her heart turning back to him as her consciousness of his faithful love and noble intentions compelled her to defend him. She acknowledged his blameworthiness; he was an infidel, a sinner, the denier of all that she held dear—but "he is so good," was the truth as well.

"How can you call that good which is in direct hostility to Christianity and the Church?" said Mr. Lascelles more sternly than he had ever spoken to Hermione Fullerton before. "This is indeed preferring the creature to the Creator—saying to evil, 'Be thou my good!'"

"I do not think he means to do harm," she said apologetically, frightened at the vicar's manner.

"And he succeeds in doing more—of greater extent and of graver consequences—than any man ever known to me in person," he replied. "Not one of the most infamous men of history—not Voltaire, nor Rousseau, nor Paine—not one of the whole tribe of Judas, crucifying Christ afresh as they did, was a more blasphemous infidel than is your husband, or did more awful mischief to the immortal souls of the men with whom they came in contact."

"What is to be done?" she cried in a despairing voice.

It was hard on her to have the brightness of the day darkened by such a terrible vision, such a fearful parallel; and poor Richard, wicked as he was, had once been so sweet and dear!

Mr. Lascelles, still looking at her, thought again: "Is the time ripe?"

"You are mistress. Your husband is only your agent," he said slowly.

"He is master in reality," she answered. "I have no power."

"You can have it if you will," he said, still watching her.

She sighed. "Things have gone on too long as they are, and I could not change them now even if I wished," she said. "I should like to have some things different from what they are; and yet—I could not do anything to really hurt him—angry as I am with him!" she added; her old love for him overmastering her for the moment.

Mr. Lascelles was silent. His nostrils quivered and his thin lips curled, but he put force on himself and said nothing. No: the time was not yet ripe; but it would come. As sure as to-morrow's sun would rise it would come, and that Dagon of sin and infidelity would be overthrown. After a time he spoke, quietly, and almost monotonously in voice and manner, but with what he wished her to understand as disappointment and sadness.

"In this case you must come out publicly," he said. "You must let it be patent to the world that you do not share your husband's blasphemous enmity to revealed religion—his diabolical hostility to the Church, that ark of man's salvation. You must separate your action from his, and show the world that you are faithful if he has made himself a castaway."

"That is only my duty," said Hermione relieved. "Tell me how I can best prove to the world that I am a Christian, and I will do it," she added fervently, a little carried out of herself.

"I will tell you," he said in his high-priestly manner. "It is not difficult;—Undertake the restoration of the whole church in your own name. This will do something to neutralize the fearful mischief worked by your husband in the parish and on your own estate."

She gave a little gasp.

"That will be costly," she said.

"About ten thousand pounds," he answered with indifference.

"We might get it done for eight, but I think it will come to ten if it is done as I wish."

She looked distressed. She was the most generous woman in the world by nature—and the least conscious of the value of money,

but she was startled at the sum named ; for her husband's sake, not her own.

"I scarcely know if Richard will consent," she said in extreme embarrassment.

"I do not see that his consent is necessary," said Mr. Lascelles, holding his head high. "You are the person to be consulted, not he. You are the Lady of the Manor, the lay rector ; you receive the great tithes, which ought to belong to the church, and hold the estate which was once the church's property—taken from God for man. It is your affair entirely, and I do not recognize Mr. Fullerton's share in the matter."

"Yes, I know," she said, looking down, embarrassed, ill at ease, set between two fires and burned by both. "But if we cannot really give so much money? When I asked for my allowance a little while ago, Richard said that our income and expenditure exactly met, and stipulated that I should pay my own milliner ; so that if there is not money enough, what is to be done?"

"For the sake of God's house and His glory, cannot you make some little personal sacrifice?" asked Mr. Lascelles eagerly;—"put down a carriage?—a horse or two?—a servant here and there?—or, if necessary, sell your jewels, your silver? Or, cannot you make your husband close that devil's shop of his, that reading-room, built on your own ground and maintained at some cost, as we all know? Say the restoration of the church will be ten thousand pounds ;—that is five hundred a year given to the Lord and snatched from the propagation of infidelity. I cannot believe that you will hesitate, Mrs. Fullerton."

The vicar spoke sternly and strongly. It was like a heavy hand laid on the pretty gentle creature's shoulder.

"If only my husband would!" she sighed again, looking up, appealing against his strength in mercy to her weakness.

"Then take back your lapsed rights and deal with your own property according to your own sense of duty," he cried irritated.

She drew back.

"He is my husband," she said with a frightened glance to the door.

"Well! you must use your own discretion—perhaps wily caresses and cajolings will do what you desire," said Mr. Lascelles with almost brutal contempt: "and if these fail"—he shrugged his shoulders expressively—"one means of grace will be shut off from you and one occasion of testifying! I shall not be the sufferer, nor will the church," he went on to say with a certain indifference of manner that galled her more than all the rest. "I have asked your co-operation

first, as my inclination and the respect due to your position in the parish prompted, but if you cannot or will not!"—he shrugged his shoulders again and beat his finger-tips lightly on the table. "The chancel is your own property, and that you must restore," he continued; "and what else you refuse the Molyneuxs will accept. They have asked to be allowed to make liberal restitution to the House of God which their ancestors defrauded and despoiled. And I have promised to give them all that you reject."

"At least the chancel is my own property. They cannot interfere there," said Hermione with a deep flush.

"Of course, I know that; have I not just said so?" he answered unpleasantly. "To restore it in harmony with the rest of the church is not only your duty, but your obligation—your legal obligation," he repeated. "What I wanted was that you should undertake the whole of the church, leaving to us the windows and organ. It would be cheering to me personally if you came forward prominently, unmistakably, as one of my supporters here in this uphill fight. And what joy it would be to my soul to think of your name as handed down in everlasting protest against the sin which else is committed under its sanction and upheld by your fortune—sin which is indelible here and hereafter, and which will be brought against you, as the accomplice, at the Last Great Day!"

She shuddered.

"If only Richard would!" she repeated quivering.

He rose from his chair, and stood towering above her.

"You make your marriage idolatrous," he said sternly. "Your infidel husband, whom you should spurn from you as a viper—as a child of hell—stands nearer to you than your God, than your Saviour. This is not love, it is idolatry!" he repeated.

There was nothing of the courtly courteous gentleman about him now. He had risen to the height of his office and was the inquisitor who probed, the priest who condemned, not the admiring friend who now flattered and now consoled, now gently directed and now fervently rewarded. Never in her life before had she been spoken to as now. She, the petted plaything of her father, the tenderly adored of her husband—if once passionately and now gravely, yet always tenderly!—she to be held as it were by a torturer, a master, an executioner! Appalled, terrified, she shrank within herself at the stern voice, the attitude full of spiritual menace, the words that passed so terrible a sentence on her.

"Have I no power consigned to me by God?" he went on to say, speaking more rapidly but no less severely. "Have I no authority

as your priest, your spiritual director? You know that I have! You dare not look up and defy me. And here, in this holy place, I command you in the name of God to obey me. I, your priest, order you to undertake this work as your tribute to the Church, your offering to our Lord! Let it bring what discord it will into that unblest house of yours—that is not my affair, nor should it be yours, in the face of your greater duty. What is mine is to enforce your obedience; what yours, to give it!”

Hermione sat there paralyzed, overcome with terror and dismay. It was like some terrible dream—some awful vision. She did not recognize the man whose grace and subtle flattery had touched her imagination and stirred the long-stagnant waters of romance. He was a new impersonation; but something still more compelling, still less to be resisted than the former.

She turned away her face sobbing with terror. They were sobs that had no tears in them, but were just inarticulate cries of fear. The vestry seemed to grow dark as night; the radiant earth and help of men to be shut out from her for ever; God was no longer a loving Father to be approached with gladness, trust, love, but a stern and implacable Judge, denouncing and condemning her by the mouth of this his high-priest. The vicar's form seemed to dilate to more than human stature, his eyes to burn into her soul, as if they had been flames of fire. All the foolish sinful thoughts that had ever passed through her mind, all the foolish sinful things that she had ever done in wilfulness or ignorance, came back on her memory in one great flood of spiritual remorse and shame. She felt as if the man standing there before her could read the whole unsatisfactory story of her life, which terror and exaltation exaggerated into crime, deepened into spiritual apostasy and wickedness that could not be forgiven.

“Have mercy!” she sobbed, shrinking together in her fear.

Did she pray to him or to God? She could not have said which, for at that moment the two were one, and the vicar was God impersonate.

“Kneel!” said Mr. Lascelles in a deep voice, lifting her from the chair as he had lifted Theresa from the ground, but instead of taking her to his arms forcing her to her knees. And scarcely knowing what she did or where she was, the wife of Richard Fullerton, the free-thinker, the pronounced enemy of the Church, the confessed agnostic knowing nothing where others formulate all, knelt at the vicar's feet, and, led by him, made her first broken pitiful confession.

When she arose from her knees she had promised three things:—*one that she would publicly defray at her sole cost the restoration of*

the church; another that she would obey all the rules of discipline which he, the vicar—her Director now—might enjoin on her—her husband willing or unwilling; and the third that she would confess to him weekly, here in the sacristy, to be directed according to the will of the Church and for the best welfare of her own soul. But this last matter was to be kept as yet a profound secret from every one. In return for all which promises he gave her absolution, and assured her of eternal forgiveness and his own deep sympathy, affection, and esteem.

CHAPTER XII.

DEFEATED.

THE vicar had been some months now at Crossholme, but he had accepted no social invitations of ceremony; nothing beyond a family dinner at Churchlands when they were quite alone, or a quiet cup of afternoon tea with other favoured members of his flock. Invitations to formal dinners had poured in as matters of course, but all had been refused; and notwithstanding the relations existing between the Vicarage and the Abbey, with as much stiffness there as elsewhere. Perhaps indeed with more; breaking bread with an infidel of Richard's uncompromising type not being much in the line of a man who, whatever else he might be, was at least as sincere in his faith as he was earnest to obtain influence.

He had said this one day with bold disdain when Hermione had asked him timidly why he would not come? Of late his disdain had been getting even bolder. As his power over the wife increased, the thin film of consideration that he had had for her husband—for policy—grew thinner and thinner; and once he said, speaking generally, that he looked on an infidel as a kind of outlaw, one who had put himself as far beyond the pale of personal courtesies as he was beyond that of the Christian communion, and whom it was lawful to fight with any weapon that might lie handy.

A short time however after the Harvest Festival with its memorable results and unfinished dramas, the vicar said to Hermione pleasantly, that he wished she would ask him to meet General Sir Augustus and Lady Maine. Sir Augustus had just been appointed commandant to the garrison at Starton; and Lady Maine was his superior officer. "She might make a grand affair of it if she liked," he added still more pleasantly, and in the way of one conferring an

obligation. "He would like to meet the Maines first under her roof," he continued, "feeling for her what he did. Others he knew were preparing to make up dinner-parties for this purpose ; but would she not take precedence?"

Mr. Lascelles had the oddest way possible of taking little liberties of this kind with his friends. He held his flock as a band whereof he was the head ; a little knot of holy communists whose goods he could administer and whose actions he could command in his quality of Superior. And acting on these assumptions he said what from others would have been unwarrantable impertinence so frankly, so simply, with such a lofty unconsciousness that he could possibly give offence, such a pleasant faith in human kindness, so much trust in the loyal docility of his chosen band, that no one thought of being offended ;—and women indeed liked his small freedoms ; received them as spiritual caresses ; and thought themselves favoured in proportion to the extent to which he carried them. Even had not Hermione begun her life of absolute submission in confession she would still have accepted this proposal as a proof of friendship and goodwill. As things were it was a grace for which she was bound to feel grateful.

Her face brightened with joy as she said prettily :

"I am so glad—thank you, Superior!" then added—"I will ask my husband what day will suit him and write the notes this evening."

Mr. Lascelles smiled. It was not quite the same kind of smile as before. That pretty woman's foolish obedience—idolatrous submission rather! he thought angrily—to that infidel husband of hers still so strong in her, despite his own undeniable influence over her, always irritated him when shown. It was a delicate thing for a Director, a priest believing in St. Paul, to teach wifely rebellion ; but this obstructive loyalty to an atheist, this habitual deference to a son of perdition, was unrighteous ; and, come what might, it should be broken down.

"You are without exception the most obedient wife whom it has ever been my lot to meet," he said with that unmistakable touch of sarcasm in the voice by which words of praise are made into sentences of condemnation. "You are the perfection of conjugal submission ! In general the lady of the house manages all these little social matters for herself, without consulting her husband, and often without heeding his convenience. It comes hard sometimes on men who are greatly occupied, but to one like Mr. Fullerton, without engagements or outside duties, it would not much signify. The

greater marvel of self-effacing sweetness the greater perfectness of conjugal submission in you !”

“ I know that I am very weak,” said Hermione, with a nervous laugh and heightened colour, “ but it has grown into a habit. It would seem quite strange were I to arrange anything whatever without first consulting my husband.”

“ I can understand that, married so young as you were,” said Mr. Lascelles, with a certain grand air of liberality and comprehension which he was accustomed to put on when he meant to give a blow ; “ and yet,” smiling, “ you have already broken through your habit of deference in one or two things of late. I fancy he has not been consulted on that question of confirmation for our child, of which we spoke yesterday; and I am sure that he understands nothing of the place which you hold with me—and I with you. He does not know that I am your Director and that you are my penitent and precious charge.”

“ Of course not,” said Hermione a little confused. “ He knows nothing of my religious life, nor shall he. He would only exasperate me by his infidelity, and make things difficult for Virginia.”

“ And the free will, under direction, which you have exercised in one thing it would be better on all accounts if you carried into others,” said Mr. Lascelles. “ Witness that private income which was one of the first matters on which I advised you—and witness the divine peace that has come to you since your reconciliation with God and your acceptance into the living body of the Church.”

“ Yes,” said Hermione in a low voice, her eyes filling with tears.

She did not feel much at peace, but if Superior said she was, she supposed that he was right; still, if she were really so happy as he said, why those ready tears ?

“ You see, dear Mrs. Fullerton,” he continued, drawing a little nearer to her, and taking her soft small hand in his, “ you have now by your side a daughter—our sweet child—whose mind you have to train, in part, and for whose soul you are chiefly responsible. Is it well, think you, for her to see this complete self-effacement of the mother in favour of the father—the mother a believer and the father an infidel? For her sake you ought to show more character and stand out against the tyranny of your husband with more boldness of protest. The effect of things as they are cannot be quite wholesome for her.”

Hermione looked down disturbed. She was discontented with her husband—truly—but after all, more superficially than openly, so far at least as things had gone. What they might grow into was another

matter. And she was strongly, powerfully fascinated by Mr. Lascelles; displeased with the infidelity of the one and out of sympathy with the main direction of his character, while led away by the doctrine and authority of the other. But between displeasure, more vague than positive, and taking such independent action openly as would lead to pain and trouble at home, was a wide step; and she did not feel quite strong enough for it, yet. She was glad to be flattered personally and petted spiritually by Mr. Lascelles; to confess and be absolved; to complain and be soothed; to be reminded of her dignities and consoled with on her undesigned wrongs; to be made to feel that she was a suffering saint for truth's sake, and an oppressed wife, whose very virtues had been turned into weapons of offence and causes of humiliation; to be idealized to herself and set in graceful poses before a moral mirror. All this was delightful, and gave her life new colour and her days a new romance. But to openly affront her husband was not in the programme, and would only complicate matters. Still, Mr. Lascelles had a strong will; and she had given him the one hair which was to be his purchase over all the rest.

He saw her hesitation.

"Forgive me," he said, with a rapid change of manner—a manner that conveyed the impression of being wounded by her want of trust, and a determination not to cross the boundary line again; to be never anything more than the priest and ghostly director. His personal friendship was not appreciated, and for the future he would know how to guard himself from rebuff. Reticence was easier to him than undertaking an ungrateful task, and so she should find. "Forgive me. I ought not to take it upon myself to advise you in temporal matters. It is only my deep sympathy with you—my sorrow for the undeserved trials and sufferings of your life—my desire to see your wrongs righted and your noble nature allowed free scope; only my intense admiration and deep affection for one so cruelly circumstanced and so deserving of all homage, that makes me overstep the barriers of conventional restraint. But I will not do it again. It displeases you."

"No, no, indeed not, dear Superior!" said poor Hermione warmly. "I am more grateful to you than I can say for your advice. It is always so good and wise. It seems to me that you are the only sincere friend I have ever had in my life. You are what my brother would have been if I had had one!"

She looked at him with innocent lovingness.

"I am more than that," he answered fervently, kindling at her glance, and pressing her hand more warmly. "I am your father in

the Church," he added in another tone, drawing himself away and letting her hand fall, while he loosened the band round his throat, as he saw the fair face flush and the pretty dark blue eyes droop like a girl's. "Am I not your Director?"

"Yes," said Hermione, after a pause. She felt as if she had just had a shower-bath. And she did not like shower-baths.

"Then you do really wish me to be your worldly adviser outside my spiritual functions?" continued Mr. Lascelles, after another rather long silence between them, again taking her hand.

She raised her eyes to his face. "Yes," she said, with a certain controlled intensity that let him see into her heart. "You are the only disinterested friend that I have, and it is my duty to obey you."

"You are right!" he said passionately. "Right in your obedience, and in your belief in my pure disinterestedness of affection. I am your friend and your only one! Well!" more briskly, as if shaking off a dangerous feeling, "let me continue in my pleasant task of advising you in all things; and let me begin with the little affair of the dinner. I am to dine with you to meet the Maines? Good. Now, say when. You know quite well that it is your duty to make these arrangements. Now," raising his hand playfully, "no excuses. Exercise your own free will, your own right as mistress of the house, and say now at once when it shall be. I tell you frankly, I will accept only your invitation. As I said once before to you, no power on earth should make me cross the threshold of the Abbey were it not that it is your house. The place where the enemy of the Church weaves his accursed plots for the ruin of men's souls and the destruction of our own dear Mother is no place for a minister of Christ!"

"I can understand that," said Hermione dejectedly. "It must be dreadful for you!"

"No, not while you and our child are there—not if I go by your own sole invitation. You see, I look on you as the personage and your husband as your unfortunate appendage; you are the substance and he is the accident. But this is reversed if you put the power over everything into his hands, and make him the chief while you are the subordinate. Then, indeed, I could not accept the Abbey hospitality. Do you not understand me, dear child?"

"Yes," said Hermione, flattered but inwardly frightened.

"Good again! When then shall our grand dinner come off?" he asked laughingly.

"When you like," she answered. "Fix the day yourself; all are alike to me."

"Let me see—to-day is Saturday," he said musingly.

"Shall I say next Friday?—but that is scarcely long enough," asked the graceless creature.

He smiled.

"Friday?" he repeated, arching his eyebrows. "A fast-day? I never go out on Friday!"

She blushed in confusion.

"Of course not! How stupid of me to forget," she said, as if Friday fasting had been part of the ordinary consideration of her life. "When then?" nervously.

"Not Friday, because it is fast-day; not Saturday, because it is Sunday eve. Next Monday or Tuesday week," he answered.

"Let it be Tuesday," she returned innocently. "Monday is Richard's lecture night."

Mr. Lascelles suddenly stiffened. His lips went into a thin straight line, and his nostrils quivered like those of a fretted horse.

"I am afraid this is the only day that I can give you," he said coldly. "Now that I think of it, Tuesday is impossible. It must be Monday or not at all."

"But what can we do about my husband's lecture?" asked Hermione in genuine embarrassment. She was beginning to find her new master's hand a little heavy.

"It is simple enough," said Mr. Lascelles with cold contempt. "He must choose between his duties as a host and a gentleman and this lecture; from the blasphemy of which it would be a mercy that the misguided men who listen to him should be saved if only for once!"

"Yes, it would," she answered helplessly.

"Then I am to consider myself engaged for Monday week, provided the Maines and the rest can come?" he asked, his eyes glittering.

"Certainly; with pleasure," answered Hermione, hers drooping and her heart as heavy as lead, though she did her best to speak cheerfully.

He smiled his superior smile. "What a weak, pretty creature it was!" he thought; but all the more valuable for his purpose. She was the battle-ground on which the duel *à outrance*, that had already begun between himself and that godless infidel, had to be fought out:—and so far he was content, for so far he had had the advantage.

"And you will write the notes this evening—without taking counsel of your husband?" said Mr. Lascelles.

She hesitated, and turned helplessly in her chair.

"I count on your fidelity to your promise and attention to my wishes. Remember what I have said. If Mr. Fullerton were to ask me to his house I would refuse to go. It is as your guest only that I consent to appear—only because this dinner is yours, not his. You understand, my child?" He spoke quietly but strongly. He wanted her to feel that he was in earnest.

"Yes—I will do as you tell me; I promise," said Hermione, yielding finally to the pressure put on her. "I will arrange it as you wish, dear Superior. Perhaps it will be better after all!"

"You are very sweet and good—you are the perfection of the kind of woman whom men most appreciate!" said Mr. Lascelles, with more warmth of admiration than he had hitherto shown; and Hermione, blushing like a girl, felt half ashamed and half elated at the praise of this handsome man, her spiritual Director.

Soon after this, Virginia and Sister Agnes came into the room where the two were sitting, skirting so cleverly by dangerous places, like skaters shooting over thin ice. They came from the Sister's private oratory, where the girl had been making her simple "statement of thoughts and feelings" which the Sister was careful not to call confession, and receiving advice which she was as careful not to call spiritual direction; but which advice included, among other things, a recommendation to be very sweet and even tender to Ringrove Hardisty whom it was essential to win over, and very sorrowful and reticent, and even cold, to that father who must be beaten with many stripes till the offending Adam was whipped out of him, for the good of his immortal soul tortured in his humanity through his paternal love, that his spirit might be cleansed and redeemed. These confidences and directions from the Sister were in preparation for the graver confession to the vicar, which, with public confirmation, had to come when Virginia and Hermione should be judged strong enough in the faith to take an independent line without wavering—trusted to stand out publicly—the one against the father and the other against the husband. As yet—the wife, at least, was not to be wholly counted on.

Hermione rose as the Sister entered and went to meet her with a certain conscious confusion and rather excessive affectionateness. She had walked up from the church with Mr. Lascelles after weekly confession to him in the sacristy—the fourth now; and she was a little fluttered, as is natural, when a woman has been saying in secret to one man what she would not repeat to all—when a wife has been receiving praises and assurances of friendship and sympathy which she would not care that her husband should know of—and when one

whose life should be clear as crystal and informed by duty rather than sentiment, has been mingling religion and romance, secrecy and spiritual philandering in one sweet dangerous cup together. These weekly confessionals were fast becoming the charm of Hermione's life. Had Mr. Lascelles not been a priest, one might have said the probable ruin as well as the present charm. As it was, her fair face was flushed, and her blue eyes were softer, darker, more humid than in general, and she caressed the Sister in voice and manner with the instinctive hypocrisy of one who wishes to disarm suspicion and divert attention.

"Superior has been kind enough to promise to dine with us on Monday week," she said, holding the cold thin hand warmly clasped in hers.

Sister Agnes looked at her brother with a charming smile.

"He does not often go into the world," she said. "You ought to think yourselves specially honoured"—that silky smile still fixed and unchanging on her face.

"Yes," answered Hermione, having nothing else to say, but saying this prettily and looking at Mr. Lascelles with docile eyes; while Virginia, stealing her arm round the Sister, pressed her waist lovingly, proud and happy at the prospect of seeing, on a fixed day more than a week hence, this spiritual Zeus whom she knew that she should see every day in the interim, as had been the rule for some time past now. But, then, this spiritual Zeus was *her* brother; and Virginia was essentially in love with the Sister, and was happy failing the substance in the shadow.

The girl had to do penance for this little bit of effusiveness. Sister Agnes was a secret kind of person, and did not approve of "showing one's feelings," as she used to say. And she was an extremely cold woman as well, and easily bored by demonstrations of affection. She was sweet and caressing in manner—or rather in the tone of her voice, in the turn of her head, in her smile; but it was only manner. It went no farther than voice and smile, the bending of her small head and the curve of her long thin throat; and more was repulsive to her. So when next the Fullertons went to the Vicarage to work for the Church, the Sister placed Virginia by Aunt Catherine in the window, and enjoined on her sympathy with that silly creature's spiritual experiences—which a profane person might have called senseless maunderings.

It was not a pleasant moment for Hermione when she had to tell her husband what she had done. In spite of all the dissatisfaction which had been growing steadily, if silently, for some years now—

though she had diligently cherished a deep displeasure against him since his refusal to join in the Harvest Festival—and notwithstanding the influence which Mr. Lascelles was gaining over her and the strong fascination that he had for her—the habit of love for her husband was a powerful element in her life still, and she did not enjoy the thought of paining him. And she knew that this arrangement, meant as an affront to him as it was, would pain him. He would reason himself into tranquillity again after a time; but the first moments would be bitter, and she dreaded giving the wound. But it had to be done. She herself had feathered the arrow, and now she herself must plant it.

“Richard,” she said, when they were alone in her dressing-room that evening, after the maid had left her ready for dinner, while waiting there, as they always did, for the gong, “We ought to ask Sir Angus and Lady Maine to meet Mr. Lascelles. We ought to give a large dinner-party.”

“I suppose we ought,” he said with an involuntary sigh.

There was a wound deep down in his heart which the vicar’s name chafed. He would not acknowledge to himself that the fight between them was being carried on in his own house, with his wife and daughter for the stakes. He insisted in his own mind that it was all impersonal, and on purely intellectual grounds; and that if Hermione had become a little warped, and Virginia somewhat too warmly won, it was only a passing phase with each—and that the wife would come back to her best self again soon, very soon, and would bring her daughter with her. Yet the wound was there all the same; and he was like one beginning to stir in an uneasy dream to a painful waking—not wholly asleep nor fully aroused—only dimly conscious of distress now and of anguish to come.

Hermione flamed suddenly, as one whose sacred image is touched with a profane hand.

“Why do you sigh in that manner, Richard?” she asked hastily. “You are not overburdened by society; least of all by that of Mr. Lascelles.”

“It was nothing, my wife. Did I sigh? Perhaps I am tired,” he answered patiently.

“We have not had the vicar once yet to dinner. You need not look at this invitation as such a tremendous infliction!” she said, returning to the charge as her best defence.

“No, no; do not mistake me, dear. I do not make it an infliction,” he said. “Of course we have to ask him—of course—naturally; we could do nothing else. When shall it be?”

"Monday week," said Hermione with a plunge. How her heart beat!

"You forget, my dear; Monday is impossible," he answered. "Monday is my lecture night, and a *dies non* with me at all times. How came you to forget, sweetheart?"

"You must give up your lecture," she said, with a false air of calm conviction.

He looked at her in frank astonishment.

"I could scarcely do that," he said quietly. "For ten years I have never once failed my men, and I should scarcely like to do so now for no better reason than choosing this night, of all the nights in the week, for a dinner-party at home."

"If you have been so regular for all these years, you can afford to disappoint them for once," said Hermione, taking one view of the question.

"Or, put it that if I have accustomed them to rely on me so implicitly, I am not justified in failing them for a caprice," he answered back, taking the other.

"But the vicar has no other night. If he does not come then he cannot come at all," said Hermione, her colour rising.

"In that case it had better not be at all," said Richard coldly. "Ask the rest on some other evening, and let Mr. Lascelles come when he can. I am not disposed to give up my duties that I may conciliate his fancies."

"I think you might consider a little what is due to the clergyman of the parish," said Hermione stiffly.

"Dear wife, are we to open this unprofitable vein?" he answered very gravely but very gently. "As a clergyman Mr. Lascelles stands nowhere with me—you know that as well as I do! As a neighbour and a gentleman only is he recognized in this house."

"Pardon me, Richard—Virginia and I see him as something else," said Hermione, flushing to the roots of her hair. "And I think that both as her mother and the mistress of the house I have some right to consideration—and some right to my own way too. I do not often ask for it."

"You have every right to your own way, my wife; and you have never been refused when you have asked for it," said Richard, speaking as he would have spoken any time these twenty years past, had such a discussion as this been possible between them before their sadly disturbed later days;—that is, speaking with the sense of masterhood—a masterhood that was his by right of mutual love and perfect sympathy, and no more to be questioned in its righteousness.

than that the sun should shine and the earth bring forth her fruits in return.

"You give me my own way when I ask it! You are generous, certainly; considering all things, very generous!" said Hermione with a sneer.

And then her heart smote her. She tried to laugh off her words as if they had been said in jest.

"I mean to be so," said Richard gently, keeping his eyes lowered.

"And now you must give me my own way in this," cried Hermione, passing from her odd ill-temper to the caressing voice and ways which, in spite of everything, came to her more naturally than any other when speaking heart-open to her husband.

He looked at her smiling.

"How can I, wife?" he said. "I will not fail my men for such a ridiculous reason as this. Make your dinner-party on some other day which can include Mr. Lascelles and will not interfere with my arrangements."

"I cannot," she said. "Mr. Lascelles himself fixed Monday week, and I cannot change it now."

"So! it is already arranged?" he said with a sudden flush. "In this case there was no need to consult me. If you have acted of your own free will, wife, why go through the form of asking my consent?"

"I do not think I did ask your consent," said Hermione quickly, up in arms at the word. How sudden her transitions! how uncertain her mood nowadays!

"No? What was it then?" he asked, trying to smile.

"I think I only told you of the fact," she answered with dignity.

"As the mistress of the house I surely have the right to ask my best friend to dinner without the formal consent of my husband. It is a thing which every other married woman does; and I tell you frankly, Richard, I will not submit to your tyranny any longer!"

He did not answer. Indeed for the moment he could not.

"There can be no discussion between you and me, my wife, on your rights," he said, after a troubled pause. "If it pleases you to ask this man—whom you call your best friend, and who is instead your worst enemy; yours and mine and our child's—to ask him every day in the week, you have the right to do so; and if it pleases you to do this without consulting me you have also the right. Our life of harmony and oneness has not been tyranny on my side and enforced submission on yours, but so perfect a welding together that our two wills have been one, needing only one voice to express and

one action to embody. And that voice and action have naturally been mine, because I am the stronger man while you are the weaker and less experienced woman. As soon as there comes to be a divided will—as now by some strange fatality there is—yours has all right; and you will find me the first to recognize it. But this arrangement is not your will—it is Mr. Lascelles'; and to this I do not feel disposed to submit."

"You must, Richard," said Hermione hastily.

"No, wife, I will not," he answered gravely, taking her hand in his. "You have your rights. Exercise them. Ask Mr. Lascelles when and as often as you will; but I also have my duties—rights if you like to call them so—and I will not disappoint my men for the mere whim of one who is the confessed enemy of all that I hold most dear, as I am also the enemy of all that he represents and believes; and who," he added sorrowfully, "has been the occasion of the only serious dissensions which we have had together for the whole of our married lives."

"Then you ought not to hate the Church and religion so much as you do!" said Hermione with a sob, breaking away from the point. "It is your own fault for being such an awful infidel as you are! How can a clergyman be anything but your enemy, especially one as sincere as Mr. Lascelles? If he is true to his own faith, he must abhor yours!"

"Do not let us discuss this part of the question," said Richard quickly. "That would indeed be waste of time."

"Then give way for my sake," she pleaded.

"Do not ask me, dear love. It is not for your sake; I know that too well;—but to flatter a man whom I dislike, on an occasion which, contemptible as it is, he has chosen as the test of his power. Come! dry those dear eyes. I do not like to see them full of these strange tears. We are not going to quarrel about Mr. Lascelles as we did about the church decoration," he said, with contempt and sorrow mingled. "He is scarcely worth that sacrifice! Let the thing stand as it is. Ask him for Monday—if indeed that is his only day—and have the other people on another day; or put off the whole affair till Mr. Lascelles can come on any day in the week but a Monday evening."

"I cannot," said Hermione, trying to look dignified. "The notes are written and sent; and if you disturb the arrangements now, you will put a public affront on me; and I think I scarcely deserve that at your hands, Richard!"

He turned away and walked to the window. It was a very little

matter, and intrinsically unimportant in the face of true tragedies of life ; but it staggered him as if it had been a really grave and serious declaration—as if it had been physically the blow in the face that it was morally.

She followed him shyly, but penitently, with her eyes. Now that it was done, she was desperately sorry, and wished that she could have prevented it. Yet how could she help herself? It was dreadful to have to hurt him like this ; for, after all, he was her husband, and she had once loved him so passionately, before he had grown so stupid and abstracted ; but Superior, of course, must be obeyed now. He was her Director—her father in the Church—and she had no alternative ; but she wished that he had not laid this thing on her to do ! It was an awful test ; how sorry she was ! Poor Richard ! and how sorry he was too !

She went up to him and put her arms round him as he stood by the window looking out on to the dark evening sky, but not seeing what he looked at. He was conscious only of pain and bewilderment, and the feeling that he had to accept personal humiliation at the hands of the wife whom he so tenderly loved and so implicitly believed in.

“ I am sorry if I have vexed you, Richard,” she said sweetly, laying her curly head against his shoulder as she stood behind him with her arms round him. “ Don’t be vexed with me, husband darling ! I could not refuse the vicar when he put it to me as he did. I did not like, too, to seem such a baby that I have not a word to say in my own house ; but I did not like to do it all the same. I cannot bear to think that I have vexed you ; have I vexed you, Richard ? ”—all said in the sweetest, softest, most coaxing tone and manner, while her pretty pink fingers wandering up to his face, and her white round arms pressed him to her lovingly.

He turned round and took her to him.

“ Not vexed me, sweet wife. Just a little surprised ; a little wounded,” he said gently, crushing down his bitterness of pain for the sweeter pleasure of forgiving one beloved. “ Let it pass. The thing is done, and we will say no more about it.”

“ How good you are ! ” said his wife tenderly.

“ Who could be anything else to you ? ” he answered back. “ The vague cloud that has come between us sometimes of late is not of your making. I know that, sweet faithful heart ! And are all these years of truth and love to be forgotten for a slight misunderstanding that will pass like the morning mist on the mountain tops ? My Hermione ! do I not know you ! ”

He kissed her and she clung to him girlishly.

"Oh Richard!" she said, her fair face raised to his: "if I could but make a Christian of you!"

He smiled.

"Never that, my life!—but always your best and truest friend—your defender from all sorrow and evil; and, if you will let me be so, your guide to truth out of the dark regions of superstitious error."

Hermione shuddered visibly and drew away from her husband's breast. "The leader of souls to hell" sounded in her ears, and she seemed to feel the vicar's hands dragging her bodily away. That breast had once been her dearest home where she had been her best self and her happiest; now she was frightened and felt almost sinful in being there at all.

But habit is strong, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling she turned back to him passionately, and clung to him with a nervous, almost convulsive grasp, like one who had lost and now has found. Then they went downstairs, she still clinging to his hand—which once she furtively kissed when Jones was not looking that way.

They were so happy, so bright and cordial together at dinner, that Virginia was in a certain sense ashamed, and bewildered as well. She was full of her instructions from Sister Agnes to be very sweet and sorrowful but unmistakably cold to her father; to let him feel that she held him as a sinner with whom she was bound by her loyalty to a higher law not to associate familiarly, though all the while she loved him as his daughter who would—should he repent and be absolved—return to her natural obedience when he entered into the way of grace. And she knew that her mother had been set on the same way by Superior. And now she had come in with papa, laughing and talking as they had not talked together for ages, as it seemed to her; and when she herself had become interpenetrated with the sorrowful strength of his partial excommunication! It was perplexing; but she had the sincerity of her youth and knew no disobedience to the law by which she had undertaken to live.

Her coldness however passed for some time unnoticed by Richard; save as temporary dulness of spirits, due as he supposed to temporary indisposition. When she smiled so faintly at his fond follies, and did not answer when he looked for a playful response, as in the days of what was substantially now another life—when she would not promise to take that long-talked-of early morning ride with him—for how could she when she went unknown to him every morning to eight o'clock matins at the church? and telling falsehoods even in

fun was not much in her way:—he was sorry for her evident depression and a little anxious, but he supposed nothing wrong.

Hermione however, who understood the play, was secretly greatly annoyed.

“Girls have no sense,” she said to herself. “They never know when to relax;” meaning that if she herself had relented for a day, and had turned away from the new creed to the old love, Virginia, who had not gone through the same process of feeling, ought to be ready to do so too and was to blame because she did not.

“You can go with papa, Virginia,” she said with a warning look. “If he wishes it, certainly.”

“In the early morning, mamma?” asked Virginia anxiously.

“Certainly. It is not for every morning; it will not be too great a tax on your strength, or take too much time from your sleep,” the mother answered with a forced laugh.

Virginia’s pale face flushed for a moment and then became still paler than before. The secrecy enjoined on her by Sister Agnes had always been a trial and had sometimes been broken through; but this deliberate deception set forth by her mother was a heavier cross still. Yet by the law of obedience she must let it pass.

“When the day dawns Ladybird will be ready, I dare say,” said her father good-naturedly. “And if she really does not wish to go with me, do not force her.”

“Of course she will go with you, Richard, if you wish it,” said Hermione hastily. “Say yes, Virginia.”

“If I may,” said Virginia hesitating.

“May! who is to prevent you, Ladybird?” he laughed.

She looked down and did not answer.

“Why! come here to me,” he cried, holding out his hand. “I have never seen my Ladybird like this before! What has come to her? Come here, my pet, and let me feel your hand. Are you well?”

She rose from her place and stood for a moment without moving. Dinner and dessert both were over now, and they were going into the drawing-room. Hermione had risen and was standing a little apart. Richard was still seated.

“Come, my darling,” he said fondly, turning round in his chair.

She went up to him, her pale, pure face quivering, her eyes moist and sorrowful.

“My darling!” he said tenderly. “What is it, my little Virginia?”

She put her arms round his neck and kissed his upturned face, her tears falling down like rain.

"Oh papa, papa!" she sobbed. "If you would but become a Christian and be reconciled to the Church!"

"My little girl," he said gravely, "am I not the best judge for myself?"

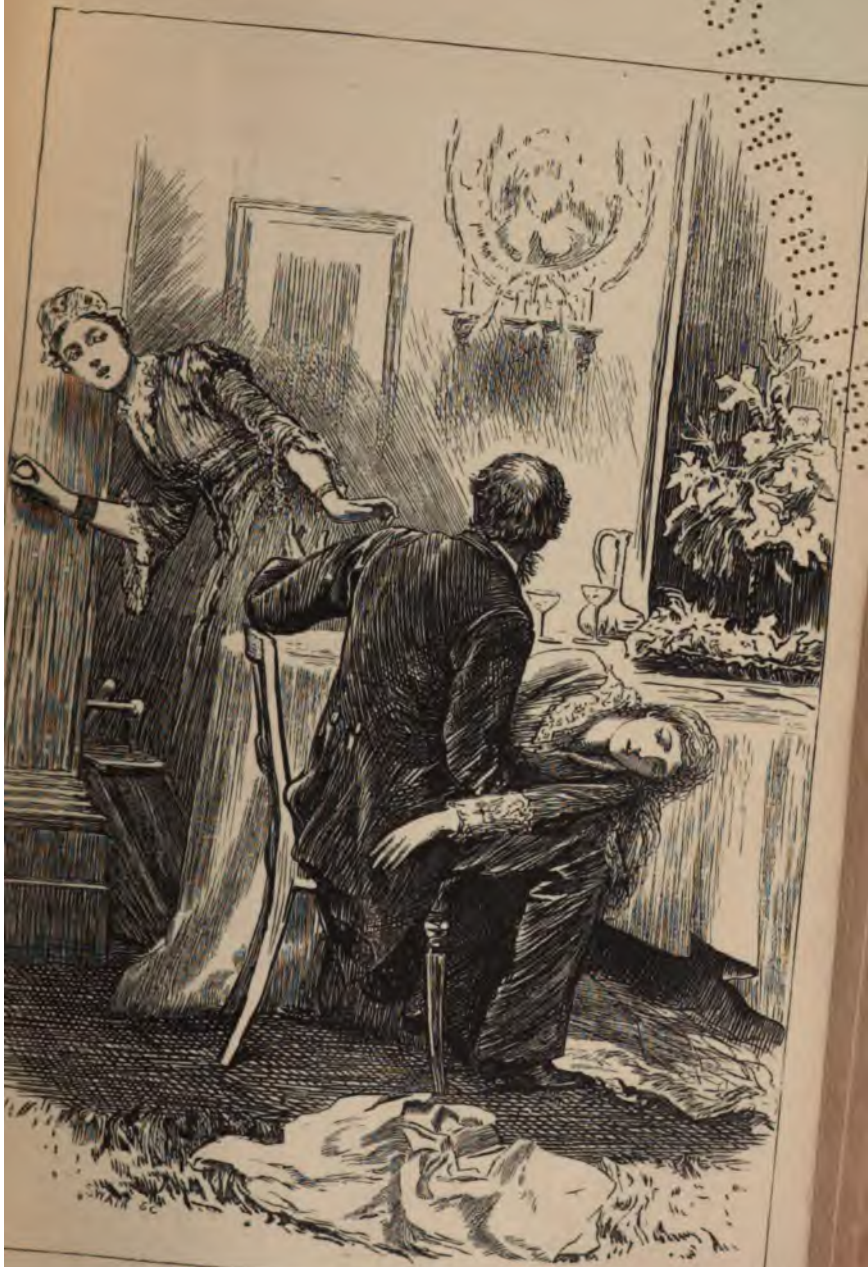
"No, papa, you are blinded and led astray by Satan," she said. "He stands between you and me, you and mamma, you and Our Lord. I can see him now—there—there on one side. He has hold of you, papa, and the Blessed Mother cannot reach you though she tries. Oh, it is dreadful! dreadful! poor lost papa!"

For the first and only time in her life, hysterical emotion overcame Virginia, and with a sharp cry she sank back fainting in her father's arms.

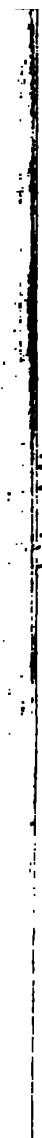
"That cursed brood!" said Richard bitterly. "There is no tie too holy for them to break, no lie too degrading for them to teach, if it can sap a pure love and establish their vile rule. The first use to which I would put my God, if I had him, would be to sweep all priests off the face of the earth as wild beasts who are man's worst enemies!"

"How dreadful it all is!" cried Hermione with strange passion, as she rang violently for aid. But whether it was the influence of the Sister over Virginia, or her pitiful vision and fainting fit, or the command of Mr. Lascelles to herself, or Richard's blasphemous denunciation that was dreadful, she scarcely knew. For the moment she hated the whole thing, and wished for the old sleepy loving tranquil life when there was neither secrecy nor excitement, and when, if they were dull, they were at least at peace and free from these strange disturbances.

(To be continued.)



"She sank back fainting in her father's arms."



1950

HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

It seems a remarkable irony of fate that after an existence of little more than five years' duration a Conservative Administration could find itself with only one Secretary of State conserving the position he occupied when the Ministry was formed. The re-adjustment of persons and places has been so frequent and bewildering that at the present time there are perhaps not fifty men outside the House of Commons who could at a moment's notice run you off the list of Her Majesty's Ministers. The cards have been dealt and shuffled till it is as much as may be expected from an ordinary man that he should say who holds the Court cards without being required to name the holders of the sixes and sevens. Various causes have been at work to bring about this state of things. Death has not withheld his hand; but he has passed lightly over Her Majesty's Ministers, the only vacancy he created being due to the removal of Mr. Wardlaw. For the rest there have been promotions to higher dignity and untoward circumstances in the shape of differences of opinion. The great shuffler of the cards himself has not escaped the influence of change. He took office as plain Mr. Disraeli. He will leave it as Earl of Beaconsfield, Knight of the Garter. This is a difference of title, but even in respect of ministerial office the Premier has suffered variety. Almost simultaneously with his elevation to the Peerage, in August 1876, Lord Malmesbury resigned the Privy Seal, and the new Earl took upon himself the responsibility of this office in combination with that of First Lord of the Treasury. He does not hold it now, having, when the split in the Cabinet took place in January 1878, handed over the Privy Seal to the Duke of Northumberland, who now serves his country in this important department.

It is, however, as Prime Minister, not as Lord Privy Seal, that Lord Beaconsfield will fill a niche in our Walhalla. History will be the most capable judge of his just meed. But it may be interesting in the mean while to turn to a perhaps now forgotten attempt to prejudge the case. In February 1874, when the issue of the general election was still undetermined, and when Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone

stood face to face as candidates for national preference, Mr. Lowe, addressing his constituents, indulged, after his wont, in a few remarks personal to Mr. Disraeli. "There is," he said, "something about Mr. Disraeli, setting aside his party views and opinions, as to which you must form your own opinions, which makes him an exceedingly uncomfortable person to contemplate as Prime Minister of this country, armed with all this power. There is a sort of harum-scarum, slap-dash, inconsiderate, reckless, inaccurate way of dealing with things which renders him, if there is to be any sympathy between the ruler and the ruled, a very unfit person to conduct the affairs of a business-like nation like ours." And again: "There is one other ground that frightens me with regard to Mr. Disraeli, and that is his foreign policy. His mind, though not particularly apt to fasten itself upon details, is always seeking something new and wonderful. He is a teratologist. He is always trying to find out something the public never heard of; so that the public may say, 'Here is a wonderful man, who, while we have been thinking upon these everyday matters, has been discovering something quite new.'" This last passage will probably appear to some people absolutely prophetic.

This is a point of view of the character of the Prime Minister which I do not propose to approach, confining myself with respect to him, as of others of Her Majesty's Ministers, to a consideration of his character in its Parliamentary aspect. In this respect Lord Beaconsfield has but few rivals. The only statesman with whom he is comparable is Lord Palmerston, and the difference between their several characters almost obscures the partial similitude. If we say that they were both gay in their manner of dealing with the House of Commons on the questions that come before it, we shall perhaps have said all that is possible. Even their gaiety was of quite distinct kinds. Lord Palmerston was jaunty; Lord Beaconsfield is inclined to be sardonic. Lord Palmerston commanded the admiration and allegiance of the House of Commons because he was, in a singular degree, a personification and incarnation of the English character. Lord Beaconsfield's most indiscriminate admirer never suggested this as a basis for adulation. It is easier to contrast the Premier with predecessors in office than to find points of resemblance. Of all men in the world he is least like Mr. Gladstone. History never brought into nearer or stranger juxtaposition two eminent men so absolutely opposed to each other in ways of thought and manner of speech. Mr. Gladstone is intense, earnest, thorough. Lord Beaconsfield is indifferent, polite, superficial. Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, would as readily have placed a

penny on the income-tax, as have made a joke. Lord Beaconsfield does either as chance befalls, and with an equally light heart. As makers of speeches it is a not insignificant thing to note that, whilst you frequently hear the verdict pronounced that Mr. Gladstone has made a "great" speech, you never hear that adjective in connection with Mr. Disraeli's addresses. His speeches are "clever," never great. Perhaps in a general way the two adjectives will describe the two men. One is great with all the force of a high moral character and a ponderous intellect; the other is clever, great only in the sense that his cleverness is superlative.

If this be granted it must also be admitted that if a man would prosper in the House of Commons he had better be clever than great. Perhaps lesser natures instinctively revolt against colossal superiority. Perhaps the average of men have more sympathy with what is clever than with what is great. However it be, there remains no doubt that, regarded merely as a leader of the House of Commons, Lord Beaconsfield stands as far above Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone towers above him in other qualities indicated. To be moved to laughter requires less effort on the part of the subject operated upon than to be forced to admire. The mind grows weary of being on the stretch of admiration, more especially after dinner. Mr. Gladstone sinned, and sins, by reason of his intensity. He throws himself heart and soul, and even body, into any question with the illumination of which he charges himself. He is constantly guilty of the classical and still mortal offence that he goes on refining and thinks of convincing when his hearers think of dining. Even his matchless eloquence is not always proof against *ennui*, and many of his speeches would be twice as successful if they were half as long. Mr. Disraeli never bored the House of Commons except on those rare occasions when he really felt that he must make a great speech. Mr. Lowe has put his finger on a cardinal weakness in the character of the Premier when he speaks of "his mind not being particularly apt to fasten itself upon details." If there were not in the world an awkward prejudice for facts, Mr. Disraeli's career would have been one unbroken triumph. As it is, he has often had the better of facts; but at best they hamper him. Thus, when he has had to make a ministerial statement, involving reference to a number of facts, it has affected his spirits and depressed his manner. On such occasions he is accustomed to assume a peculiar manner and to affect a particular tone. His manner is solemn, almost funereal, and his voice is projected through pursed-up lips, which produce a tone that has in it something of the quality of the passing-bell. It is

in this tone and with this manner that the Premier is accustomed to make those references to the Sovereign and the Empire with which in troublesome times his speeches are studded. During the debates on the Eastern question, while Mr. Disraeli was yet with us, it was a favourite occupation among hon. members of sporting habits to lay or take odds that Mr. Disraeli would conclude his speech with the word "empire." Eventually the transaction became such a certain thing that no odds would induce a man to lay against the "empire." It is an interesting fact that the last syllables Mr. Disraeli uttered in the speech delivered a few minutes before he passed for ever out of the House of Commons were the two which form this sonorous word.

In what may be called this empirical frame of mind he is heard at his worst. At his best he is incomparable. As a phrase-maker, a man who can with a combination of two or three words label, and to some extent lame, an adversary for life, Lord Beaconsfield has no equal. His passion, rarely indulged in, always seemed feigned, and was rather funny than otherwise. But his polished shafts of sarcasm, his feathered darts of wit, his gilt and dainty bullets of irony, flew about the House at will and never missed their mark. This gift he retained to the last, though, circumstances being more prosperous, his manner was more benign. Always personally courteous, his delicate attentions to individuals increased in value as they were handed down from a greater height. Natural instinct, sharpened and cultured by long experience, makes him a rarely gifted judge of men. Nearly everybody wants something. Lord Beaconsfield never makes the fatal mistake of offering anything to the very rare exceptions, nor does he blunder in the discrimination of his gifts to those who expect. A friendly nod, a jest privately administered, or an invitation to dinner will secure some men whom baronetcies could not buy. Lord Beaconsfield knows these niceties of disposition, and takes infinite pains to observe them. He never passes a favour unnoticed, never forgets a friend, and considers no man his enemy, save Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe. He knows that majorities are made up of units, and that a unit abstracted from the Opposition benches counts two in a division. Thus, if, when in the House of Commons, his watchful eye observed wavering on the part of an individual opposite, he somehow or other contrived before twenty-four hours had passed to come into personal contact with the waverer. Mr. Yeaman, for example, rough Scot as he is, knows the sound of the friendly voice, and even the touch of the soft white hand. Mr. Gladstone perhaps never spoke to Mr. Yeaman in his life, and had

he met him in the lobby would have passed him by, his thoughts engrossed by some theological problem or his tongue turning over some neat translation of a line from Homer. This is a small matter as compared with the momentous issues of Imperial policy. But there is a good deal of human nature in the House of Commons, and human nature prefers Mr. Disraeli's personal manner to Mr. Gladstone's.

Lord Beaconsfield's gift of reading character has stood him in good stead in his selection of colleagues. It must also be said to his credit that, almost without exception, he has been guided in his choice strictly by his convictions of a man's fitness for the post. There is much in his character and in his writings that would incline one to forecast that when his opportunity came he would surround himself with dukes. One likes to admire Mr. Disraeli, and is inclined to linger with pleasure over the knowledge that these prognostications have been utterly falsified. We must have dukes in the British Constitution : but Lord Beaconsfield, accepting the inevitable, has given them as little as possible to do with the administration of affairs. It is a notable fact that, in a Conservative Administration formed in the high tide of Conservative power by the man who wrote "*Lothair*," the most important offices of the State are in the hands of commoners. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is true, is a country baronet ; but the First Lord of the Admiralty is, or was a short time since, a tradesman, and the Home Secretary is a county magistrate, whose name was scarcely known ten years ago. The only duke in the Ministry is his indispensable Grace of Richmond, and for him is reserved the office of the Lord President of the Council, the real duties of which are performed by his junior in the House of Commons.

Not only did Mr. Disraeli dare to pass over dukes and earls in the distribution of the prizes, but, as in the cases of Mr. Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith, he brought into office men entirely new. Mr. Smith's progress has been by stages, but Mr. Cross's promotion was sudden, and to himself must have been bewildering. After five years' experience, every one admits that Mr. Disraeli's estimate has been justified. Mr. Cross is perhaps the best Home Secretary of modern times. It must be granted that the others have been exceedingly bad ; but Mr. Cross's success would stand comparison by a higher standard. Perhaps some explanation of this may be found in the fact that Mr. Cross's mind is essentially magisterial. He has had the advantage of a legal education, and for a short time went the Northern Circuit without much comfort in the form of briefs.

But his principal acquaintance with the law has been gained on the bench at the Court of Quarter Sessions, and he brings something of Quarter Sessions manner into the House of Commons even when dealing with the Eastern Question and cataloguing "British Interests." He is essentially a fair-minded man, and is animated by an honest desire to do his duty. His answers and his statements are always clear and business-like, and are generally couched in a conciliatory tone. One distinction he enjoys above the traditions of his office is the frankness with which he deals with the case of an erring official. It is the not altogether unhealthy usage in departments of the State that when an inconvenient member of the public challenges the action of a subordinate, his chief always throws round him the ægis of his protection. Mr. Cross, while showing a tendency to make the best of a bad job, does not shield an undoubted culprit. The effect of this is so distinctly satisfactory as to suggest imitation by other Ministers. When the House finds that the head of a department is alive to the delinquencies of a subordinate, it is content to leave the matter in his hands. Thus Mr. Cross, as a Secretary of State, enjoys in an unusual manner the confidence of the House of Commons. One result of his many admirable business qualities is that he is more successful in getting bills through than any member of the Administration. It may be that measures coming within the scope of his control are, as a rule, independent of party. But the same may be said of those which poor Sir Charles Adderley used to bring in at the beginning of the session and take out in fragments at the close. Mr. Cross's success is based, first, on the singleness of his purpose, which is to do the best thing possible without reference to interests or party; and, second, on his supreme business qualities.

If we go outside his office and regard him in the broad sense of the word as a statesman, it cannot be said that he has established any claim to distinction. He is not a timid man, and has not shrunk from dabbling in foreign politics. To their consideration he has brought those same qualities of intelligence, industry, and orderly disposition which help him to succeed in the Home Office. Thus, when he was put forward as the spokesman of the Cabinet to answer the question, "What are British interests?" he performed his task in a manner which made his speech a text through all succeeding debates. But he never inspires one with a sense of the presence of genius or even the all-round talent which we should look for in the leader of a party. He is a first-rate head clerk, but would not do for the post of managing partner.

He would, nevertheless, probably make a better leader of the House than Sir Stafford Northcote. He is quick, decided, and sure in his opinion; all of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not. The right honourable baronet is too amiable for the post he has been called upon to fill. When "obstruction" was at its height, Sir Stafford, after a prolonged struggle in the House of Commons, made up his mind that he would put an end to the troublesome business; so he sent for Mr. Parnell, shook him by the hand, spoke to him in a fatherly manner of the high promise he displayed as a Parliamentary debater, begged him not to blast his prospects by irregular conduct, gave him some breakfast, and finally dismissed him with something like a benediction. Sir Stafford went down to the House that same night cheerfully elate. He had, he felt sure, scotched the snake at the head, and he was painfully astonished and doubly disappointed when, at the usual hour of the evening, Mr. Parnell rose, erect, pale, and persistent, and went on the weary road, just as if some hours earlier fatherly words had not been spoken in his ear and a kind hand had not grasped his own. Sir Stafford Northcote did not get over this poignant surprise for some time. But it is his nature to believe the best of everybody, and the weakness is constantly getting him into official trouble. He is a general favourite; but he does not command that deference to superior power without which the title of leader is a misnomer. He is monotonously conciliatory, and a man of less surely established character might sometimes run the risk of falling under the charge of insincerity. There is a happy simile in Wordsworth's "Letters" that might apply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A contemporary of the then young poet, one Bishop Watson, having been a Liberal, was terrified into Toryism. "Upon what principle, my lord," asks Wordsworth, "is your conduct to be explained? In some parts of England it is quaintly said, when a drunken man is seen reeling home, that he 'has business on both sides of the road.' Observing your lordship's tortuous path, the spectators will be far from insinuating that you have partaken of Mr. Burke's intoxicating bowl. They will content themselves, shaking their heads as you stagger along, with remarking that you have business on both sides of the road." Too often, when we find our Chancellor of the Exchequer adroitly balancing arguments, attempting to mollify Conservatives while he smooths down the asperities of the Opposition, we might, if we were inclined to sneer at so good a man, say of him that "he has business on both sides of the road."

The quips and quirks with which his predecessor in office was wont to keep the House amused are things of the past. Sir Stafford

occasionally introduces into his harangues little stories or homely fables of the kind which illumine the pages of "Sandford and Merton." But he never attempts repartee, and indulges in humour only at second-hand, and in material of the mildest pattern. He makes no pretence to oratory, but can enlarge in a plain intelligible manner upon his written memoranda. He is not much given to long speaking, his chief concern being to get through the business of the night without giving occasion for angry passions to rise.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer very fairly marks the dead level of mediocrity which oppresses the Treasury bench. Of course the word mediocrity is here used in a comparative sense, and with a recollection of some who have sat there in times past. There is not now on the ministerial bench in the House of Commons a single man who is of commanding parliamentary presence, or whose name is likely to survive on the pages of history. As compared with the front bench opposite, there is none who may be bracketed with Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, or Mr. Lowe. There is none who, as a debater, is equal to Mr. Goschen, albeit that gentleman is handicapped by a most unfortunate manner.

Perhaps the man of strongest individuality after the Premier left was Mr. Gathorne Hardy, now thinly disguised under the title of Lord Cranbrook. Mr. Gathorne Hardy had, at least, passion to lift him above the level of the mass. He had strong convictions, and was wont to pour them forth in a mass of molten words. A vociferous French preacher remarked of Bourdaloue, "*Il prêche fort bien et moi bien fort.*" Mr. Gathorne Hardy's House of Commons addresses were sometimes *fort bien*, but they were always *bien fort*. Of all Conservative orators he was the man who gave the purest pleasure to the Conservative country gentleman. The Conservative country gentleman was never quite at home with Mr. Disraeli. His instincts made him uneasy in his company; and, moreover, Mr. Disraeli's wit and humour were sometimes drawn a little too fine for bucolic perception. But Mr. Gathorne Hardy was a man after his own heart. He was, in short, himself—*ego*—gifted with surprising fluency. After hearing a speech from the right hon. gentleman, the Conservative country gentleman always thought better of himself. Mr. Hardy said exactly what he seemed to be thinking, and he clothed the idea in just such words as he would have used had he chanced to catch the Speaker's eye. Thus the cheers that greeted the late Secretary of War's breathless assaults upon an enemy of the Constitution were unequalled in spontaneity. Lord Cranbrook is considerably less successful in the House of Lords, but that is inseparable from the spirit of the place; still, he

has nothing to complain of, and even has the consciousness that in his milder moods he conveys to their Lordships a little tremor of distinct satisfaction.

His successor in office is a man of a very different type. Mr. Gathorne Hardy's defect as a speaker was the luxuriant growth of his verbiage. Colonel Stanley is often embarrassed for lack of a single word. Nature certainly did not intend him to be an orator, and his persistent disregard of the prohibition speaks volumes for his pluck. The first time he addressed the House from the Treasury bench he literally came to a dead stop where he clearly had not meant to finish. This failure was due, of course, primarily to poverty of expression. But an inconvenient conscientiousness contributed to the final disaster. At that epoch of his career Colonel Stanley, not being able to think at the moment of the word he wanted, became dumb. Greater practice, and perhaps some friendly counsel, have suggested to him a means of at least averting the calamity of abrupt silence. Now, when the gallant Colonel cannot think of the precise word he wants, he uses another—the first that comes to his tongue. The effect is occasionally bewildering, but all comes right in the end. When he has thought of the precise word sought for, he goes back, re-forms the sentence, and marches contentedly on. The device is a sort of oratorical beating time, which, though it only keeps up an appearance of progress, averts the disorder consequent upon a sudden dead halt.

Colonel Stanley is an example of the changes and sudden promotions which have varied the course of the Administration. He entered the Ministry in the humble capacity of Financial Secretary for War, whence he was removed to an equivalent position at the Treasury on the promotion of Mr. W. H. Smith. In the changes which followed on his brother's resignation of the Foreign Office, he, by one of those adroit movements peculiar to the Premier, was placed at the head of the War Department, and the Conservative Cabinet thus continued to number a Stanley within its circle. The advancement of Mr. W. H. Smith was even more rapid, and is from some aspects more pleasant to dwell upon. It was one of the bold things Lord Beaconsfield did in the way of disregarding precedent and family influence, by appointing a man to office on the simple but unusual ground that he was absolutely the best man. Mr. Smith doubtless thought himself very lucky when, after a brief Parliamentary career, he found himself one of Her Majesty's Ministers, albeit in the simple capacity of Secretary to the Treasury. Being there, he did his work thoroughly. Everything was new to

him, but he mastered the details with the quickness of a trained man of business, and it was presently noticed that the wheels of the arrangements for Parliamentary business were moving with unusual ease. When, upon the death of Mr. Ward Hunt, Mr. Smith was nominated to succeed him at the Admiralty, most people were surprised, but everyone was pleased. There is a profound depth of human interest in the "History of Whittington and his Cat," which has preserved this anonymous contribution to literature while many more ambitious efforts have sunk into oblivion. Mr. W. H. Smith is a sort of political Whittington. People who had never seen him took a personal interest in his career, and Lord Beaconsfield's Administration was distinctly strengthened and made decidedly more popular when the familiar name "W. H. Smith" was written over the door of the Admiralty. Perhaps the best proof of Mr. Smith's success in his new office is, that we hear very little about the Admiralty in these days. When big, blundering, somnolent Ward Hunt was at the head of the department, the Admiralty played a considerable part in Parliamentary skirmishes. Scarcely a day passed but some question was put implying that something was wrong, and occasionally we had fierce debates raging round the portly figure of the First Lord. Only very few questions arise now on Admiralty administration. When they appear on the paper Mr. Smith answers them with painstaking courtesy. He is not a fluent speaker nor a self-sufficient man. He is not so sure of himself and his capacity to comprehend the Fleet as, for example, Lord George Hamilton is of himself and of his grasp on India. But these things are in his favour as far as the judgment of the House goes. It always resents glibness and pertness, and makes liberal allowance for the difficulties of a man new to office, and not puffed up with his own importance.

Lord George Hamilton is also one of "Mr. Disraeli's young men," but of another class. He is from the Dukeries, where the quest for capable Ministers is on the whole not so successful. Lord George is now in charge of the Education Department; but the change is so recent that we still think of him chiefly in connection with what Mr. Macdermott calls in song "our Empire in the East." There is something really grotesque in the comparison between the greatness of India and the littleness of Lord George Hamilton. Yet Lord George undertook India, as indeed he would have undertaken Asia, with a light heart. There are problems in connection with this great Empire which may disturb minds like that of Mr. Fawcett, or even of Mr. Bright. But to Lord George Hamilton everything is clear. If people would only have let him alone, he would have answered

for India. But people would not, particularly those who think they know something about Indian affairs, and who were always putting inconvenient questions in the House, and, whenever they could, bringing on inconsiderate debates. This was very trying to a young man of Lord George Hamilton's temperament. But he did his best to meet the difficulty by snubbing questioners, and demonstrating in the course of a debate that those who had taken part in it knew very little of what they were talking about. The only authority on Indian affairs with respect to whom Lord George Hamilton has been known to speak with approval is Lord Lawrence. During the current session this slim lordling, with all the weight of thirty-four years on his shoulders, generously observed in debate, "I have a very high opinion of Lord Lawrence, but—" There was the "but," which logically led Lord George to a total disregard of Lord Lawrence's opinion on the particular Indian topic under discussion. But it seemed to the House that something had been gained when Lord George Hamilton had spoken thus approvingly of the man who, when his lordlingship was in jacket and trousers, saved India for the British Crown.

Mr. James Lowther, also a young man whose promise was noted by the penetrating eye of the Premier, has the advantage over the late Under-Secretary for India, inasmuch that his father is not a Duke. Looking down on the world from a less lofty eminence, Mr. Lowther is somewhat nearer it in sympathy. His career supplies a singular instance of the corrective influence of responsibility. In the last Parliament he distinguished himself in a somewhat erratic fashion. He did not usually commence his work as a politician till other members were thinking of going to bed. His greatest triumphs were achieved between one and three in the morning; and he patriotically sacrificed the strength of youth and the advantages of health to encumber the passage of Mr. Gladstone's legislation. He was not in those days openly recognised by the leaders of the party. He fought for his own hand, having as principal ally Mr. Cavendish Bentinck. Night after night these two, a dual Horatius, held the bridge against the impetuous advance of Liberalism. Nobody then thought of the possibility of this free-lance of Toryism ever being one of Her Majesty's Ministers. But the originality of Lord Beaconsfield's mind broke through conventionalities, and when the Conservative Administration of 1874 was formed, all the world wondered to find on the list Mr. James Lowther, Under Secretary to the Colonies; and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, Parliamentary Secretary to the hapless Board of Trade!

When Sir Michael Hicks-Beach succeeded Earl Carnarvon at the Colonial Office, Mr. Lowther was made Irish Secretary, an appointment which, on the whole, has proved a satisfactory one. It is an established principle in British politics that no one can please the Irish members. If it were possible for St. Patrick to return to life, and to be appointed (as he certainly would be by Lord Beaconsfield) Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, the ingenuity of Irish discontent would find ground for complaint in his daily procedure. The happy feature in Mr. Lowther's appointment is that the chronic wail, by the maintenance of which some of the Irish members justify their Parliamentary existence, has just as much effect upon him as it might have upon a deaf man. When Sir Michael Hicks-Beach held the office, he began to grow haggard in face and sparer in figure. He took matters *au sérieux*. Mr. Lowther never takes matters seriously, except, perhaps, when they embody a proposition to lay odds on the Derby or St. Leger. He has also a certain amount of rough-and-ready humour well calculated to endear him to the Irish mind. Some Irish politicians doubtless resent the appointment of this young roysterer to supreme Parliamentary position. But, on the whole, they secretly prefer him to the cold, matter-of-fact baronet whom he succeeded. They are righteously angry with him when the Speaker is in the chair. But after the House has adjourned they chuckle over his *sang-froid* and his political horse-play.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is an abler man than Mr. Lowther, or at least he successfully assumes a more imposing mental attitude. To his austere mind the Irish character, wherein it is not puzzling, is contemptible. Himself a man of regular habits and precise way of thinking, he has no points of sympathy with a nation whose strong imagination sometimes distorts facts, and whose exuberant humour leads it to be making jokes when it should be earning its living. A rapid promotion in political life, due rather to the grace of the Premier than to any commanding talents, has led Sir Michael somewhat to overrate his own ability. As the head of a department he is painstaking and precise. As a speaker he is too unsympathetic either to impart any enthusiasm to his audience, or to catch any glow from its presence. He never makes a joke himself, and looks with suspicion on those guilty of the indiscretion.

Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, regarded as a Minister, is rather a negative than a positive success. He has nothing particular to do, and £2,000 a year to draw. Both these incidents of office suit him admirably. He rarely speaks, does not think too much, dines regularly,

and may sometimes towards midnight be seen sitting on the Treasury bench, with his hat well pushed back from his massive brow, his expansive shirt-front somewhat ruffled, and his presence suffused with a general air of content with Conservatism. The only time when he exhibits any animation is on those occasions when Mr. Parnell, Mr. Biggar, or Mr. O'Connor Power maintain a policy of obstruction after midnight. Then a softened look comes over his expressive features, and his mind carries him back to the days, or rather the nights, gone by, when he also sat below the gangway and might defy the *convenances*.

Of "Mr. Disraeli's young men" there yet remains Mr. Stanhope, Under-Secretary for India. Mr. Gerard Noel, the First Commissioner of Works, can scarcely be regarded as a *protégé* of the Premier's. The son of one earl and the brother-in-law of another, it seemed natural enough that when the Tories came into power he should be provided for. This was done so far back as 1866, and his appointment to his present office, on the resignation, in 1876, of Lord Henry Lennox, was merely a return to official life. He is not a prominent Parliamentary personage, even in the sense that Lord Henry Lennox was. He does his duty modestly and conscientiously, and is more concerned with his manner of work than with his method of speaking. Mr. Stanhope, on the contrary, is the sort of man who interests the House. He is in his thirty-ninth year, but looks much younger—an appearance for which a modest and retiring manner is largely responsible. He is, to use a modernly outraged expression, an elegant speaker, and it was a great relief to find in him a successor to the truculent and self-sufficient young lord who preceded him. Mr. Salt is scarcely known in his new office as Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, and Mr. Talbot's principal deliverances from the Treasury bench, since he has sat there as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, have had relation to the Burials Bill, a subject for which his funereal air peculiarly fits him.

Among the manifold changes which have marked the progress of the Administration, Sir James Elphinstone has been left undisturbed. He still sits on the Ministerial bench in the nominal post of a Lord of the Treasury, and when divisions are pending you are sure to see his face, beaming like a beacon, just above the gangway. Sir James is occasionally ruffled by malicious rumours put in circulation hinting at the proximity of his retirement from the representation of Portsmouth. This, however, is a vain device of the enemy which troubles him less than it did. He has now made it plainly understood that he will not retire till he is whipped up to take part in the greatest of

all divisions, which results in us all, of whatever politics, going with the majority. The *Victory* lies anchored in Portsmouth harbour, her last voyage taken, and her sails for ever stowed away. No one complains of the room she occupies; and why should any be impatient with the old weather-beaten sailor who looks out from the calm haven of the Treasury bench upon the sea of politics which he, now more than at any time, but dimly understands?

Lord Sandon is now President of the Board of Trade, a change which has its recommendations from the House of Commons point of view. Since Mr. Plimsoll's comparative retirement, and whilst questions affecting merchant shipping are quiescent, the office of the President of the Board of Trade has not filled much space in the attention of the House. In his former post, as Vice-President of the Council, Lord Sandon was constantly challenged at question-time. His lordship has many accomplishments, but he cannot answer a simple query under the dimensions of a speech. It always appears to him that "in order to answer the question of the hon. member it will be necessary for me to make an explanation." Then follows the explanation at inordinate length. Of course, when he had to make a speech, Lord Sandon's utterances were in proportion. During the trial of Warren Hastings, Dr. Parr was among the throng in the ante-room, and went about in his pedantic fashion growling out praises of the speeches of Fox and Sheridan, but making no reference to Burke. "Did you like my speech, Doctor?" Burke asked at length. "No, Edmund," said Parr; "it was oppressed by metaphor, dislocated by parentheses, and debilitated by amplification." Lord Sandon never ventures on metaphor; but his House of Commons speeches are invariably dislocated by parentheses and debilitated by amplification.

Mr. Sclater-Booth suggests comparison with Mr. Cross, inasmuch as the Home Secretary is the most successful of Ministers when in charge of a bill, and Mr. Sclater-Booth is the most hopeless. He has gone through several sessions with a Valuation bill on his back. He invariably brings it in early in the session, always making the same speech, and as constantly it appears on the list of bills abandoned in the last week of July. How he came to be a Minister is one of the minor mysteries of political life. Lord Randolph Churchill, musing on this matter in the House of Commons, suggested last session that the fact of the right hon. gentleman having "a double-barrelled name" had something to do with it. This reason will do as well as any other—indeed, better, for no other reason can be suggested. Heavy in manner, leaden in speech, Mr. Sclater-Booth acts as a

blanket in the House of Commons ; and though it is probable that, if it were the habit to hold inquests on Parliamentary bills which have met an untimely death, a verdict of "died from natural causes" would be returned in the case of those measures promoted by the President of the Local Government Board, it would be more precise to say that they were overlaid.

Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson is a courteous gentleman, who, as Financial Secretary, does his best to arrange the business of the House, and has the disadvantage of succeeding Mr. W. H. Smith. Lord John Manners is, according to recognised authority, in his sixty-first year. He looks nearer seventy, but an indomitable spirit enables him to preserve much of the buoyancy of youth. He enters and leaves the House with an easy grace and distinct deportment that would have pleased Mr. Turveydrop. His position as Postmaster-General—although, oddly enough, it gives him a seat in the Cabinet, whilst the Minister responsible for the government of Ireland has none—removes him from the actual sphere of politics. But Lord John claims the right to take part in all great debates, and never fails to astonish the House by the vigour and spirit he throws into his orations. As an old and retired circus horse, hearing the band play and smelling the sawdust, might go for a brief space spasmodically careering round the well-remembered ring, so Lord John, when the hosts of the Government and the Opposition are assembled in battle array, tosses up his head and bounds into the arena. His speech on the Afghan debate during the Winter session astonished those most accustomed to these periodic revivifications. Lord John was at once oratorical, satirical, broadly humorous, and righteously indignant, and, though towards the end his voice failed him, he preserved to the last the striking gestures by which he metaphorically transfixed Mr. Gladstone or tripped up the Czar.

Mr. Bourke is a gentleman whose unassuming manner, and even painful anxiety to do what is right, disarms criticism. It should also be remembered that, owing to the prevalence of a spirited foreign policy on the part of the Cabinet, his office, subordinate though it be, has occupied an unusual share of public attention. He has been the outward and visible sign of a policy at which the Opposition have been constantly girding. Having no more to do with the foreign policy of the Government than the doorkeeper or the messenger behind the Speaker's chair, it has been Mr. Bourke's unhappy lot to be the target of its critics in the House of Commons. The consequence upon his mental and even his moral temperament of this incessant worry has been lamentable. For three years he has lived in a state of constant terror, never knowing what question a

day might bring forth. With shattered nerves and broken spirit he stands trembling at the table when the ingenuity of Sir Charles Dilke or Sir William Harcourt has devised some fresh torture. He has a curious way of clinging to the terms of the question itself, as a drowning man clutches at seaweed. However long the question may be, he always recites aloud every word of it, reading it clause by clause, and answering it in sections, as if it would save him from the wrath to come. His nervousness and plaintive anxiety to be precise often draws upon him the accusation most painful for an English gentleman to suffer under. It cannot be denied that Mr. Bourke's answers to questions put in the House of Commons do occasionally appear Jesuitical. But no one suspects him of the intention to mislead. It is mere *gaucherie*, and is evidently born of the terror of betraying secrets which are not his own.

The principal debating power of Her Majesty's Ministers is in the House of Lords, where of course the Premier himself is a tower of strength. Scarcely less powerful is the Marquis of Salisbury. For downright hard hitting or withering scorn Lord Salisbury is superior to the leader with whom a strange fate has linked him. He has convictions and prejudices, embarrassments from which Lord Beaconsfield is singularly free. But though these sometimes hamper a statesman, they undoubtedly assist an orator, providing a steady glow of red fire which supports and intensifies the flame of eloquence. Lord Salisbury has not, indeed, many of the requirements that go to make up an orator, but his distinctly marked disregard of all the graces of oratory serves to increase his power. Some of the things he says, particularly the disagreeable things, are exquisite in form; but, unlike Lord Beaconsfield's good things, they show no marks of the chisel. He has a slovenly way of talking which is curiously effective. He does not stand at the table, as other peers do, when addressing the House. He manages to impress on his hearers a sense that they are not of sufficient importance for him to make a set speech to them. So he hangs about the table, flinging out a few sentences in a conversational tone, seeming every moment as if he were about to resume his seat, but as that would be almost as much trouble as to remain where he is, he lingers to fling out a few supplementary snarls. A terror to his opponents, he is an object of uneasy regard among his friends. When Lord Beaconsfield first took his seat in the House it befell, either by accident or design, that the Duke of Richmond was placed between the Premier and his ancient enemy, much on the same principle as the insulating material is placed between the two pieces of flaming charcoal in the

Jablochhoff candle. A mild-mannered man, whom his father made a duke, and who inherited office with his broad lands, his Grace regarded his position with visible uneasiness, and took an early opportunity of changing his seat.

The Duke, though he has held the titular office of leader of the House of Lords, is of small assistance in debate, and since his supercession by the Premier has lapsed into contented silence. But valuable assistance is in time of need forthcoming from the Lord Chancellor. Lord Cairns is the only lawyer among Her Majesty's Ministers who does not betray his training when he rises in his place in Parliament. A man of broad culture, of judicial mind, of keen intellect, and of easy flowing speech, Lord Cairns never joins in debate without influencing the mind of his audience.

His legal brethren in the other House do not vary the curiously low level of Parliamentary ability reached by recent law officers of the Crown. Of these, only Sir William Harcourt has been a Parliamentary success. Sir Henry James, though by some curious caprice of selection he was, when in office, titularly the superior of the member for Oxford, is not comparable with him on the floor of the House of Commons. The ex-Attorney-General has indeed proved a lamentable failure. He has little tricks of quickness learned at the Bar, and can take up a case with the readiness and superficial ease that result from long practice at *Nisi Prius*. But he has never shown any true appreciation of politics, and his harangues to the Speaker, with their monotonous round of recurring gestures, always appear to lack the complement of wig and gown. Listening to him, one calls to mind Mr. Carlyle's comment on the distinguished but prosy man of letters who, finding himself *tête-à-tête* with the great essayist, embarked upon a long monologue, in which he discussed and disposed of various important questions. "Ah, sir," said the sage, after sitting silent for half an hour, "you're a puir creature."

Sir John Holker, the present Attorney-General, profits by this absence of an immediately disadvantageous comparison. The selection of him for the position of Solicitor-General, followed rapidly by his promotion to the post of principal law officer of the Crown, was a surprise in the House of Commons. It was attempted to be justified by the statement that he was very successful at the Bar. Upon this justification his fame still rests. He has distinguished himself in the House chiefly by the fatality which attends his interpositions in debate. Whether it be that he does not give himself time to master the question, or whether it be that he does not understand it, Sir John invariably muddles matters, and sometimes

lands the Government in a distinct difficulty. He cultivates a heavy sort of wit, and sometimes raises a laugh at question-time by the easy device of overwhelming an inquisitive layman with legal phraseology. His colleague, Sir Hardinge Giffard, was better known in political circles, chiefly owing to a series of misfortunes at the poll. Through many years he had been chasing the *ignis fatuus* of a seat in the House, and when at length he caught it he forgot to bring the papers necessary to his admission. The House laughed consumedly at the famous scene, and it is always grateful to the man who makes it laugh. Thus the new Solicitor-General had a fair start, but he has not yet made any running.

Lord North is described by Gibbon as "seated on the Treasury Bench between his Attorney- and Solicitor-General, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes* ; and the Minister might indulge in a short slumber whilst he was upheld on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne." Indulgence under similar circumstance of security is forbidden to the present leader of the House of Commons, and the defection on the part of his legal colleagues is not made up in other quarters. In considering the condition of the House under the leadership of Sir Stafford Northcote, it is only just to remember that he is singularly ill supported by debating power. With the exception of Mr. Cross, he cannot in time of need count upon the support of a single colleague who has any pretensions to the rank of a first-class debater.

THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS

SPORT AND NATURAL HISTORY.

THERE are few more pleasant moments in life than the half-hour or so of repose which a sportsman often finds himself able to snatch, after a hard day's shooting, before the troublous yet welcome task of dressing for dinner. Perhaps he has suffered the rest of the party to drive from Alt-na-goch, and after a brisk walk over the moorland in the gloaming, keeping as much as he could in the sheep-tracks which cross the thinly-lying waste of snow, reaches the clumps of pine before the Lodge just as

Large and smoky-red the sun's cold disk drops,
 Clipped by naked hills, on violet-shaded snow :
 Eastward large and still lights up a bower of moonrise,
 Whence at her leisure steps the moon aglow.¹

The dogs are too tired and sleepy to strain on their chains, or even bark from the kennels, as usual, to greet a friend. Donald is hurrying about with a steaming bowl for them, which he lays down a moment, while he takes the gun and brings slippers into the little hall. Delicious savours float through it from the kitchen, and the merry voices of ladies, and deeper tones of the other sex, tell that the rest of the party are being ministered to by the women in the drawing-room, where, as a great favour, they are admitted to share in afternoon tea. You have reached years when something more sensible and more potent pleases. With slight contempt you wonder what our fathers would have thought of such an effeminate liquor as tea in that delightful half-hour before dinner, when no violence should be done to the appetite, and the palate's keen discrimination not be offended by offering it even the "silkiest" of the teaman's curious mixtures. Especially on returning from the hill after taking heroic exercise, with all the associations which Christopher North has so eloquently woven round grouse-shooting, enhancing the sense of fatigues honourably, not to say magnanimously borne, the savour of the teapot is nothing less than an offence to a man whose love and courtship blossomed into marriage some quarter of a century ago. Tea itself is an intruder of very recent years in Scotland. Like the advent (or more

¹ George Meredith, *Love in the Valley*.

likely the second coming) of the squirrel north of the Tweed, its regular use dates back a very few years since. In our youth the father of almost every Scotch family, certainly of every old family, instead of welcoming the innovation of English tea, made a brew of toddy, and dispensed wineglasses full of the smoking mixture to every member of the household present, including wife and daughters. Now the once despised infusion has effectually made good its usurpation.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?

It was with much pleasure that, in a recent coasting voyage among the western islands of Scotland, we noticed that, in every little seaside hamlet where the steamer put in, a chest of tea for the village shop formed a leading article in the merchandise sent on shore. While sincerely rejoicing at the overthrow of too much whisky, the unregenerate man could not help whispering before the triumph of teetotalism a sigh for the good old patriarchal times—

*Narratur et prisca Catonis
Sape mero caluisse virtus.*

With such sentiments the sportsman will find himself seeking his snug room, where before the fire he can affect to write letters, or more probably doze over a magazine. Through the open door of the little library, however, comes a gleaming of firelight on crimson window-curtains, and the temptation is irresistible to take possession of an easy-chair, light the wax candles put so handily on the tripod beside it, and trifle with a book. Sacred to the Muses during the day, at night the cheerful room resembles Vulcan's smithy, to judge from the fumes which fill it, the sparkling wit and glow of friendship which scintillate through them. By way of justifying his scorn for tea, before he settles himself by the fire with supreme contempt for the weaker brethren in the drawing-room, our tired sportsman fills a silver quaich of admirable workmanship, which was "out" with an ill-fated owner in the "Forty-five," with a nip of its appropriate liquor from the cupboard, and then, in that contented frame of mind which suits indulgent criticism, looks round for a book.

The works of reference on the shelves, the neatly bound classics, the modern books of travel and sport, are each in its proper time irresistibly seductive. We can quite enter into the delight of the scholar who read Johnson's Dictionary through with the remark that "it was an admirable book, only a trifle disconnected," but it must be on a rainy forenoon. Then Littré and Latham are fascinating companions. Horace and Juvenal suit a windy dull after-

noon. It would be nothing less than an insult, while dressed in this shooting attire, to read Plato. Voyages and travels are very well later in the evening; but when fresh from the moor, and the wild birds and beasts of the heather, what more charming than some modern book, which shall foster the prevailing bent of the mind—a volume, say, appropriately clad in Lincoln green, in turning every page of which the wind seems to rustle through sighing fir-woods, and the common birds and quadrupeds of the rose-spangled English woodlands hop round and chirp and twitter, as the writer, like the Indian with his birch-bark “calls,” summons each before him, and discourses lovingly on its many curious traits? Such a volume is easily found in “*The Gamekeeper at Home*” (Smith & Elder, 1878). It has been compared with White’s “*Selborne*,” but while on the one hand it lacks the air of humorous formality, the laborious and long-continued observation, which that revered naturalist found such ample leisure for in his serene dispassionate existence; on the other, it depicts with a light and skilful hand, and with modern picturesqueness utterly alien to White’s seriousness, every old tree of the silent forest, together with the busy life that swarms round its skirts under the protection of the gamekeeper, in any district of our dear England. In many respects we are thankful for the tone of this book. It suits the age better than would any imitation of the sage of “*Selborne*.” White’s style is indeed humorous, lucid, and peculiar to himself, but it is slightly cumbrous, and any imitation of it would infallibly miss the grace which so exquisitely sets off the original. Again, this little volume is full of the largest sympathy for animal life. Though evidently written by a sportsman, he is smitten with a genuine love of the country, and must have garnered the quiet observations of years into this unpretending little book, which is dearer to a true naturalist than many a more vaunting treatise. The writer is a poet as well as an artist, though he very likely never penned a sonnet or blotted drawing-paper with colours. His eye is ever falling on moss-grown bark or lichen-spotted oak; on the branch blasted with lightning half a century ago, the favourite perch of the crow as he prepares some audacious contempt of the gamekeeper, for which he will duly suffer; up the glade where the rabbits skip across at twilight; down the outer hedges of the coppice where weasels pursue the timorous creatures with as much method as a pack of hounds from burrow to burrow. He has a pleased glance for the water-rat on the raft of drifted sedges in the backwater of the trout stream, and a good deal to say of the fish which inhabit the different waters, from the pike of the mere slumbering in the sunshine to the tench lazily

ploughing up the mud below, and the trout lying off the alder's twisted roots to catch any passing fly that may float into its jaws. As a boy we are quite sure that the writer must have got into as many scrapes as ever did Edward, the Banff naturalist, for playing truant to watch "beasties;" while few who read his book will not envy his manhood, spent among the woods and pastures till he is familiar with their inhabitants as was Thoreau. We fancied ourselves tolerably well informed with regard to country life and the wild creatures of the fields, but we have found wrinkles in every page, and a constant fund of pleasure as the author of these sketches carried us away with his enthusiasm for nature. Let no one dream that all the secrets of our own animals have been fathomed, and that little or nothing remains at home to reward a naturalist's research. This book is a standing rebuke to so shortsighted, so conceited a belief.

The author's anecdotes and experiences circle round two very well-known personages to every country dweller—the game-keeper and the poacher. He is thus enabled to treat in an informal manner of preserving game, the many anxious days and sleepless nights which it involves to the keeper, and the different methods in which the poacher succeeds in eluding the watcher's vigilance and securing his own ends. The chapters connected with the keeper are remarkable for many little touches of woodland beauty and anecdotic wisdom; those devoted to poachers will not merely interest, they will startle even the well-informed country-lover. Argus himself would scarcely have been a match for the modern poacher. Nothing escapes him. If he does not knock down a pheasant with a stick in his allotment garden, having first tempted it there by sowing the grain it prefers, he is ever ready to leap upon a rabbit in his field-walks. Hares, of course, it is his profession to snare and partridges to net; but failing all these sources of disreputable gain, he betakes himself to the streams, certain that his skill can here always secure some good fish. Partly by collusion, partly by carefully watching the keeper, he obtains his opportunity, and many will be surprised to hear how he spends it. It is not a difficult business to snare, with wire and a long stick, a basking pike.

But a clever fish-poacher can land a jack even without a wire, and with no better instrument than a willow-stick cut from the nearest osier-bed. The willow, or withy, as it is usually called, is remarkably pliant, and can be twisted into any shape. Selecting a long slender wand, the poacher strips it of leaves, gives the smaller end a couple of twists, making a noose and running knot of the stick itself. The mode of using it is precisely similar to that followed with a wire, but ^{it} requires a little more dexterity, because of course the wood, flexible as it is, does not draw up so quickly or so closely as the metal, neither does it take so firm a

rip. A fish once caught by a wire can be slung about almost anyhow, it holds so tightly. The withy noose must be jerked up the instant it passes under that part of the jack where the weight of the fish is balanced—the centre of gravity; if there is an error in this respect, it should be towards the head rather than towards the tail. Directly the jack is thrown out upon the sward he must be seized, or he will slip from the noose and possibly find his way back again into the water. (p. 185.)

Again, tickling trout is, even in literature, as old as Shakespeare. It is doubtless largely practised by labourers and idle fellows of all kinds in the country. A reformed parish clerk assured us that in his young days he would often fill his pockets with half an hour's tickling in the trout stream. One afternoon he thus took out 102 fish. But our author says, and many fishermen will be surprised to hear it now for the first time, that the tench is almost equally susceptible to this easy device.

Lying at full length on the sward, with his hat off, lest it should fall into the water, the poacher peers down into the hole where he has reason to think tench may be found. This fish is so dark in colour when viewed from above, that for a minute or two, till the sight adapts itself to the dull light of the water, the poacher cannot distinguish what he is searching for. Presently, having made out the position of the tench, he slips his bared arm in slowly and without splash, and finds little or no trouble, as a rule, in getting his hand close to the fish without alarming it; tench, indeed, seem rather sluggish. He then passes his fingers under the belly and gently rubs it. Now it would appear that he has the fish in his power, and has only to grasp it. But grasping is not so easy; or, rather, it is not so easy to pull up a fish through two feet of superincumbent water, which opposes the quick passage of the arm. The gentle rubbing in the first place seems to soothe the fish, so that it becomes perfectly quiescent, except that it slowly rises up in the water, and thus enables the hand to get into proper position for the final seizure. When it has risen up towards the surface sufficiently far—the tench must not be driven too near the surface, for it does not like light, and will glide away—the poacher suddenly snaps, as it were; his thumb and fingers, if he possibly can manage it, closing on the gills. The body is so slimy and slippery that there alone a firm hold can be got, though the poacher will often flick the fish out of water in an instant so soon as it is near the surface. (p. 189.)

Every one who enjoys country life, whether sportsman or not, will delight in "The Gamekeeper at Home." The acutest observation is coupled with the pleasantest mode of imparting facts. In all that relates to the weasel family, to hares, rabbits, and fish, the writer is equally at home, and a walk in the fields after reading this book acquires much additional pleasure. It is well that some one should occasionally show us that even the fields and woodland paths with which we are most familiar contain much more than our short-sighted wisdom has as yet found out; that there are depths and depths in sylvan life which our ignorance has never even dreamed of fathoming.

Here is a book on kindred topics, "Shooting Adventures,

Canine Lore, and Sea Fishing Trips," by "Wildfowler," (2 vols. Chapman and Hall, 1879), but written with little appreciation of rural scenes, and no perception of the many quaint and humorous types of life in the woodland creatures. No one must look here for the quiet pleasures of a dreamer amongst woods and fields; the æsthetics of tree or hedgerow growth and luxuriance are conspicuously absent. The scenes which delight "Wildfowler" are the bleak estuaries of tidal rivers, the "saltings" and mud banks where sea and river meet; the sandy flats exposed on our more level shores at ebb of tide. Here he roams to shoot plovers, oyster-catchers, knot, and the varied birds which frequent the waterside. Occasionally he ventures into the shallows in a gunning punt, and, paddling cunningly up to a company of ducks or geese under cover of a snow-storm, discharges his stancheon gun, and then snatches up his ready breechloader to stop the crippled birds. In all that relates to shore-shooting, to guns, powder, equipment, &c., he supplements Mr. Harting's useful little book on the subject; while in the details and choice of punt and gun, &c., for shooting on the open waters, he literally explodes the great Colonel Hawker himself. In the latter's time breechloaders and Schultze powder were undreamt of, and in all that relates to his favourite sport he is now useful for little save his contagious enthusiasm. And as we read "Wildfowler's" accounts of long dreary walks through mud over the ankles, constantly being wetted to the skin by rain and sleet for the sake of circumventing some miserable stint or curlew; or worse still, the many evenings in which he is cut to the bone with bleak wintry winds when lying prone in his punt, to say nothing of the spice of danger there exists in this so-called sport, either from being lost in the mists, stuck in the mud to perish by cold, drowned, or, worse still, accidentally shot by a rival gunner, we cannot but wonder that men should be found who will eagerly confront these perils for so little in the way of amusement. Yet so it is all round our coasts, and such sportsmen may well be thankful to "Wildfowler" for the enthusiastic manner in which he commends this form of shooting. For Londoners, who cannot go far afield, and who neither possess nor are able to rent broad acres and shoot the ordinary game, he has been at pains to investigate the nearest shore-shootings which are free. In addition to this subject of shore-shooting, which "Wildfowler" has made thoroughly his own, this book contains several pleasant chapters on Continental sport, duck-shooting on the Saone, duck-decoying in the Abbeville Marshes, and the like—diversions which can only be enjoyed at home in very exceptional winters.

The author is a great authority on sporting dogs ; and he who is curious on the bassets lyme-hounds and wolf-hounds of the Continent cannot do better than consult his pages. These latter animals belong to no special breed, it seems, but are simply the fiercest and worst-tempered brutes drafted out of regular packs, and held together by sheer love of hard work and a fight. This latter desire they are often indulged in when they run down a gaunt wolf or a savage Alsatian wild-boar. We know of no other English book which treats of what our author affectedly calls Continental "caniology" at such length and with such fulness as these volumes.

From Bradwell Quay to Mysore is a long jump, yet we take it very contentedly with Mr. Sanderson. ("Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India," by G. P. Sanderson, Allen and Co. 1878.) He gives us the latest intelligence from the Indian jungles, with regard to the habits and destructiveness of the animals which inhabit them, in a clear straightforward style, and adds enough adventures with them to have made the fortune of half-a-dozen Mayne Reids. On tigers, indeed, he can but supplement Sir J. Fayer, the "Old Shekarry" and other recent writers, of course with the inevitable accompaniment of a man-eater's death, and also a cattle-lifter's end ; for be it known to the uninitiated that tigers are divided into three kinds, jungle-living and game-eating tigers, cattle-lifters, and man-eaters proper ; these latter not being always old morose specimens of their kind, but tigers which have made the discovery that of all creatures a man is almost the easiest to be knocked down and dragged off. There are chapters also on the leopards, panthers, and bison of India. If anyone is inclined to undervalue the destruction of these animals by the efforts of English sportsmen, a glance at the "Statistical Abstract relating to British India" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1878), shows that in the last two years for which returns are available, 1875, 1876 (without taking into account Mysore and Coorg in the latter year), the number of persons killed by wild beasts was respectively 21,391 and 19,273 ; to say nothing of 48,234 and 54,830 cattle respectively killed by them in the same years. These returns are appalling if read in the light of our own immunity at home from similar dangers. An English sahib, therefore, who frees a district infested by a man-eater from its terror is hailed as its benefactor, and it is fortunate that amusement and beneficence in this case coincide. But the most noteworthy part of the book consists in its descriptions of elephant catching and taming, and in its exhaustive account of *Elephas indicus*. Timidity is a trait of elephant life brought prominently forward by Mr. Sanderson. Fortunately for man, elephants

are easily terrified by strange sounds or sights, else the poor ryots would be in ill case with regard to their little clearings at harvest-time. The animal possesses, too, a large share of resentment; yet the extreme docility with which it at once obeys man when irretrievably caught in a *kheddah*, and when it has taken a philosophical survey of its hopeless condition, is very surprising. For every detail relating to the equipment necessary for capturing elephants, the method of subduing them, and afterwards managing them, we refer the reader with confidence to Mr. Sanderson. It was mainly owing to his exertions that Government set on foot the elephant-catching establishment in Mysore. He was afterwards appointed to the temporary charge of the Bengal elephant-catching corps. These commands enabled him to acquire a thorough insight into every point connected with the elephant's economy in captivity, or when ranging the vast tracts of woodland where it loves to roam. Most interesting are the accounts of hunting these great creatures on the Billiga-rungun hills, in the Kákankoté forest, in Chittagong too, and the Garo hills. Those who are familiar with these scenes will enjoy the spirited narrative of Mr. Sanderson as much as stay-at-home readers, while the excellent phototints and maps with which the volume is furnished leave nothing to be desired. In Horatian phraseology, a part may well be taken from the solid day, or an idle hour broken, with such a companion as this.

The largest elephant, and possessed of the best tusks of all which Mr. Sanderson shot, was of the following dimensions. They will give an idea of the grandeur of the beast in his native jungles. This elephant haunted the Kákankoté forests:—

	ft.	ins.	
Vertical height at shoulder	9	7	
Length from tip of trunk to tip of tail	26	3½	
Each showing out of gum	2	4	
Tusks {	When taken out {right	5	0
	left	4	11
	Circumference at gum	1	4½
	Weight {right, 37½ }	7½	lbs.
left, 37 }			

Another elephant of most dangerous disposition, a rogue who chased everyone he saw, and had killed several, fell before Mr. Sanderson's rifle after a stirring chase. He had been wont to be accompanied by a muckna (or tuskless elephant), of which the author gives the following account:—

The muckna, the late rogue's friend, was the only single elephant now in the jungles; and, as the Kurrabas said he was always ready to chase them if they met him, I thought it as well to give him a lesson. I did not wish to kill him, as he

had no trophies, but merely to impress upon him the fact that man was sometimes a dangerous creature to meddle with. The day after shooting the rogue we followed the muckna, and the two leading trackers, who were fifty yards in advance of myself and gun-bearers, nearly stumbled on him lying down in some long grass. The elephant gained his feet in a moment, and, with a tremendous crackling of bamboos, emerged into the open forest about 60 yards from us, head erect, ears cocked, and squeaking continuously as he looked about for the disturbers of his rest. I was just about to give him a shot through the head, but above the brain, so as not to kill him, when one of the trackers who had found his way out of the long grass ran to the bamboo-clump behind which my men were sheltering. I was standing in the open to the left of the clump in grass up to my shoulders. The muckna heard or saw the movement in our direction, and at once came towards us. When within forty yards I gave him the four-bore high in the forehead. This staggered him, and, with ears pressed closely to his neck, and tail lowered, he made off in a manner more hasty than dignified. We all shouted derisively at the collapsed and retreating combatant, and I dare say the lesson made him a wiser elephant. I have seen him recently in the same jungles, and, having heard nothing more to his disadvantage, hope he has become a reformed character. (p. 222.)

Here are a few more facts about elephants. They are full-grown, but not mature, at about twenty-five years of age. The great elephant fair of India is annually held at Sonepoor, on the Ganges. Thousands of horses and hundreds of elephants may then be seen, and the bargain-driving and deceit of elephant-sellers seem to be fully as great as the tricks of horse-dealers at home. The price of elephants has risen enormously of late years. In 1835 the price of elephants was £45 per head; the Bengal Government requiring seventy of these animals in 1875, the sum of £140 each was sanctioned, but not an elephant could be procured at that price. One hundred and fifty pounds is now the lowest rate at which young animals, and then chiefly females, can be bought. Tuskers of any pretensions command from £800 to £1,500, but the Koomeriah (or best strain of elephant, like our blood horses) will fetch almost any price; £2,000 is not an unknown figure. The tusks of the Asiatic elephant are much smaller than those of the African species. It is noted as a curiosity (though many analogies to it are found in the animal world), that the remains of dead ones are very rarely, despite the creatures' bulk, found in the jungles. Of course the natives invent superstitious reasons for this fact, some believing that they never die at all; others (like the Kurrabas of Kákankoté) fancying that there is a place unseen by mortal eye, to which they retire when about to end their days.

Like the soft breath of spring after a month's snow, like the first sight of a sprig of heather after being immured for months in London, is the welcome given by every lover of nature and sport to

Mr. Colquhoun's "The Moor and the Loch" (4th edition, Blackwood and Sons, 1878). The first edition was issued so long ago as 1840, and, together with Mr. Colquhoun's other works, "Salmon Casts and Stray Shots" and "Sporting Dogs," was at once placed by every sportsman on the shelf which contained his most cherished books. Without making any great pretensions to be a naturalist, but with the keen eye and acute powers of observation which a Scotch sportsman naturally attains, with the warmest love for his Northern hills, and much sympathy with all the birds and beasts which inhabit them, Mr. Colquhoun combined a pleasant style and the utmost enthusiasm for shooting and fishing, and his sons have followed worthily in his footsteps. The present edition of "The Moor and the Loch" is thoroughly revised and enlarged into the compass of two stout volumes. Throughout the author has made it his special business to compare the style and weapons of sport which younger men now use with the old-fashioned methods dear to his youth; consequently his "old experience" is now ably supplemented by his sons', and brought up to the present day in every point. The very sight of the ptarmigan on his rocky fastness, stamped in gold on the covers, tells the reader what a treat is in store for him within. For the details of every Scotch sport he will not search Mr. Colquhoun's pages in vain, while their numerous anecdotes and observations on bird and animal life prevent them ever becoming dull. If we were bidden to choose one chapter which pre-eminently shows the powers of observation possessed by the author, we should select that on the Natural History of Sport, a collection of notes on the haunts and habits of the Scotch fauna. His remarks on the natural adaptation of colour in the birds and beasts to their favourite resorts, on their adaptation in form to the modes of life of each species, display acuteness not merely of sight but of reason. But in every page the reader will find some curious fact, some hint for catching fish or shooting birds, some researches into animal life patiently carried out and lovingly chronicled. "The Moor and the Loch" does for Scotland, at present, what White's "Selborne" does for the life of English birds and beasts. There is the same love of nature, the same wise *bonhomme* in each. Take this study of so common a bird, for instance, as the white or barn owl:—

The white owl lives entirely on mice, while the brown is very promiscuous in its food. Since the white owl is so dainty it must work for it, and to procure an adequate supply it has to beat a great extent of country on wing. Hence its light body and stronger pinions. It is obliged to come out earlier and hunt later in the morning than the brown owl, and its eyes are therefore less, enabling it to see in clearer light. The latter keeps very late hours, so its large eyes are

required. It takes prey from the perch, and not being at all particular whether flesh, fowl, or even fish come to hand, it seldom wants a meal. A tame one of mine was very fond of earth-worms and frogs. I have had excellent opportunities of watching the nesting habits of both. In one of my shooting quarters the white owl reared its young in the roof every year; and in another, the brown owl was equally constant in a turret of the old tower. Almost before dusk the white owl regularly emerged from its attic, returning at longer or shorter intervals with a common field-mouse. It then perched on one of the chimneys within five yards of the drawing-room window where I was watching. It always paused for a few seconds, peering round to see that all was safe. It then changed the mouse from the talons to the bill, so as to leave the claws free to clutch the wall. Otherwise it could hardly have entered the narrow hole. I watched it constantly, and I never saw any prey but mice, except once, when I clearly distinguished a small mole. (Vol. ii. p. 200.)

Mr. Colquhoun adds in a note that a gamekeeper, on whom he could rely, assured him he had once counted fifty-three fresh mice in the haunts of a white owl. In Devonshire we have often seen this bird flying at all hours of the day, provided only it was dull, and beating the hedgerows as regularly as a pointer would quarter a field. Every country gentleman and farmer ought to protect the owl as a most useful ally.

It is not only to birds and beasts, however, that our author overflows with kindness. He has a friendly greeting for every shepherd and keeper whom he encounters on the hills; and, as we have always experienced ourselves on a Scotch moorland, is invariably met with the utmost help and consideration. These men are nature's gentlemen in the best sense of the word; and when a sportsman in the Highlands "colloques" with them, all unspoilt by the lavish "tips" of tourists as they are, their sympathy with sport and a kindly greeting is surprising. Even a poacher is not utterly bad in Mr. Colquhoun's eyes—he loves to find good traits in him, to forget his offences, and to be able to discern gleams of light in a character of blackest guise to most sportsmen. He gives a pleasant account of one Gregor More, who had always treated him with fairness and confidence. When at length the strong arm of the law overtook him for some brawl occasioned by "ower muckle whusky," and he died in prison, Mr. Colquhoun does himself honour by writing:—

To my shame and sorrow I record it, I did not see poor Gregor in his prison. It was eleven miles distant, and though I always meant to visit him, I never did. The remembrance has often grieved me. May this be a lesson to all who read it, "Never to put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day." (Vol. ii. p. 150.)

If labourers, poachers, and even worse malefactors, could only give their betters credit for occasionally entertaining such feelings

towards them as Mr. Colquhoun has well expressed, the sad conflicts between labour and capital, and the smothered enmity against every one in a higher social rank than themselves, which at present disturb English country life, would be greatly softened, and the "good old times" might once more come back, when

The great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of another extract, as illustrating the higher side of a sympathy for sport, and on account of its pathos :—

A sad and rather romantic story connected with the wild-cat occurred in 1840, in the neighbourhood of my residence at that time. The farmer of Ben Ledi had detected some young wild-cats among the massy precipices near the top of that sublime mountain. One morning, after desiring his family to tell his brother (who was expected from Edinburgh on a visit) that he would be back in the afternoon, he left his home and wound his way up to the rocks of the wild-cats' den. Not appearing at nightfall, they became much alarmed, and arranged a party to search the mountain at break of day. As he had said something about destroying the wild-cats, they determined first to seek him there. Within a short distance of the precipice they at once saw him seated on a rock, quite dead! His shepherd's staff, with his gully-knife tied on the end of it, was lying by his side, and a full pinch of snuff between his fingers. They traced a stream of blood to the wild-cats' rock, and upon looking at the knife it was dyed red also. The whole was soon apparent. The farmer, in endeavouring to stab the cats with his spear-knife, had stumbled upon it, and divided the femoral artery. His first natural impulse was to run home; but, immediately getting faint, he had attempted to refresh himself with a pinch, when his hand fell powerless for ever. The man's face was familiar to me; I had often exchanged with him the friendly greeting when rowing up Loch Lubuaig for a few hours' fly-fishing; and I could hardly realise that he whom I had seen working at his peats a few days before, in full health and vigour, was now stiff and cold as the rocks of his mountain. The lesson was strange and startling, that he who had prepared the weapon of death should so suddenly have perished by it himself. Full of life's hopes and cares, with an eye undimmed and his natural force unabated, he had gained the ridge of the Hill of God,¹ there, all unwarned and unattended—to die. (Vol. ii. p. 178.)

Mr. Colquhoun's boating trips to shoot sea-birds are very interesting, especially his excursion to the Bass, where, in connection with the puffin and his absurdly grave looks, we cannot help thinking of the old Scotch popular rhyme,—

Tammie Norie o' the Bass
Canna kiss a bonny lass.

If anyone wishes to try his aptitude for deer-stalking, our author recommends him to try to stalk an Alpine hare. As soon as this creature is startled by a sportsman, it generally runs up to a large

¹ Ben Ledi signifies in English "the Hill of God."

piece of rock, and there watches the motions of her enemy underneath. Now is the time for the shooter to leave his gilly underneath (as the hare will remain long in this position), and attempt, by a circuit, to get above the animal.

[At this juncture the dressing-bell rings, but the book is far too fascinating to be laid down till our story is finished]:—

The only difficulty is to find out *the* rock among so many pretty much alike, especially as its shape from above is often very different from what it appeared below. To prevent mistakes, I generally directed my game-carrier to hold out his blue-bonnet in his right or left hand, to point out on which side of me the rock lay; but if it was directly below me, to place his bonnet on the ground. In a calm day I have sometimes taken off my shoes, to prevent the hare from hearing my steps, and very seldom failed to shoot her. (Vol. i. p. 198.)

While on this subject it may be mentioned that our author commends wild goats as furnishing an excellent substitute for deer to a man fond of stalking suspicious animals. Were we inclined to be exact with the ornithology of this book, exception might be taken to many of Mr. Colquhoun's statements respecting the larger birds of Scotland. The ger-falcon, for instance, does not now breed anywhere in the British isles, though (ii. p. 33) our author states that it occasionally builds in the northern islands. Again (ii. p. 196), the hobby is said never to come farther north than the middle of England. Prof. Newton (Yarrell, i. p. 67), on the contrary, affirms that, "although not a common species in Scotland, an example has been killed so far to the north as Caithness," and its occurrence is now so frequent as to excite some surprise that it should have escaped the observation of many authors previous to Mr. R. Gray. Again, the marten cat, instead of being imported, as Mr. Colquhoun thinks, from America (ii. p. 79), is truly indigenous, and is diffused over all northern Europe. But it is unfair to judge so genial a book on strictly technical points, especially when its author disavows any claim to be a scientific naturalist.

Here is another tempting book on out-door life, in appropriate green cover, with a wild-cat embossed upon it—St. John's "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands" (Murray, 1878). What a delight to find the favourite of our youth—the book which perhaps more than any other in modern days has cherished a healthy taste for shooting and fishing combined with the strongest love for the animals and birds pursued, and the wild scenes in which they pass their lives—not merely sumptuously printed, but worthily illustrated! After 38 years of extreme popularity, St. John's best book is now, in most attractive guise, introduced to a new generation of sportsmen.

All the woodcuts of highland scenery are beautiful specimens of the art, while Harrison Weir and Charles Whymper's names are alone sufficient to prove the care that has been expended in faithfully representing the attitudes of the different Highland creatures. The result is the dainty volume before us, which we trust will imbue our children with that love for nature and fair sport which is to be found by fishing or walking over miles of heather in company with a dog, and perhaps a gilly, and to which we thankfully owe so many hours of calm enjoyment. Battues, "hot corners," and "driving" were utterly alien to the tastes of St. John, one of the most generous and keenest of a nation of sportsmen, and withal a naturalist of exquisite discrimination and ardent sympathy with animal life. All who knew and had eagerly devoured this book on its first appearance felt that they had lost a personal friend when death too prematurely snatched away its author. His fervour for sport, coupled with the delightfully anecdotic manner in which he writes, the excellent relations which he speedily established between himself and all the winged and furred creatures of his domain, the unswerving interest which he evokes in his readers, and the open-hearted manner in which he takes his friends, as it were, at once into his confidence—these are traits which will long endear Charles St. John to a wide circle of acquaintances. Although, it may be, they never saw him in company with honest Donald or Malcolm, followed by Bran, or haply a "tail" of terriers, shooting on the Ross-shire mountains, still the magic of his sympathetic style has made them closely familiar with the sandhills of Moray and Loch Spynie. In fancy, multitudes of apt scholars have followed their mentor in his masterly description of stalking wild-geese over a field of newly-sown peas, or shooting swans in Findhorn Bay. Even now we know no more exciting narrative in the whole range of sporting literature than the celebrated chapter containing the fate of the Muckle Hart of Benmore, which was first introduced to lovers of wild sports by Mr. Innes in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*, to whom indeed belongs also the honour of detecting St. John's powers as a writer, and inducing him to put together some of his notes in the shape of the present book. The lapse of years has greatly altered the fauna of Scotland, and every here and there more exact observation has rectified several of the author's conclusions (as, for instance, the calumnious insinuation that water-ousels eat the spawn of trout and salmon, which every angler must resent); but the genial temper of the true sportsman, and his many acute observations on animated life, are just as delightful now as when we first as boys greedily perused them on half-holidays. St. John's "Highland Sports" is emphatically a charming

book, and we greatly envy the naturalist who reads it for the first time.

Casually turning over the illustrations, those which represent wild swans feeding, lapwings wading, and "oyster-catchers at home," strike us as being wonderfully faithful to nature. The wild-cat, however (on p. 44), is a failure, and might have been drawn from an infuriated domestic Tom. The characteristic triangular-shaped face and brindled sides of the true wild-cat are not preserved. A much better illustration may be found in Colquhoun's book, or in Bell's "British Quadrupeds." Neither is "the sympathetic mate" of the mallard which has been shot a successful effort. But the landscapes quite make up for any shortcomings of the zoological pencils, and the view of the Findhorn river at page 210 is simply exquisite, and would not have been scorned by Bewick in its careful elaboration of the different masses of foliage, the distinctiveness of the pebbles, and artistic introduction of the herons.

We might continue long in the snug chair before the fire, turning over these well-remembered pages and admiring their dainty illustrations; but on a sudden our host enters dressed for dinner, and brings to our mind the commonplace but needful cares of eating and drinking. We descend from the happy hunting-grounds whither inspired pens have rapt us, in time to have natural history, sporting zeal, and agreeable reminiscences of the past effectually put to flight by the beating of that frightful gong in the passage. Can greater praise be awarded to the above-named batch of books than to say that they have made a tired sportsman too late for dinner?

M. G. WATKINS.

DANIEL MACLISE.

DANIEL MACLISE, the painter of the two greatest national pictures of which England can boast, was an Irishman by birth, but Scotch as well as Irish by parentage. His father, a Highlander by descent, served as a private soldier in the Elgin Fencibles, and came with that regiment to Cork, where he married in 1797, and where his son Daniel was born, February 2, 1806. Such, at least, is the date given in the register of the old Presbyterian Church (now the Unitarian) in Cork, and there is every reason to believe it correct, though Maclise himself gave it as January 25, 1811, and most of his biographers have adopted his statement.¹ His father would seem to have left the army while his children were still young, and to have set up in a small way in Cork as shoemaker or cobbler. The family were undoubtedly very poor, and young Daniel could only have received the plainest education. His desire for knowledge, however, and his early love of reading, supplied the deficiencies of his school training, and his taste for art becoming quickly apparent, he soon began to distinguish himself. In 1820, at the age of 14, he got a situation as teller in Newenham's bank in Cork, but here, as at school, he was more occupied with drawing sketches on the blotting paper than in attending to business, so that one day his master said to him, "Well, Dan, you may possibly make a good artist, but you will never make a good banker," and kindly let the boy go to follow his own bent, which led him to enter a School of Art, at that time just opened in Cork.

The dates in Maclise's early life are very vague, but this Cork School of Art was not founded until 1822; therefore, it is impossible that he could have entered before this date. He was then probably 16 years of age, though his biographer, O'Driscoll, makes him only 16 in 1828, when he entered the schools of the Royal Academy. But the success he had achieved for himself in Cork

¹ It has been surmised that the date in the register referred to an elder brother of the name of Daniel, who might have died young; but this is not likely. Many facts, indeed, in his history tend to prove, as I hope to show, that 1806 is far more likely than 1811 to have been the true date.

before he arrived in London makes this very unlikely. It was remarkable even for a young man of 22, but quite incredible for a boy of 16.

His first success came through a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, drawn by him in 1825, when the great author was travelling in Ireland. Scott happened while in Cork to visit the shop of a Mr. Bolster, a bookseller, and here young Maclise managed, unobserved, to make a successful sketch of him. This was shown by Bolster the next day to Sir Walter and his friends, who were much struck by it, and Sir Walter, with the kindness that ever marked his behaviour, took especial notice of the artist, and prophesied that he would one day become eminent. He also wrote his name at the foot of the sketch, which was afterwards lithographed, and became very popular, five hundred copies being sold as soon as struck off.

Maclise at this time was making brilliant progress at the Cork Academy, where he was a fellow-student with Samuel Ford, a young painter of most ambitious aims, but who died, unfortunately, in 1828, at the age of 23, before the world could recognise his genius. He studied also at a school of anatomy in Cork, kept by a celebrated surgeon, Dr. Woodroffe, who kindly admitted all the students of the Cork School of Art without payment. Here his progress attracted the attention of a Mr. Sainthill, a man learned in archæological pursuits, and who had a large library filled with works on legendary and antiquarian subjects. To this Maclise had admittance, and soon acquired a taste for such studies. Through Mr. Sainthill, also, he got introduced to Crofton Croker, who had just published his "*Fairy Legends of Ireland*," and Maclise was so charmed with this book that he at once set about designing a series of illustrations to it, which were published in the second edition.

Croker was a useful friend for Maclise to have made, and both he and Mr. Sainthill promised him their help and influence if he now chose to go to London and enter at the Royal Academy. This, however, with rare independence, he steadily refused to do until he had gained sufficient to support himself during his student period. He seems indeed, unlike poor Haydon, to have early formed the wise resolution never to accept of any pecuniary aid from friends, and though several offered to bear the expenses of his study in London, he continued taking portraits in Cork until he conceived he had a sufficient sum in hand to warrant his devoting himself to painting. His portraits were highly esteemed in Cork, and he executed a great many, at the price at first of a guinea and a half for a small pencil sketch of about nine inches by seven, but this price

was afterwards raised to five guineas. One knows his skill in later days in that kind of work, and can well believe that the good people of Cork, before photography was in vogue, found it satisfactory to their vanity to be thus represented by their clever young countryman. The studio which he had taken in Patrick Street soon after the Sir Walter Scott episode, was generally crowded with sitters, and he had often to devote his nights as well as his days to finishing the likenesses he had undertaken.

In the summer of 1826, leaving for a time this weary work of portraiture, he went on a pleasant walking tour with a friend through Wicklow, filling his sketch-books with numerous sketches of the romantic scenery of that country and storing his mind with all its fanciful legends. Maclise was a good walker, a man of strong frame and great strength of muscle, which he increased by the practice of athletic exercises and sports; moreover, he was an exceedingly handsome young fellow, with fine expressive eyes, straight nose, and broad intellectual forehead over which fell a mass of dark curls, such as we see in the portrait he drew of himself in 1829. Add to this that he was modest, unassuming, and yet perfectly frank and sociable, that he possessed the rare faculty of humour, and that he had a certain charm of manner that attracted every one towards him, and we have a fascinating picture of the young Irish artist, who, having achieved by his own exertions in portraiture a sufficient sum to meet his expenses, came to London in July, 1827, to enter upon a course of study at the Academy Schools.

But before he could do this an incident occurred which resulted in making him known in the London world, just as his portrait of Sir Walter Scott had before done in the narrower limits of the Cork world. It happened soon after his arrival, that Charles Kean, then a boy of sixteen, made his *début* on the London stage in the character of young Norval in Home's tragedy of Douglas. Though his acting was by no means remarkable, yet the young actor himself excited great interest, and Maclise, who was present at the performance, contrived to make a successful sketch of him as he stood bowing to the audience. This was lithographed the next day, and sold so well that Maclise realised quite a large sum by it. It also led to his becoming known as a rising young artist, and commissions for portraits soon found him out in the lodgings he had taken above the shop of a carver and gilder in Newman Street. These, however, he now cared less about executing, for he was intent upon practising a higher style of art.

Although he had sent from Cork, as early as March, 1826, a

highly-finished drawing to Somerset House, as a candidate for admission into the Academy Schools, he did not really enter these, as I find by the books of the Royal Academy, until April 20, 1828, when his age, as given by himself, is stated to have been 20. This would make the year of his birth 1808, which neither agrees with his own subsequent statement nor with the date given in the register. In any case, however, he could not have been more than two-and-twenty at this time, and, being wholly without any growth of hair on his face, probably looked much younger, and perhaps amused himself by allowing it to be supposed that he was so.

His success in the Academy Schools was brilliant and immediate. He carried off all the prizes at every competition, and in 1829 became Gold Medallist of the year by virtue of his historical composition, "The Choice of Hercules." His own feelings on this occasion are described in a letter to a friend, in which he tells how, on the occasion of the prize-giving, when Sir M. A. Shee, the president, began to address the successful candidate, he did not let it be known, for full a quarter of an hour, which of "the trembling seven," who sat on the seat before him, was the subject of his discourse. "Never," writes Maclise, "was praise felt to be more momentous; for my part, I don't recollect one word, *but my own name, which completed it.*"

"When the decision was known," he goes on to relate, "the clapping of hands from the roomful was not unpleasant to my ears, as it displayed a general feeling in my favour. I have since heard, from good authority, that all the members voted for me." He was, indeed, one of the most popular students ever known in the Royal Academy, and seems, from the first, to have had the delightful faculty of winning all hearts to himself. His fellow-students adored him. "Of dear, glorious Maclise," writes Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A.,¹ with enthusiastic warmth, "it is impossible to speak too highly in many ways. A more noble, generous-hearted man never lived. I first saw and knew him when I was a young student of the Academy, aged 14, and he a Gold Medallist, and becoming known as a painter, aged 20. A handsomer fellow could not have been seen; and his generous, rollicking humour shone like sunlight on all around him. He was the delight of all societies, but he never saw friends at his own house. All we young fry used to look up to him with devoted reverence. I may say emphatically that Maclise never had

¹ In a letter kindly giving me his reminiscences of several artists whom he had known.

enemy, and no one could be more regretted than he was in the Academy."

He was equally beloved in the brilliant circle of literary friends wherein he now began to move. On coming to London he had been most kindly received by Mr. Crofton Croker, whose acquaintance, as we have seen, he had made at Mr. Sainthill's, in Cork. This gentleman was well acquainted with most of the literary celebrities of that period, who were accustomed to meet at his house in pleasant social intercourse. Here, and at the Carter Halls', who likewise delighted in literary gatherings, Maclise met such well-known writers as Tom Moore, Samuel Rogers, Miss Edgeworth, the Rev. R. H. Barham (Ingoldsby), Theodore Hook, Sam Lover, Mahony (Father Prout), Miss Landon, Jerdan, the editor of the "Literary Gazette," who soon became his warm friend, and last, but by no means least, the ponderous John Forster, who, in his own estimation at all events, formed the solid substratum of the brilliant but somewhat frivolous society in which he moved. Through Forster, Maclise was in due time introduced to Dickens; but, before dwelling on the pleasant intimacy of this trio of friends, we must see what Maclise had accomplished by this time in the way of painting.

By virtue of his having won the Gold Medal, the highest distinction of the Academy, Maclise was entitled also to the Travelling Studentship, which would have afforded him the means for a three years' course of study in Italy. But he was at this time (1831) already making a position for himself in London, and therefore decided, and probably wisely, that it was better to hold on his course here than to turn aside for the sake of the study of the great masters of Italy, a study that is as often productive of evil as of good to youthful genius. Before this, as early indeed as 1829, he had exhibited his first work at the Royal Academy. This was a water-colour drawing of "Malvolio Affecting the Count," from "Twelfth Night," a play from which he afterwards took his celebrated picture in the National Gallery of "Malvolio and the Countess." O'Driscoll assumes that these two paintings were the same, and speaks of the Vernon Gallery Malvolio as being the first work he exhibited; but this was not the case, the picture that was bought by Mr. Vernon not having been exhibited until 1840.¹

In 1830 Maclise exhibited no fewer than seven works at the Royal

¹ The early picture of Malvolio does not include the Countess. It represents the scene where Maria throws down the letter, and Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek are in hiding watching its effect.

Academy, mostly portraits, and painted in water-colour. Among these were his portraits of Miss Landon, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Thomas Campbell, afterwards engraved for the series of "Fraser" portraits. After the exhibition of this year, and the hard work it must have entailed in preparing for it, Maclise sought relaxation by a little trip to Paris, arriving there in July 1830, directly after the revolution that placed Louis Philippe on the throne, and while the horrors of the "three days" were fresh in memory. In spite of the unsettled times, however, he managed to see the Louvre, Luxembourg, and other galleries, and then set off with a friend for a walking tour in the south, intending to cross the Pyrenees and visit Spain. Unfortunately, before he could accomplish this he was taken ill and was obliged to return to England.

During the winter of 1830-31, he was still busy with portraiture, but in 1832 he made his first appearance in oils in the picture of "Puck Disenchanted Bottom; Oberon and Titania Reconciled." This was followed by his well-known "Snap-Apple Night, or All-Hallow Eve in Ireland," a picture for which he had gathered the materials during a visit to Ireland in the preceding summer.

This picture is so well known by means of the engraving that it need not be described here. It lacks the thorough sympathy with peasant life and character that we find so strongly pronounced in Wilkie's pictures of the same class, nor has it anything like the careful finish that Wilkie bestowed upon his works; but it is nevertheless a pleasantly conceived scene, full of life and movement. Several of the principal figures in it are portraits.

In the same year (1833) Maclise exhibited at the British Institution a smaller picture from a subject taken from "Lalla Rookh," "Mokanna Unveiling his Features to Zelica." Whether from the popularity of the subject at that time, or from the real talent of the painter, this picture excited even more attention than the "All-Hallow Eve," and the two together greatly raised the reputation of the artist, who before had only been known as a clever young portrait-painter.

The next year came a far greater work than any he had yet achieved; a work, indeed, in which his remarkable powers are seen fully developed. In the "Installation of Captain Rock" Maclise has progressed from the clever young painter to the accomplished artist. His student years are over, and it is as a master that we must now recognise him. His conception of the picturesque and grotesque elements of the scene he here depicts, the life and movement he throws into it, his management of light and shade, his recognition of

peculiarities of character, are all indeed masterly ; even his colour in this picture is far richer and warmer than is usual with him, according more truly with the character of the scene than if he had painted it in his usual cold brilliant tones. The subject was taken from the "Tipperary Tales," and the following descriptive quotation appeared in the Royal Academy Catalogue :—

"Amid the tears and lamentations of women, Delaney advanced to the tomb in which the murdered man was laid, and placing his right hand upon the body, swore to revenge his death. Ere his solemn vow was thrice repeated a hunchback mendicant had elevated himself upon the shoulders of one of the heterogeneous assemblage, and, with the old military cap worn by the former leader of the faction, crowned Delaney as 'Captain Rock,' muttering, 'Upon this Rock I will build my church,' while the Buccough, unbuckling his wooden leg, flourished it, with a deep shout that for a moment stilled the groups which had collected within the ruins of the Abbey, and, to use the words of Cowper, were agitated like

The working of a sea
Before a calm that *rocks* itself to rest."¹

Of a totally different class of subject was the brilliant mediæval scene, called "The Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock," which appeared in the Royal Academy in 1835. This was painted with all the pomp of dress and circumstance belonging to the age of chivalry, and certainly made a fine effect.

This gorgeous painting was the only one exhibited by Maclise in 1835, but it won him his election as Associate, he and his friend Mr. Solomon Hart, the present venerable librarian of the Royal Academy, having been elected together in November, 1835.

His address at this time, as given in the R.A. catalogues, was 63 Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Up to this date he would seem always to have signed his name M'Clise or McClise,² but now, for some reason, he altered the form of it to Maclise. It is so signed for the first time in the R.A. catalogue for 1836, in which he appears in the list of Associates as "Daniel Maclise." In

¹ This picture, when exhibited at Burlington House in 1875, was in the possession of W. J. Alt, Esq. It was stated in the catalogue to have been painted in 1834, but retouched in 1845. It is in size 65 inches by 94.

² This circumstance has led some writers to suppose that he did not exhibit at the R.A. until 1836, they not having recognised his name under its early form. The name McLish, McClise, Maclise seems, indeed, to have been as variable as we find names to have been in earlier history, and has tended like everything else to confuse the records of the family.

this year he exhibited "Macbeth and the Weird Sisters," Macready serving him as a model for his Macbeth; and a fine historical picture—"The Interview between Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell." In 1827 he was ready with no fewer than seven works, principally portraits, but including one of his cleverest subject pictures, "The Bohemian Gypsies;" and in 1828, an especially fertile year, he exhibited, besides two studies of figures and game, three of his most popular works, namely, "Olivia and Sophia fitting out Moses for the Fair," so well known by the engraving by Lumb Stocks;¹ "Salvator Rosa Painting his friend Masaniello," and "Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall." Inspired probably by the contagious jollity of this latter picture, he also described Christmas with his pen about this time, in a long poem entitled "Christmas Revels: an Epic Rhapsody," in twelve duans, which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in May, 1838, under the signature of Alfred Croquis.

It was about this period that Maclise was introduced by Forster to Charles Dickens, and the congeniality of spirit that existed between the great artist and the great novelist soon made them close and firm friends. "Mac," as Dickens ever calls him, was henceforth always a necessary element in those pleasant social evenings, merry excursions, and exciting first readings that made up so much of the enjoyment of Dickens's life, and Mac evidently contributed largely to the humour and fun of those delightful meetings. Here is a sketch of him in 1838, when Dickens had taken a little cottage for the summer at Twickenham, where Thackeray, Jerrold, Talfourd, and many other of his friends were often to be found assembled, and where the "social charm of Maclise was seldom wanting:" "Nor was there anything," writes Forster, in his *Life of Dickens*, "that exercised a greater fascination over Dickens than the grand enjoyment of idleness, the ready self-abandonment to the luxury of laziness which we both so laughed at in Maclise, under whose easy swing of indifference, always the most amusing at the most aggravating events and times, we knew that there was artist work as eager, energy as unwearying, and observation almost as penetrating as Dickens's own. A greater enjoyment than the fellowship of Maclise at this period it would be difficult to imagine. Dickens hardly saw more than he did, while yet he seemed to be seeing nothing; and the small esteem in which this rare faculty was held by himself, a quaint oddity that gave to shrewdness itself in him an air of Irish simplicity, his unquestionable turn for literature, and a varied knowledge of it not always connected

¹ The original picture is in the possession of Mr. John Clow, of Liverpool.

with such intense love and such unwearied practice of one special and absorbing art, combined to render him attractive far beyond the common. His fine genius and his handsome person, of neither of which at any time he seemed himself to be in the slightest degree conscious, completed the charm."

One of the first fruits of this pleasant intimacy with Dickens was the production of the well-known portrait of Dickens at the age of twenty-seven, which was first engraved as a frontispiece for an edition of "Nickleby," and afterwards by Mr. Robert Graves, A.R.A., for Forster's "Life." A delicate outline steel engraving of it by C. H. Jeens, giving not only the head but the whole figure, is also given in the same work. "As a likeness," Thackeray once remarked, "it is perfectly amazing. A looking-glass could not render a better facsimile. We have here the real identical man Dickens, the inward as well as the outward of him."¹

This mention of Maclise's rare skill in seizing likenesses brings us to the consideration of the remarkable series of portraits of living celebrities that, under the *nom de crayon* of Alfred Croquis, he contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*.

These *character portraits*, as they are now called, form indeed a complete pictorial history of the genius of that brilliant literary time, for here we see reflected, with a truth that, as Thackeray well says, reveals the inward nature as well as the outward semblance, such men as S. T. Coleridge, lost in vague, mournful thought; William Wordsworth, serenely beneficent; Thomas Campbell, seated amidst books and papers, enjoying the solace of a long pipe; Thomas Carlyle with mouth not yet set to "chew granite," but who had already proclaimed the Sanctity of Labour, and whom we recognise, even at this early period, as one "toiling invariably for the highest," for the "spiritually indispensable"; genial Charles Lamb, a quaint old figure, peering, by the light of two candles, into his big tomes, and looking something like a wise old monkey who, while enjoying the sweets of literature, has taken care also to have a little sweetness in the way of hot toddy to wash them down.

Here also we have Bulwer Lytton, of the Pelham type, looking at himself in a glass; Béranger, the softest and sweetest of old gentlemen, with pineapple, grapes, and champagne by his side, and a whole rack of *billets-doux* on the wall; Isaac Disraeli the elder, and Benjamin Disraeli the younger, in about the Vivian Grey stage of

¹ This portrait was painted by Maclise in 1839, and exhibited at the R.A. in 1840.

politics and dandyism ; the savage Maginn ; the tartan-clad Hogg ; the fascinating Miss Landon (L. E. L.) ; Mrs. Norton ; the Countess of Blessington ; Jane Porter, and many others of the lady authors of the day, who are also all drawn together, sipping their tea, in a plate called "Regina's Maids of Honour," as are also all the male Fraserians, who are seen partaking of more convivial refreshment while listening to an after-dinner speech by Maginn. Maginn it was who wrote the letterpress that accompanied these plates. This was not always, it must be admitted, in the best of taste. Personalities were frequently indulged in, at that time, in literature, and Maginn was not likely to be sparing in them. Many of the portraits are amusingly caricatured, but others appear perfectly serious, the exact presentment of the every-day aspect of the sitter.¹

In February 1840 Maclise was made R.A. This was about the most productive period of his art. To it belong the powerful "Banquet Scene in Macbeth," the "Scene from Gil Blas," "The Countess and Malvolio," in the National Gallery, and the famous "Play-scene in Hamlet," exhibited with two other works in 1842. This last picture, though one of his best-known works, is by no means one of his greatest. The situation is conceived from a theatric rather than a poetic point of view. The action is too strained, the passion too apparent to be true to nature. It is, in fact, just such an interpretation of Shakespeare as might be expected from a clever but not really great actor, for we recognise it all through as acting ; it does not rise, as conceivably it might, into a tragic embodiment of human emotion.

And the same may be said of many others of Maclise's works. They savour too much of the footlights and green baize. They startle us by the display of passion and violent action. They deal in powerful sensation and dramatic effect, and thus fall short of the calm dignity of truly great art, wherein, as in life itself, the strong currents of joy, sorrow, and even crime, are seldom visible upon the mere surface of the stream. Maclise's love of the theatre, and his intimate friendship with Macready, the other "Mac" of the Dickens set, very possibly had something to do with this theatric tendency in his art. Of course, he painted Macready several times in character ; but even when not doing so, it is very possible that the image of this remarkable actor may, almost unconsciously, have remained with

¹ The Fraser Gallery began in 1830 with the portrait of William Jerdan, and ended in December 1836 with that of William Buckstone. There was an attempt made to revive it in 1838, but the few sketches then issued were by W. Forrester (Alfred Crowquill), not Maclise (Alfred Croquis). These portraits have recently been reproduced and issued in a volume by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

him, so that in conceiving a dramatic subject he could not help picturing Macready as a portion of it, and thus fell into copying art instead of nature. This is, of course, not true of all his pictures. In the earlier, this theatric effect had not been gained; there is nothing of it, for instance, in the "Installation of Captain Rock," a highly dramatic subject, and in his later ones it had been overcome. It is mostly apparent in the middle period of his art, and especially in such pictures as the "Play-scene in Hamlet," "The Banquet Scene in Macbeth," "Gil Blas," "Sabrina," and "The Ordeal by Touch."

In the same year that he exhibited the "Hamlet," Maclise, with his three friends Forster, Dickens, and Stanfield, went on that glorious ever-to-be-remembered trip to Cornwall, of which Dickens retained such a lively memory. Maclise writing of it years afterwards to Forster says:—"Don't I still see the Logan stone and you perched on the giddy top, while we, rocking it on its pivot, shrank from all that lay concealed below! Should I ever have blundered on the waterfall of St. Wighton, if you had not piloted the way? And when we got to Land's End with the green sea far under us lapping into solitary rocky nooks where the mermaids live, who but you only had the courage to stretch over to see those diamond jets of brightness, that I swore then and believe still were the flappings of their tails!"

A painting of the waterfall here mentioned appeared in the next year's Academy, and may now be seen in the South Kensington Museum, for it was bought by Dickens under a feigned name before the exhibition was opened, and, having been purchased by Forster at his death, became part of the Forster bequest. The girl at the waterfall is a portrait of a member of the Dickens family. With this he exhibited also the "Actor's Reception of the Author."

After the exhibition of the next year, 1844, Maclise took another little holiday trip to Paris, from whence he writes to Forster, "I am choke-full up to my eyes in pictures. I never saw so much in all my life put together. . . . I have had a perfect surfeit of art, and have once or twice sworn to myself to give up all thoughts of it, and not commit the sin of adding one more picture to the embarrassing number with which the world is laden. My belief is that we in London are the smallest and most wretched set of snivellers that ever took pencil in hand; and I feel that I could not mention a single name with full confidence, were I called upon to name one of our artists in comparison with theirs."

It is very probable that this visit to Paris made him discontented with the puny productions of English painting, and led, when the

opportunity soon after occurred, to his renouncing the historic-*genre* style in which he had hitherto been content to paint, in favour of the softy historic style in which so many of the great French works of that day were conceived. He had an immense admiration for Paul Delaroche, so great, indeed, that he records he went so often to see his grand work in the École des Beaux-Arts, that the custodian, gratified by his admiration, at last refused to receive any more fees from such a constant visitor.

His resolution of not adding any more to the world's "embarrassing number" of pictures was adhered to for a time, for in 1845, for the first time since 1829, his name is missing from the Academy lists.

He seems, indeed, about this time to have formed the resolution to forego for a space the small triumphs of the arena in order to press forward upon a more arduous path.

He had already entered as a competitor in those disappointing cartoon exhibitions, that tempted so many artists to expend their energies, in the hope of being chosen for the great national work of decorating the New Houses of Parliament with monumental paintings. Maclise sent in two designs to these exhibitions, emblematical of the "Spirit of Justice" and the "Spirit of Chivalry," and after much wearying delay was commissioned to paint these in the niches behind the Strangers' Gallery in the Throne Room, where his noble personifications of these two abstract virtues still remain, though effectually out of sight, that the crowds of visitors who pass through this splendid apartment every Saturday are for the most part only made aware of their existence by the miserable lithographs given of them in the guide-book.

In 1851 Maclise chose a rich historical subject for exhibition at the Academy—"Caxton showing his printing-press to Edward IV."—which he painted at South Kensington. This was the greatest effort he had yet made in historical painting, and in many respects it is a noble one. The "Marriage of Eva and Strongbow," that followed in 1854, was another work of the same kind, a grandly conceived and excellently composed work, and one well adapted for wall-painting. It was, however, proposed that he should paint this subject in fresco in the Painted Chamber of the House of Lords, but the payment offered was utterly disproportionate to the labour that Maclise declined. It would have been better for him, perhaps, though not for his fame, had he also declined the two great works he now undertook, but it was at his own especial request that the great mural paintings, each forty-eight feet long, in what is called the Royal Gallery at Westminster, were now assigned to him whereon to paint from the

cartoons he had already prepared the two subjects of the "Interview between Blucher and Wellington" and "The Death of Nelson." The sum he was to receive for each of these paintings was £3,500, and £1,000 each for a series of historical subjects to be painted in the smaller compartments of the hall.

For the next six years we behold poor Maclise struggling manfully with all the difficulties and disappointments that this task entailed. He tried fresco first of all, but found this so unsatisfactory that, "disheartened and distressed," he sought to resign his commission; but Prince Albert, who was greatly interested in the work, persuaded him to go to Germany and study the process of "Stereochromy," or water-glass painting, which had just then been used successfully by Kaulbach and others in Berlin. On his return from Germany he published a valuable report on this process, and at once set about painting the "Wellington and Blucher" by it. How he conquered all difficulties, and after six years of incessant and most fatiguing labour, unlightened by any encouragement or due reward, finished the two great works in which he has related in the most vivid manner two heroic episodes in his country's story, history will no doubt be proud to tell; but his contemporaries, instead of being proud of these works, which in older times would have moved a whole nation to rejoicing, assailed them for the most part with foolish carping criticism, while the Royal Commission, who had commissioned their execution, seemed only to think of how they could best get out of the agreement for the other works they had commissioned in the same gallery. These Maclise, who had suffered greatly in health from his long application in that "gloomy hall," as he called it, and in spirits from the neglect with which he was treated, readily gave up, foregoing even his claim to such payment as he was really entitled to receive.¹

Maclise never again attempted any great monumental work. In a letter to Forster he says, "I have been almost ashamed to confess to myself that I had no other idea in carrying on this labour than the poor hope of doing something worthy, and its consequent excitement. Well, enough of this! I can only look forward, when I throw this last work off my mind ("The Death of Nelson," upon which he was

¹ The splendid cartoon that Maclise executed for the "Wellington and Blucher" now hangs in the upper gallery of Burlington House, opposite Marco Oggioni's copy of Da Vinci's "Last Supper." It is so large that he was obliged to paint it in divisions, but these do not in any way break the sequence of the composition. Maclise's brother artists testified their admiration and "just pride" in the accomplishment of this noble cartoon by presenting the artist with a gold porte-crayon, accompanied by a letter signed by thirty-eight of the most distinguished artists of the day.

then engaged), to resume my old habits, and try whether my energies will still suffice to fill the old clothes respectably." It is evident from all his letters at this time, that despondency of spirit was weighing him down. Had he been cheered after his severe task was ended by proper recognition and a little warm enthusiasm, the case might have been different; but as it was, when the excitement he speaks of was over, he seems not unnaturally to have experienced a depressing reaction. He who with his bright and undaunted humour had once been the life of all the jovial meetings of former days, now shrank from society of all kinds, and was rarely seen even by his intimate friends. Strange to say, though of a warm and loving nature, Maclise had never married, so that he had not now a stronghold to fall back upon in the love of wife and child. He had, however, clung with true affection to all his home ties, having his father and mother to live with him in London as soon as he could afford it. But both father and mother were now dead, and his eldest sister, who had continued to live with him after the younger one married, and to whom he had always been devotedly attached, was seized about the time that he was finishing his wall-painting with an incurable complaint, and died, after a painful illness, in 1865. Up to this period, Maclise himself had generally enjoyed robust health, but it is supposed that the long hours and constant application in a damp atmosphere during his six years of labour in the Royal Gallery, had a bad effect on his constitution, for from this time, though by no means a very old man, his health began to fail. In 1865, on the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, he was offered the presidency of the Royal Academy; for, whatever neglect he may have suffered in other quarters, it is certain that his brother Academicians always highly appreciated his powers, and did everything in their power to show him respect. This honour, however, he declined, not feeling at this time equal to the duties that the office would have forced upon him, nor caring about its distinction. He was, as has been said, a curiously unassuming man, without the least trace of self-conceit, and, though deeply hurt at the treatment he experienced from the Government, he never attempted to assert himself, or made any formal complaint. He had done a great work for his country, and had met with the usual reward. He simply "resumed his old habits," giving no thought to honours that might, and undoubtedly should, have come to him.

During the few remaining years of his life, he continued his interrupted contributions to the Royal Academy, sending in 1866 two pictures, a portrait of Dr. Quain, and "Here Nelson Fell," a study in

oils for his wall-painting; in 1867, two Shakespearian subjects; in 1868, "Madeline after Prayer," from St. Agnes Eve, and "The Sleep of Duncan," a grand and powerful work, different in treatment from his earlier scenes from Macbeth, less theatrical and redundant; in 1869, "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," the beggar maid being painted from his niece, Miss Banks, who seems to have been a favourite companion. In 1870, though his health was still failing, he nerved himself to the production of another historical painting, "The Earls of Desmond and Ormond," his last work, which many will remember to have looked at with mournful interest as it hung on the walls of the Royal Academy after the painter's death. This happened on the 25th of April, 1870, after a short attack of acute pneumonia, and he was buried at Kensal Green on the same day that the Academy dinner took place.

A painful estrangement had for some years existed between Maclise and his early and dear friend Dickens. But it is evident that this disagreement, though it put a stop to their friendly intercourse, did not sever the affection of these old friends, for on Maclise's death Dickens writes to Forster:—

"Like you at Ely, so I at Higham had the shock of first reading at a railway station of the death of our old dear friend and companion. What the shock would be you know too well. It has been only after great difficulty, and after hardening and steeling myself to the subject by at once thinking of it and avoiding it in a strange way, that I have been able to get any command over it and myself. If I feel at the time that I can be sure of the necessary composure, I shall make a little reference to it at the Academy to-morrow. I suppose you will be there?"

The "little reference" was made the next day at the Academy dinner, and contains such a feeling and loving tribute to Maclise's worth and genius that, although it has been often quoted, I cannot forbear repeating it here:—

"Since I first entered the public lists," said Dickens, "a very young man indeed, it has been my constant fortune to number among my dearest and nearest friends, members of the Royal Academy who have been its grace and pride. They have so dropped from my side, one by one, that I already begin to feel like the Spanish Monk of whom Wilkie tells, who had grown to believe that the only realities around him were the pictures which he loved, and that all the moving life he saw, or ever had seen, was a shadow and a dream. For many years I was one of the two most intimate friends and most constant companions of the late Mr. Maclise. Of his genius in his

chosen art I will venture to say nothing here ; but of his prodigious fertility of mind, and wonderful wealth of intellect, I may confidently assert, that they would have made him, if he had so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter. The gentlest and most modest of men, the freest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants, and the frankest and largest-hearted as to his peers, incapable of a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true dignity of his vocation without one grain of self-assertion, wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, 'in wit a man, in simplicity a child,' no artist of whatsoever denomination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the art-goddess he served."

Maclise's style of art was not adapted for book illustration, but he executed the designs for Moore's "Irish Melodies," Bulwer Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and several other books of his time. Also, in 1857, he drew a fine series of outline designs illustrating "The Story of the Norman Conquest," published by the Art Union.

MARY M. HEATON.

COLD WINTERS.

DURING the cold weather of last December we heard much about old-fashioned winters. It was generally assumed that some thirty or forty years ago the winters were colder than they now are. Some began to speculate on the probability that we may be about to have a cycle of cold winters, continuing perhaps for thirty or forty years, as the cycle of mild winters is commonly supposed to have done. If any doubts were expressed as to the greater severity of winter weather thirty or forty years ago, evidence was forthcoming to show that at that time our smaller rivers were commonly frozen over during the winter, and the larger rivers always encumbered with masses of ice, and not unfrequently frozen from source to estuary. Skating was spoken of as a half-forgotten pastime in these days, as compared with what it was when the seniors of our time were lads. Nor were dismal stories wanting of villages snowed up for months, of men and women who had been lost amid snowdrifts, and of other troubles such as we now associate rather with Siberian than with British winters.

Turning over recently the volume of the *Penny Magazine* for the year 1837, I came across a passage which shows that these ideas about winter weather forty years ago, were entertained forty years ago about winter weather eighty or ninety years ago. It occurs in an article on the "Peculiarities of the Climate of Canada and the United States." Discussing the theory whether the clearing away of forests has any influence in mitigating the severity of winter weather, the writer of the article says, "Many persons assert, and I believe with some degree of accuracy, that the seasons in Europe, and in our own island particularly, have undergone a remarkable change within the memory of many persons now living; and if such really be the case, how few attempts have been made to account for this change! since no great natural phenomenon, like that of clearing away millions of acres of forest timber, and thereby exposing the cold and moist soil to the action of the sun's rays, has recently taken place here; so that if the climate of Great Britain has actually undergone a change, the cause, whatever that may be, must be of a different

nature from that generally supposed to affect the climate of North America." It must be explained that, though in this passage the writer does not speak of a diminution in the severity of the winters, it is a change of that sort that he is really referring to. He had said, a few lines before, that "some of the older inhabitants of North America will declare to you that the winters are much less severe 'now' than they were forty or fifty years ago," and in the passage quoted he is discussing the possibility of a similar change in Europe, where, however, as he points out, the cause assigned to the supposed change in America has certainly no existence. Since 1830, by the way, the theory has been advanced that the supposed mildness of recent winters may have been caused by the large increase in the consumption of coal owing to the use of steam machinery, gas for lighting purposes, and so forth.

I believe it will be found on careful inquiry that the change for which forty years ago men sought in vain for a cause, and for which at present they assign a perfectly inadequate cause, has had no real existence. The study of meteorological records gives no valid support to the theory of change. Nor is it difficult to understand how the idea that there has been a change has arisen from the changed conditions under which men in middle life, as compared with children, observe or feel the effects of milder weather. A child gives no heed to mild winters. They pass, like ordinary spring or autumn days, unnoted and unremembered. But a bitter winter, or even a spell of bitter weather such as is felt almost every year, is remembered. Even though it lasts but for a short time, it produces as much effect on the childish imagination as a long and bitter winter produces on the minds of grown folk. Looking back at the days of childhood, the middle-aged man or woman recalls what seems like a series of bitter winters, because recalling many occasions when, during what seemed a long time, the snow lay deep, the waters were frozen, and the outdoor air was shrewd and biting.

Before considering some of the remarkable winters which during the last century have been experienced in Great Britain and in Europe generally, I would discuss briefly the evidence on which I base the belief that the winter weather of Europe, and of Great Britain especially, has undergone no noteworthy change during the last century.

If there is any validity in the theory at present in vogue that our winters are milder now than they were forty or fifty years ago, and the theory in vogue as we have seen forty years ago that the winters then were milder than they had been forty or fifty years

earlier, it is manifest that there ought to be a very remarkable contrast between our present winter weather and that which was commonly experienced eighty or ninety years since. Now, it so chanced that we possess a record of the weather from 1768 to 1792, by a very competent observer—Gilbert White of Selborne, which serves to show what weather prevailed generally during that interval; while the same writer has described at length, in his own happy and effective manner, some of the winters which were specially remarkable for severity. Let us see whether the winters during the last third of the eighteenth century were so much more bitter or long-lasting than those now experienced, as common ideas on the subject would suggest.

In 1768, the year began with a fortnight's frost and snow; the cold was very severe, as will presently be more particularly noted. Thereafter wet and rainy weather prevailed to the end of February. The winter of 1768-69 was marked throughout by alternations of rain and frost; thus from the middle of November to the end of 1768 there were "alternate rains and frosts;" in January and February, 1769, the weather was "frosty and rainy, with gleams of fine weather in the intervals; then to the middle of March wind and rain." The last half of November, 1769, was dry and frosty, December windy with rain and intervals of frost, and the first fortnight very foggy; the first fortnight of January, 1770, frosty, but on the 14th and 15th all the snow melted and to the end of February mild hazy weather prevailed; March was frosty and bright. From the middle of October, 1770, to the end of the year there were almost incessant rains; then severe frosts till the last week of January, 1771, after which rain and snow prevailed for a fortnight, followed by spring weather till the end of February. March and April were frosty. The spring of 1771 was so exceptionally severe in the Isle of Skye that it was called the Black Spring; in the south also it was severe. November, 1771, frost with intervals of fog and rain; December, mild and bright weather with hoar frosts; January and the first week of February, 1772, frost and snow; thence to the end of the first fortnight in March, frost, sleet, rain, and snow.

The winter of 1772-73 would fairly compare with the mildest in recent years, except for one fortnight of hard frost in February, 1773. For from the end of September to December 22 there was rain and mild weather—the first ice on December 23—but thence to the end of the month foggy weather. The first week in January, frost, but the rest of the month dark rainy weather; and after the fortnight of hard frost in February, misty showery weather to the end of the first week in March, and bright spring days till April.

There were four weeks of frost after the end of the first fortnight

in November, 1773, then rain to the end of the year, and rain and frost alternately to the middle of March, 1774.

In 1774-1775 there seems to have been no winter at all worth mentioning. From August 24 to the end of the third week in November there was rain, with frequent intervals of sunny weather. Then to the end of December, dark dripping fogs. January, February, and the first half of March, 1775, rain almost every day; and to the end of first week in April, cold winds with showers of rain and snow.

The end of the year 1775 was rainy, with intervals of hoar frost and sunshine. Dark frosty weather prevailed during the first three weeks of January, 1776, with much snow, Afterwards foggy weather and hoar frost. The cold of January, 1776, was remarkable, and will presently be more fully described.

November and December, 1776, were dry and frosty, with some days of hard rain. Then to the 10th of January, 1777, hard frost; to the 20th foggy with frequent showers; and to the 18th of February hard dry frost with snow, followed by heavy rains, with intervals of warm dry spring weather to the end of May.

The winter of 1777-78 was another which resembled closely enough those winters which many suppose to be peculiar to recent years. The autumn weather to the 12th of October had been remarkably fine and warm. From then to the end of the year, gray mild weather prevailed, with but little rain and still less frost. During the first thirteen days of January there was frost with a little snow; then rain to January 24, followed by six days of hard frost. After this, harsh foggy weather with rain prevailed till February 23rd; then five days of frost; a fortnight of dark harsh weather; and spring weather to the end of the first fortnight in April. The second fortnight of April, however, was cold, with snow and frost.

Similarly varied in character was the winter of 1778-79. From the end of September, 1778, to the end of the year the weather was wet, with considerable intervals of sunshine. January, 1779, was characterised by alternations of frost and showers. After this to April 21st, warm dry weather prevailed.

The winter of 1779-80 was rather more severe. During October and November the weather was fine with intervals of rain. December rainy, with frost and snow occasionally. January 1780, frosty. During February dark harsh weather prevailed, with frequent intervals of frost. March was characterised by warm, showery, spring weather.

November and December, 1781, were warm and rainy; and the same mild open weather prevailed till February 4. Then followed eighteen days of hard frost, after which to the end of March the

weather was cold and windy, with frost, snow, and rain. Thus the first two-thirds of the winter of 1781-82 were exceptionally mild, while the last third was cold and bleak.

In November, 1782, we find for the first time in these records an instance of early and long-continued cold. "November began with a hard frost, and continued throughout, with alternate frost and thaw. The first part of December frosty." The latter half of December, however, and the first sixteen days of January were mild, with much rain and wind. Then came a week of hard frost, followed by stormy dripping weather to the end of February. Thence to the 9th of May cold harsh winds prevailed. On May 5 there was thick ice.

The next two winters were on the whole the severest of the entire series recorded by Gilbert White, though at no time in the winter of 1783-4 was the cold greater than has often been experienced in this country. White's record runs thus: From September 23 to November 12, dry mild weather. To December 18, gray soft weather with a few showers. Thence to February 19, 1784, hard frost, with two thaws, one on January 14, the other on February 5. To February 28, mild wet fogs. To March 3, frost with ice. To March 10, sleet and snow. To April 2, snow with hard frost.

The winter of 1784-85 was remarkable for the exceedingly severe cold of December, 1784, which will presently be referred to more particularly. From November 6 to the end of the year 1784, fog, rain, and hard frost alternated, the frost continuing longest and being severest in December. On January 2nd a thaw began, and rainy weather with wind continued to January 28. Thence to March 15 hard frost; to March 21 mild weather with sprinkling showers; to April 7 hard frost.

After rainy weather till December 23, 1786, came frost and snow till January 7, 1787. Then a week of mild and very rainy weather, followed by a week of heavy snow. From January 21 to February 11, mild weather with frequent rains; to February 21 dry weather with high winds; and to March 10, hard frost. Then alternate rains and frosts to April 13.

Early in November, 1786, there was frost, but thence to December 16 rain with only "a few detached days of frost." After a fortnight of frost and snow, came 24 days of dark, moist, mild weather. Then four days (from January 24 to January 28, 1787) of frost and snow; after which mild showery weather to February 16, dry cool weather to February 28, stormy and rainy weather to March 10. The next fortnight bright and frosty; then mild rainy weather to the end of April.

November, 1787, was mild till the 23rd, the last week frosty. The first three weeks of December still and mild, with rain, the last week frosty. The first thirteen days of January mild and wet; then five days of frost, followed by dry, windy weather. February frosty, but with frequent showers. The first half of March hard frost, the rest dark harsh weather with much rain.

The winter of 1788-89 was very severe, hard frost continuing from November 22, 1788, to January 13, 1789. The rest of January was mild with showers. February rainy, with snow showers and heavy gales of wind. The first thirteen days of March hard frost, with snow; and then till April 18, heavy rain, with frost, snow, and sleet. This winter was very severe also on the Continent.

The winter of 1789-90 was as mild as that of 1788-89 had been severe. The record runs thus:—"November to 17th, heavy rain with violent gales of wind. To December 18, mild dry weather with a few showers. To the end of the year rain and wind. To January 16, 1790, mild foggy weather, with occasional rains. To January 21" (five days only) "frost. To January 28, dark, with driving rains. To February 14, mild dry weather. To February 22" (eight days) "hard frost." To April 5 bright cold weather with a few showers.

In November, 1790, mild autumnal weather prevailed till the 26th, after which there were five days of hard frost. Thence to the end of the year, rain and snow, with a few days of frost. The whole of January, 1791, was mild with heavy rains; February windy, with much rain and snow. Then to the end of April dry, but "rather cold and frosty."

November, 1791, was very wet and stormy, December frosty. There was some hard frost in January, 1792, but the weather mostly wet and mild. In February also there was some hard frost and a little snow. March was wet and cold.

The record ends with the year 1792, the last three months of which are thus described: "October showery and mild. November dry and fine. December mild."

Certainly the account of the 23 years between 1768 and 1792, does not suggest that there is any material difference between the winter weather now common, and the average winter weather a century ago. Still it may be necessary to show, that when men spoke of mild weather in old times, they meant what we should understand by the same expression. A reference to rainy showery weather shows sufficiently that a temperature above the freezing point existed while such weather prevailed. But it might be that what White speaks of as mild weather, is such as we should consider severe. In

order to show that this is not the case, it will suffice to examine his statement respecting the actual temperature in particular winters, considering them always with due reference to what he says as to their exceptional character.

Take for instance his account of the frost in January, 1768. He says that, for the small time it lasted, this frost "was the most severe that we had then known for many years, and was remarkably injurious to evergreens." "The coincidents attending this short but intense frost," he proceeds, after describing his vegetable losses, "were, that the horses fell sick with an epidemic distemper, which injured the winds of many and killed some; that colds and coughs were general among the human species; that it froze under people's beds for several nights; that meat was so hard frozen that it could not be spitted, and could not be secured but in cellars, &c." On the 3rd of January a thermometer within doors, in a close parlour, where there was no fire, fell in the night to 20; on the 4th to 18; and on the 7th to 17½ degrees, "a degree of cold which the owner never since saw in the same situation." The evidence from the thermometer is unsatisfactory, because we do not know how the parlour was situated. But there is reason for supposing that in the bitterest winters known during the last thirty or forty years, a greater degree of cold than that of January, 1768, has been experienced in England.

The frost of January, 1776, was also regarded as remarkable, and an account of it will therefore enable us to judge what was the ordinary winter weather of the last century.

In the first place, White notices that "the first week of January, 1776, was very wet, and drowned with vast rains from every quarter; from whence may be inferred, as there is great reason to believe is the case, that intense frosts seldom take place till the earth is perfectly glutted and chilled with water; and hence dry autumns are seldom followed by rigorous winters." On the 14th, after a week of frost, sleet, and snow, which after the 12th "overwhelmed all the works of men, drifting over the tops of gates, and filling the hollow lanes," White had occasion to be much abroad. He thought he had never before or since encountered such rugged Siberian weather. "Many of the narrow roads were now filled above the tops of the hedges, through which the snow was driven into most romantic and grotesque shapes, so striking to the imagination as not to be seen without wonder and pleasure. The poultry dared not to stir out of their roosting places; for cocks and hens are so dazzled and confounded by the glare of snow, that they would soon perish without assistance.

The hares also lay sullenly in their seats, and would not move till compelled by hunger : being conscious, poor animals, that the drifts and heaps treacherously betray their footsteps and prove fatal to many of them." From the 14th the snow continued to increase, and began to stop the road-wagons and coaches, which could no longer keep their regular stages ; and especially on the Western roads. "The company at Bath that wanted to attend the Queen's birthday were strangely incommoded ; many carriages of persons who got on their way to town from Bath, as far as Marlborough, after strange embarrassments, here met with a *ne plus ultra*. The ladies fretted, and offered large rewards to labourers, if they would shovel them a road to London ; but the relentless heaps of snow were too bulky to be removed ; and so the 18th passed over, leaving the company in very uncomfortable circumstances, at the Castle and other inns."

Yet all this time and till the 21st the cold was not so intense as it was last December. On the 21st the thermometer showed 20 degrees, and had it not been for the deep snows, the winter would not have been very severely felt. On the 22nd, the author had occasion to go to London "through a sort of Laplandian scene, very wild and grotesque indeed." But London exhibited an even stranger appearance than the country. "Being bedded deep in snow, the pavement of the streets could not be touched by the wheels or the horses' feet, so that the carriages ran almost without the least noise." "Such an exemption from din and clatter," says White, "was strange but not pleasant ; it seemed to convey an uncomfortable idea of desolation :

Ipsa silentia terrent.

"The worst had not yet, however, been reached. On the 27th much snow fell all day, and in the evening the frost became very intense. At South Lambeth, for the four following nights, the thermometer fell to eleven, seven, six, six ; and at Selborne to seven, six, ten ; and on the 31st, just before sunrise, with rime on the trees and on the tube of the glass, the quicksilver sank exactly to zero—*a most unusual degree of cold this for the South of England.*" During these four nights, the cold was so penetrating that ice formed under beds ; and in the day the wind was so keen, that persons of robust constitutions could hardly endure to face it. "The Thames was at once frozen over, both above and below bridge, that crowds ran about on the ice. The streets were now strangely encumbered with snow, which crumbled and trod dusty ; and turning gray, resembled bay salt ; what had fallen on the roofs was so perfectly dry that from

first to last it lay twenty-six days on the houses in the city ; *a longer time than had been remembered by the oldest housekeepers living.*"

According to all appearances rigorous weather might now have been expected for weeks to come, since every night increased in severity. "But behold," says White, "without any apparent cause, on the 1st of February, a thaw took place, and some rain followed before night, making good the observation that frosts often go off as it were at once without any gradual declension of cold. On the 2nd of February the thaw persisted, and on the 3rd swarms of little insects were frisking and sporting in a court-yard at South Lambeth, as if they had felt no frost. Why the juices in the small bodies and smaller limbs of such minute beings are not frozen, is a matter of curious inquiry."

Although it is manifest that the weather of January, 1776, was severe, yet the remarks italicised show that such weather was regarded a century ago as altogether exceptional. Again, the cold lasted only about three weeks. And it may be doubted whether in actual intensity it even equalled that which was experienced in London and the south of England generally during the first week of 1855. Certainly the evidence afforded by such remarks as I have italicised in the above-quoted passage tends more to prove that winter weather in England a hundred years hence was on the average much like winter at present, than the unusual severity of the weather during about twenty-four days in January, 1776, tends to suggest that a marked change has taken place.

Similar evidence is afforded by White's remarks respecting the severe cold of December, 1784.

As in January, 1776, so in December, 1784—a week of very wet weather heralded the approach of severe cold. "The first week of December," says White, "was very wet, with the barometer very low. On the 7th, with the barometer at 28.5, came on a vast snow, which continued all that day and the next, and most part of the following night; so that by the morning of the 9th the works of men were quite overwhelmed" (there is something quite Homeric in White's use of this favourite expression), "the lanes filled so as to be impassable, and the ground covered twelve or fifteen inches without any drifting. In the evening of the 9th the air began to be so very sharp that we thought it would be curious to attend to the motions of a thermometer; we therefore hung out two, one made by Martin and one by Dolland" (probably Dollond), "which soon began to show us what we were to expect; for by ten o'clock they fell to twenty-one, eleven, to four, when we went to bed. On the 10th, in the

morning, the quicksilver of Dolland's glass was down to half a degree below zero, and that of Martin's, which was absurdly graduated only to four degrees above zero, sunk quite into the brass guard of the ball, so that, when the weather became most interesting, this was useless. On the 10th, at eleven at night, though the air was perfectly still, Dolland's glass went down to one degree below zero! This strange severity of the weather made me very desirous to know what degree of cold there might be in such an exalted and near situation as Newton. We had, therefore, on the morning of the 10th, written to Mr. —, and entreated him to hang out his thermometer, made by Adams, and to pay some attention to it, morning and evening, expecting wonderful phenomena in so elevated a region, at two hundred feet or more above my house. But, behold! on the tenth, at eleven at night, it was down only to seventeen, and the next morning at twenty-two, when mine was at ten! We were so disturbed at this unexpected reverse of comparative cold that we sent one of my glasses up, thinking that of Mr. — must somehow be wrongly constructed. But when the instruments came to be confronted they went exactly together, so that for one night at least the cold at Newton was eighteen degrees less than at Selborne, and through the whole frost ten or twelve degrees; and indeed, when we came to observe consequences, we could readily credit this, for all my laurustines, bays, ilexes, arbutuses, cypresses, and even my Portugal laurels—and, which occasions more regret, my fine sloping laurel hedge—were scorched up, while at Newton the same trees have not lost a leaf. . . ." One circumstance noted by White, though not bearing specially on the degree of cold which prevailed on this occasion, is very interesting. "I must not omit to tell you," says White, "that during those two Siberian days my parlour cat was so electric that had a person stroked her and been properly insulated, the shock might have been given to a whole circle of people."

White's account of this severe frost bears very significantly on the theory that our winter weather has undergone a great change. It is obvious, in the first place, that the situation of his thermometers was such that they were likely to show a low temperature as compared with the indications in other places. It is also clear that the thermometer he used was trustworthy. If it were one of Dollond's it would presumably be a good one, and I do not think that in White's time the trick of marking inferior instruments with the name *Dolland* had come into vogue. But in any case Adams's scientific instruments were excellent; and, as the account shows, the thermometer used by White indicated the same temperatures as Adams's.

Now, the lowest temperature recorded was only one degree below zero; and that this was altogether exceptional is shown not only by what White says in the passage I have quoted, but also by his remarking a little later that this frost "may be allowed, from its effects, to have exceeded any since 1739-40." Even this is not all. It would certainly prove beyond dispute that our winters were not milder than those of a century ago; for a greater degree of cold than that recorded by White in December, 1784, has been more than once experienced in the same part of England during the last forty years. But it seems from a statement in Miller's "Gardener's Dictionary," that the Portugal laurels were untouched in the great frost of 1739-40, which would show that the frost of 1784 was more severe and destructive than that of 1739-40. If this were really so, the frost of 1784 was the severest (though owing to its short duration it did not produce the most remarkable effects in the country at large) of any during the periods noted between the years 1709 and 1788. On the Continent the frost of December, 1788, was more severe in some places, though rather less severe at Paris, than that of 1709; but I do not know of any records which would enable us to make a direct comparison between the cold in 1709, 1784, and 1788 at any given place in Great Britain.

It will be well now to take a wider survey and consider some of the most severe winters experienced in Europe generally.

The winter of 1544 was remarkably severe all over Europe. In Flanders, according to Mézerai, wine froze in casks, and was sold in blocks by the pound weight. The winter of 1608 was also very severe. In the winter of 1709 the thermometer at the Paris Observatory recorded a cold of nearly ten degrees below zero.

Passing over the winter of 1776, of whose effects in England we have learned enough to enable us to judge how severely it must have been felt in those continental countries where the winter is always more severe than with us, we come to the severe winter of 1788-89.

We have seen that in England hard frost began on November 22 and continued till January 13. In France (or rather at Paris) the frost began three days later, but the thaw began on the same day, January 13. There was no intermission except on Christmas Day, when it did not freeze. In the great canal at Versailles the ice was two feet thick. "The water also froze," says Flammarion, "in several very deep wells, and wine became congealed in cellars. The Seine began to freeze as early as November 26, and for several days *its course* was impeded, the breaking up of the ice not taking place

until January 20 (1789). The lowest temperature observed at Paris was seven degrees below zero, on December 31. The frost was equally severe in other parts of France and throughout Europe. The Rhone was quite frozen over at Lyons, the Garonne at Toulouse, and at Marseilles the sides of the docks were covered with ice. Upon the shores of the Atlantic the sea was frozen to a distance of several leagues. The ice upon the Rhine was so thick that loaded wagons were able to cross it. The Elbe was covered with ice, and also bore up heavy carts. The harbour at Ostend was frozen so hard that people could cross it on horseback; the sea was congealed to a distance of four leagues from the exterior fortifications, and no vessel could approach the harbour."

It was during the frost of 1788-89 that a fair was held on the Thames. The river was frozen as low as Gravesend; but it was only in London that booths were set up. The Thames fair lasted during the Christmas holidays and the first twelve days of January.

At Strasburg, on December 31, a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero was shown. At Berlin on the 20th, and St. Petersburg on the 12th, temperatures of twenty and twenty-three degrees below zero respectively were noted. But in Poland and parts of Germany an even greater degree of cold was recorded. For instance, at Warsaw, $26\frac{1}{2}$ degrees below zero; and at Bremen thirty-two degrees. At Basle, on December 18, the thermometer indicated nearly thirty-six degrees below zero. In the district around Toulouse bread was frozen so hard that it could not be cut till it had been laid before the fire. Many travellers perished in the snow. At Lemburg, in Galicia, thirty-seven persons were found dead in three days towards the end of December. The ice froze so thick in ponds that in most of them all the fish were killed.

The winter of 1794-95 was remarkable in this country as giving the lowest average temperature for a month ever recorded in England. The mean temperature for January, 1795, was only 26.5 degrees; or more than three degrees lower than that of last January. January 25, 1795, is commonly supposed to have been the coldest day ever known. The thermometer in London stood at eight degrees below zero during part of that bitter day; and in Paris, where also there were six consecutive weeks of frost, at $10\frac{3}{4}$ degrees below zero. The Thames was frozen over at Whitehall in the beginning of January. The Marne, the Scheldt, the Rhine, and the Seine were so frozen over that army corps and heavy carriages crossed over them. Perhaps the strangest of all the recorded results of cold weather occurred during the same month. The French General

Pichegru, who was then operating in the North of Holland, sent detachments of cavalry and infantry about January 20, with orders to the former to cross the Texel and to capture the enemy's vessels, which were "imprisoned by the ice." "The French horsemen crossed the plains of ice at full gallop," we are told, "approached the vessels, called on them to surrender, captured them without a struggle, and took the crews prisoners:" probably the only occasion in history when effective use could have been made of a corps of horse-marines.

The winter of 1798-99 was very cold, but not so exceptionally cold in England as on the Continent. The Seine was completely frozen over from the 29th of December to the 19th of January, from the Pont de la Tournelle to the Pont Royal. Farther east the cold was much greater. The Meuse was frozen over so thickly that carriages could cross it, and at the Hague and at Rotterdam fairs were held on the river. A regiment of dragoons starting from Mayence, crossed the Rhine upon the ice.

The winter of 1812-13 was exceedingly cold in November, December, and January. It was this unusually early and bitter winter which occasioned the destruction of Napoleon's army in Russia, and the eventual overthrow of his power. (For no one who considers his achievements during the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 can doubt that, had the army with which he invaded Russia been at his command, he would have foiled all the efforts of combined Europe against him.) The cold became very intense in Russia after the 7th of November. On the 17th the thermometer fell to 15 degrees below zero, according to Larrey, who carried a thermometer suspended from his button hole. The retreat from Moscow began on the 18th, Napoleon leaving the still burning city on the 19th, and the evacuation being complete on the 23rd. Everything seemed to conspire against Napoleon and his army. During the march to Smolensk snow fell almost incessantly. Even the only intermission of the cold during the retreat caused additional disaster. On the 18th of November, Russian troops had crossed the frozen Dwina with their artillery. A thaw began on the 24th, but continued only for a short time; "so that from the 26th to the 29th the Beresina contained numerous blocks of ice, but yet was not so frozen over as to afford a passage to the French troops." It was to this circumstance that the terribly disastrous nature of the passage of the Beresina must mainly be attributed.

The winter of 1813-14 was colder in England than on the Continent—I mean, the winter here was colder for England than the

winter in any region of continental Europe was for that region. The frost lasted from December 26 to March 21, and the mean temperature of January was only 26·8 degrees. The Thames was frozen over very thickly, and a fair was held on the frozen river.

The winter of 1819-20 was bitter throughout Europe. Mr. Thomas Plant, in an interesting letter to the *Times* of February 4, says that this winter was one long spell of intense frost from November to March, and was almost as severe as that of 1813-14. In Paris there were forty-seven days of frost, nineteen of which were consecutive, from December 30, 1818, to January 17. "In France," says Flammarion, "the intensity of the cold was heralded by the passage along the coast of the Pas de Calais of a great number of birds coming from the farthest regions of the north, by wild swans and ducks of variegated plumage. Several travellers perished of cold; amongst others a farmer near Arras, a gamekeeper near Nogent (Haute Marne), a man and woman in the Côte d'Or, two travellers at Breuil, on the Meuse, a woman and a child on the road from Etain to Verdun, six persons near Château Salins (Meurthe), and two little Savoyards on the road from Clermont to Chalons-sur-Saône. In the experiments made at the Metz School of Artillery, on the 10th of January, to ascertain how iron resisted low temperatures, several soldiers had their hands or their ears frozen." During this winter the Thames, the Seine, the Rhône, the Rhine, the Danube, the Garonne, the lagoons of Venice, and the Sound, were so far frozen that it was possible to walk across them on the ice.

The winter of 1829-30 was remarkable as the longest winter of the first half of the present century. The cold was not exceptionally intense, but the long continuance of bitter weather occasioned more mischief in the long run than has attended short spells of severer cold. The river Seine was frozen at Paris first for 29 days, from December 28th to January 26th, and then for 5 days from February 5th to February 10th. The river had not been so many days frost-bound in any winter since 1763. Even at Havre the Seine was frozen over; and at Rouen a fair was held upon the river on January 18th. On January 25, after a thaw of six days, the ice from Corbeil and Melun blocked up the bridge at Choisy, forming a wall 16½ feet high.

The winter of 1837-38 was remarkable for the long frost of January and February, 1838. It lasted eight weeks. Mr. Plant mentions that "the lowest point of the thermometer during this long and severe frost occurred on January 20, when the readings were from 5 degrees below zero, in this district" (Moseley, near Birmingham),

"to 8 and 10 degrees below zero in more exposed aspects." "On the 13th of January, the old Royal Exchange, London, was destroyed by fire; and the frost was so great that, when the fire brigade had ceased playing on one portion of the burning pile, the water in a short time became icicles of such large dimensions, that the effect has been described as grand in the extreme."

The winter of 1837-38 is not usually included as one among the exceptionally cold winters on the Continent, and the winter of 1840-41, though certainly cold in the British Isles, is not included by Mr. Plant in his list of the coldest winters since 1795. But this winter was exceedingly cold on the Continent. At Paris there were fifty-nine days' frost, twenty-seven of them consecutive—viz. from December 5th, when the cold began, to January 1st. The intermission which began on January 1, lasted only till January 3, when there was another week of frost. There was frost again from January 30 to February 10. One of the most remarkable stories connected with the cold of this winter, is thus told by Flammarion :— "On the 15th of December, the ashes of Napoleon, brought back from St. Helena, entered Paris by the Arc de Triomphe. The thermometer in places exposed to nocturnal radiation, had that day marked 6·8 degrees above zero. An immense crowd, the National Guard of Paris and its suburbs, and numerous regiments lined the Champs Elysées, from the early morning until two in the afternoon. Every one suffered severely from the cold. Soldiers and workmen, hoping to obtain warmth by drinking brandy" (the most chilling process they could have thought of), "were seized by the cold, and dropped down dead of congestion. Several persons perished, victims of their curiosity; having climbed up into the trees to see the procession, their extremities, benumbed by the cold, failed to support them, and they were killed by the fall."

The winter of 1844-45 was remarkable for the long duration of cold weather. The whole of December was very cold, January not so severe, but still cold, February singularly cold, and the frost so severe in March that on Good Friday (March 21st) the boats, which had been frost-bound for weeks in the canals, were still locked tightly in ice.

Mr. Plant omits to notice in the letter above-mentioned the long winter of 1853-54, which was indeed less severe (relatively as well as absolutely) in England than on the Continent. Still, he is hardly right in saying, that after 1845 there was no winter of long and intense character until January and February 1855. On the Continent the winter of 1853-54 was not only protracted but severe,

especially towards the end of December. Several rivers were frozen over. The cold lasted from March till November, with scarcely any intermission.

The winter of 1854-55 was still more severe than its predecessor. The frosts commenced in the east of France in October and lasted till the 28th of April. The mean temperatures for January and February, in England, were 31 degrees and 29 degrees respectively. This year will be remembered as that during which our army suffered so terribly from cold in the Crimea. But our brave fellows would have resisted Generals January and February (in whom the Czar Nicholas expressed such strong reliance), as well as the Russians themselves did, or maybe a trifle better (if we can judge from the way in which Englishmen have borne Arctic winters), had it not been for the gross negligence of the Red Tapists.

The winter of 1857-58 was rather severer than the average, but not much. The Danube and Russian ports in the Black Sea were frozen over in January, 1858.

The frost of December, 1860, and January, 1861, was remarkable. The coldest recorded mean temperature for a month in time (not the coldest month), was that for the thirty days ending January 16, 1861,—namely, 26 degrees. Mr. Plant remarks that “the intense cold on Christmas-eve, 1860, finds no equal in his records, since January 20, 1838. The thermometer registered 34 degrees of frost, and in the valley of the Rea, five to seven degrees below zero. Strangely enough, Flammarion makes no mention of this bitter winter in his list of exceptionally cold winters.

The winter of 1864-65 lasted from December to the end of March, all which four months, Mr. Plant notes, were of the true winter type. The Seine was frozen over at Paris, and people crossed the ice near the Pont des Arts.

The winter of 1870-71 will always be remembered as that during which the siege of Paris was carried on, and the last scenes of the Franco-Prussian war took place. As Flammarion justly remarks, this winter will be classed among severe winters, because of the extreme cold in December and January (notwithstanding the mild weather of February), and also because of the fatal influence which the cold exercised upon the public health at the close of the war with Germany. “The great equatorial current,” he proceeds (meaning, no doubt, the winds which blow over the prolongation of the Gulf Stream), “which generally extends to Norway, stopped this year at Spain and Portugal, the prevailing wind being from the north. On the 5th of December there was a temperature of 5 degrees, and on

the 8th, at Montpellier, the thermometer stood at 17·6 degrees. A second period of cold set in on the 22nd of December, lasting until the 5th of January. In Paris the Seine was blocked with ice, and seemed likely to become frozen over. On the 24th there were 21·6 degrees of frost, and at Montpellier, on the 31st, 28·8 degrees. It is well known that many of the outposts around Paris, and several of the wounded who had been lying for fifteen hours upon the field, were found frozen to death. From the 9th to the 15th of January a third period of cold set in, the thermometer marking 17·6 degrees" (14·4 degrees of frost) "at Paris, and 8·6 degrees at Montpellier. The most curious fact was that the cold was greater in the south than in the north of France. At Brussels the lowest temperatures were 11·1 degrees in December and 8·2 degrees in January. There were forty days' frost at Montpellier, forty-two at Paris, and forty-seven at Brussels during these two months. Finally, the winter average (December, January, and February) was 35·2 degrees in Paris, whereas the general average is 37·9 degrees." In the north of Europe this was also a very hard winter, though the cold set in at a different time than that noted for France. There were 40 degrees of frost at Copenhagen on February 12—that is, the temperature was 5 degrees below zero. By the documents which M. Renon furnished Flammarion with for France, "I discover," says the latter, "a minimum of 9·4 degree below zero at Périgueux, and of 13 degrees below zero at Moulins. I find by the documents supplied me by Mr. Glaisher," he proceeds "that he also considers the winter of 1870-71 as appertaining to the class of winters memorable for their severity."

Lastly, in the winter which as I write (February 10) seems to be nearly over, we have had for December a mean temperature of only 31 degrees in the midlands—the coldest December known there, followed by a January so cold that the mean temperature for the midlands was only 29·8 degrees. Mr. G. J. Symons, the well-known meteorologist, says of the past winter, that January was the coldest for at least twenty-one, and he believes for forty-one years, "following a December which was also, with one exception, the coldest for twenty-one years." He gives an abstract of the temperatures (both maximum and minimum) for November, December, and January during the last twenty-one years, from which it appears:—

1. That the average *maximum* temperature of November was the lowest during the period with two exceptions, that of December the lowest with one exception, and that of January the lowest of the whole period.

2. That the average *minimum* of November was the lowest during

the period with four exceptions, that of December the lowest with one exception, and that of January the lowest.

3. That the mean temperature of the three months was not only five degrees below the average, but also lower than in any previous year out of the twenty-one.

On the whole, the winter of 1878-79 must be regarded as the coldest we have had during at least the last score of years, and probably during twice that time. It was not characterised by exceptionally severe short periods of intense cold, like those which occurred during the winters of 1854-55, 1855-56, and 1860-61; but it has been surpassed by few winters during the last two centuries for constant low temperature and long-continued moderate frost. During the last ninety years there have been only four winters matching that of 1878-79 in these respects.

Since the preceding pages were written the weather record for February 1879 has been completed. Like the three preceding months, February showed a mean temperature below the average, though the deficit was not quite so great as in those months. The following table, drawn up by Mr. Plant, shows the mean temperature at Moseley for four winter months of 1878-79, and the average temperature for those months at Moseley during the last twenty years:—

1878-79.		Average of 20 years.	
	Deg.		Deg.
November	37·0	November	41·5
December	31·0	December	39·0
January	29·8	January	35·5
February	35·8	February	39·0
Mean of the four months	33·4	Average of four months in 20 years' observations	38·8

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

RECENT AFFAIRS IN PONDOLAND.

IN the gradually decreasing tract of native territory which intervenes between the Cape Colony and Natal, a river debouches into the ocean which has long excited the cupidity of British colonists in Southern Africa. The coast along this portion of the continent, although abounding in varied and beautiful scenery, possesses but few harbours of any importance by which external communication and trade can be carried on with the native tribes. Some compensation for this deficiency is afforded by the numerous rivers by which this fertile land is watered; and of these some will afford entrance to vessels of moderate size. One of the chief of these is the Umzimvooboo, or St. John River, which has a width, not far from its mouth, of 250 yards. After a course of nearly 200 miles through an undulating and well wooded country, its waters attain considerable volume, and the depth for some miles inland appears to average 30 feet.

It is not, however, merely the shelter afforded to vessels by the mouth of the Umzimvooboo on which our countrymen have set longing eyes. The surrounding country, which is inhabited by the Pondos, is enclosed by British territory on all sides but that on which it is washed by the sea; and it has long been evident that it must eventually pass under British domination. Possessed with its "civilising mission," the aggressive tendency of the English people is manifested in the constant accession of fresh territory in South Africa and the extension of our rule over one after another of the native tribes. Unfortunately these annexations are not, in the majority of cases, accomplished with due justice to the natives concerned in them, and less regard is paid to their rights than to the requirements of the settlers. One instance of this unjust conduct towards the natives in depriving them of their land is furnished by the recent war with the Galekas, and the annexation of their territory after their virtual extermination; and the train of affairs which culminated in the acquisition of Pondoland is the subject of this article.

Of the ethnological relations of the Pondo race, by which the district on each side of the Umzimvooboo is peopled, there is considerable divergence of opinion. Dr. Livingstone and other writers

class the Pondos, Pondas, Amapondos or Amapandas (as the name is variously spelled), among the various subdivisions of the great Kaffir race. Mr. Anthony Trollope, on the other hand, in his recent work on "South Africa," asserts most distinctly that they are not Kaffirs. This difference is probably due to the more or less restricted use of the name "Kaffir." The Pondos are generally considered to be very inferior to the Kaffirs in the Natal district and in British Kaffraria. "They are," says Bishop Grey,¹ "more heavy, dull, and stupid. Their forms are not so well moulded, and they appeared to me smaller than their neighbours: they are also more dirty. I am told that the Amapondas are looked down upon by the other tribes, and that the others would object to marry into their tribe. They drink and smoke incessantly. I passed to-day a party smoking dagga and drinking their beer, and I was told by Mr. Fynn that they would sit up most of the night at it. Faku himself sets a bad example in this respect. . . . The punishment for murder is not heavy. If the murderer sends an ox to the chief, the affair is considered as settled." Dr. Callaway, the present Bishop of St. John's, says that the Pondos appear to be far behind other tribes—indeed, not to have waked yet from savage life; to be perfectly satisfied with their present condition, and to have no wish or inclination for progress. They have large herds of cattle, and are beginning to introduce sheep. Of manufactures they have none; the only article of export now is hides. They do not raise any crops for sale, but, if they once could be roused to cultivate the land by the plough, they might soon be able to export quantities of grain by the St. John River, the natural port of Kaffirland (*Times*, 1877, Dec. 17, p. 4). Their population is roughly estimated to be 200,000.

So long ago as 1850, Mr. W. Fynn, the British Resident in Pondoland, had advocated the occupation of the country, and expressed his opinion that it would meet with the approbation of the paramount chief, Faku. This chief, indeed, maintained friendly relations with the British Government, and in 1844 he entered into a treaty with Sir P. Maitland, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Cape Colony. This treaty secured to the Pondos the friendship and protection of the Government, in return for which Faku agreed to afford no shelter to the enemies of the British Government, and to surrender to justice all criminals accused of offences in British territory who might seek refuge in Pondoland. This treaty was faithfully kept by Faku. On his death the rule of the tribe was divided

¹ Journal of the Bishop's Visitation Tour through the Cape Colony in 1850 (S.P.C.K. 1852), pp. 98-99.

between two of his sons. During his own lifetime he had established his favourite son, Damas, in the independent control of that portion of Pondoland west of the Umzimvooboo. This Damas was forbidden by the native laws to succeed as chief paramount of the tribe, his mother not being the queen, though a recognised wife of Faku. In East Pondoland, Umquikela, the son of the chief's great wife, a much younger son than Damas, succeeded Faku as chief paramount over the greater portion (about 160,000) of the Pondos.

About three years ago Damas died, leaving a son, Umquiliso or Nquiliso, who was older than his uncle Umquikela. Umquiliso continued to preserve amicable relations with the colonial government, whilst his uncle seems, on the other hand, to have been actuated by a feeling of suspicion, if not of fear.

The proposal which had been made by Mr. Fynn was for many years allowed to lie in abeyance, until, two or three years ago, Sir Henry Barkly endeavoured to obtain from Umquikela permission for the establishment of a customs officer at the mouth of the Umzimvooboo. But the Pondo chief had no desire for any interference in the trade which was being carried on with the outer world, and he very naturally declined to accede to the request, pleading that his tribe was unwilling to consent to it. This answer did not satisfy Sir Bartle Frere, who succeeded Sir H. Barkly as Governor of the Cape, and the new governor seems to have made up his mind to extend British sovereignty over the long-coveted ground, with or without the consent of the chiefs. The Pondo chief was the more unwilling to allow the English to get a footing at the mouth of the Umzimvooboo on account of the proximity of that estuary to the great stronghold of the Pondos, the Igoso Forest.

It is not a difficult matter to pick quarrels with the uncivilised native tribes, and it was not long before Umquikela found himself embroiled in disputes with the British authorities. First he was accused, though with questionable justice, of having harboured the fugitive Galekas, who were fleeing for their lives before the colonial troops in the recent "war" in the Transkei.¹ Then, with almost equal want of foundation, he was charged with having rendered active assistance to the natives of Griqualand East, during the disturbances there in the spring of last year. Much misrepresentation and exaggeration have characterised this affair, and it is difficult to ascertain what are the real facts. The accounts which have been sent home are evidently strongly biassed in favour of our officials and against the natives, and of one letter in the *Times* (Aug. 22, 1878),

¹ See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. cccliii. p. 480 (October, 1878).

the *Natal Witness* (Oct. 8, 1878) goes the length of saying that nearly every fact in it is misrepresented. The letter referred to is one from a correspondent of the leading journal with Colonel Wood's column, and the information in it doubtless came from a quarter where no favour was likely to be shown towards the natives. Umquikela's connection with the rising was very slight, and he seems to have been actuated by a friendly disposition towards the Colonial Government.

What really happened seems to have been this: A Griqua, named Adam Muis, had been summoned to appear before Captain Blyth, the chief magistrate of Griqualand East, to answer to his own recognizances. Adam Muis, however, complained that he had been unjustly treated, and, instead of putting in an appearance, he preferred to quit Griqualand, and sought a refuge with the Pondos. Doubtless aware of the danger of giving offence to the Government, if indeed his actions were not dictated by the terms of the treaty of 1844, Umquikela gave him no shelter, but used his utmost efforts to get rid of him. At the request (or demand) of Captain Blyth, he sent Adam Muis back to Kokstad with an escort of 94 Pondos. The Pondos arrived in Griqualand before the hostilities with the natives there had actually commenced, and they had no knowledge of the disturbances or of the plundering that had been going on there. Soon after reaching the Griqua camp they were informed that fighting was likely to take place, and as soon as they saw Captain Blyth's forces approach with the object of attacking the Grikwas, they at once laid down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners (April 14). Their guns were placed in the Government magazine at Kokstad, but were destroyed the following evening by the accidental explosion of the magazine. Such is mainly the account given by the *Natal Witness* (Oct. 1, 1878).

Umquikela at once sent to demand the restoration of the prisoners and their guns. On the other hand, his complicity in the Griqua outbreak was assumed by Captain Blyth, and he was summoned to appear at Kokstad to "give an account of his behaviour," as if he were a recalcitrant dependent of the British Government. Instead of going himself, he sent a deputation to Kokstad, consisting of the Rev. J. Oxley Oxland, a Church of England missionary, and the Rev. H. Rock, a Wesleyan missionary, with two traders, and some of his subordinate native chiefs. On appearing before Captain Blyth (May 27), the emissaries of Umquikela met with a not very friendly reception, and found themselves virtually put upon their trial. Under threat and pressure, certain admissions were extorted

from them, and they were induced to sign a document to the effect that the treaty with the Government had been broken. Captain Blyth also preferred demands on behalf of the Government for the cession of the mouth of the Umzimvooboo and free use there of any land required to be purchased, that any customs duties the Pundos had been in the habit of receiving should be paid to the Government, that a resident British magistrate should be placed in the country, and that the rights of road through the country should be given to the Government. Umquikela was also required to give a pledge that those of his chiefs who had transferred their allegiance to the Government should not be interfered with. Efforts were made, with some amount of success, to alienate several of the subordinate Pondo chiefs, and to persuade them to throw off their allegiance to their chief, and come under the Cape Government. And these unwarranted and unreasonable demands were made in retaliation for an alleged, though by no means proved, infraction of the treaty between Umquikela's father and the British Government. The deputation naturally declined to enter into such engagements as were asked for, stating that it was not authorised to enter into any negotiations with a view to cession of territory. A message was sent to Umquikela requiring a reply to the demands to be in Kokstad in 15 days.

Umquikela, however, did not manifest any desire to speedily accede to the demands made of him, and the Government prepared to intimidate him and bring him to terms by a display of force. Colonel Wood was despatched to Pondoland at the head of an armed force, and an "ultimatum" was sent to Umquikela, calling for an immediate reply, and warning the chief of the consequence of a refusal. This missive was entrusted to Mr. D. Strachan, magistrate of the Umzimkulu district. Mr. Strachan left Kokstad, July 31, with an escort of the Frontier Armed Police, and met with a very friendly reception by the Pondo chief. The latter positively refused to comply with the demands made by the Government, but offered to give 1,000 head of cattle as reparation for his delinquencies. He withdrew his objection to the Government placing a resident magistrate in his territory, but would not hear of a cession of the mouth of the river. Some days after, a letter was received from Mrs. Jenkins, defending the Pundos from the accusations made against them, and offering to increase the number of cattle to be paid by the chief to 1,000 from each headman of the tribe. This Mrs. Jenkins is an active-minded, energetic European woman, the widow of a Wesleyan missionary. She has spent many years in the country, and has acquired a position among the people second only to that of the

paramount chief. Since the death of her husband, ten or eleven years ago, she has acted as the chief counsellor of Umquikela. Umquikela was brought up in her household, and such is the esteem and respect he feels for her, that it is said he never takes any step of importance without consulting her, and her opposition would be sufficient to deter him from any line of action.

On the Pondo chief asking for further information as to the terms demanded by the Government Commissioners, the Rev. Oxley Oxland was deputed to meet him at Emfundisweni, and give what information he required. On the suggestion of the Commissioners (Captain Blyth and Major Elliott), Colonel Wood was directed to accompany the missionary, and distinctly explain to Umquikela that the Commissioners were merely the emissaries of a Government resolved to carry into effect its original claims, and to point out to him the evil consequences which would result from persistent opposition. Accordingly, on August 12 notice was sent to Umquikela that the Government nominees would be at Emfundisweni from 8 A.M. till 2 P.M. on the 16th, and that in the event of his non-appearance they would not wait beyond the appointed time. On the morning of the 15th, Mr. Oxland, with Colonel Wood and his military escort, left Kokstad, and early the following day reached the place of rendezvous. Four hours after leaving Kokstad, they were met by a messenger from Umquikela, who stated that the Government summons had only reached the chief's kraal, nearly 90 miles from Emfundisweni, the previous morning, and that in consequence of this delay he could not arrive at the latter place before the 17th. An answer was therefore despatched extending the time of meeting until 2 P.M. on that date. On their arrival at the mission station at Emfundisweni (32 miles south of Kokstad), Colonel Wood and some of his staff paid a visit to Mrs. Jenkins, and had the advantage of learning the opinion of this experienced and noble-minded lady on the points at issue between the Government and the Pondo chief. She met with an earnest and unqualified denial the accusations which had been brought against Umquikela of his rendering aid to the Galekas and Griquas during the late hostilities.

The morning of the 17th passed away without the chief putting in any appearance, and about noon a European messenger arrived at the camp to say that he had left Umquikela and his party some distance back, and that they could not arrive before 3 P.M. Presently other messengers came in to say that Umquikela was making all haste, and after a while bodies of natives on horseback were seen fling over a hill about five miles distant and gradually approaching

to within about three miles of the place of meeting. Then they were seen to halt. Time was passing and the Englishmen were getting impatient, so at four o'clock a native was despatched to the chief to hasten his movements. A reply was brought back attributing the cause of the delay to the non-arrival of a minor chief and his tribe, the time of whose appearance it was impossible to say. But the Commissioners' patience was now exhausted, and without more ado at five o'clock the order was given to start homewards. It seems from private letters from Pondoland¹ that Umquikela went up with every intention of attending the meeting, but that when he had reached the vicinity of the mission station he had been told by some of the mission Kaffirs that if he went to meet Colonel Wood he would be taken prisoner by the troops. The appearance of the mounted soldiers increased his suspicions, and he very naturally declined to place himself in their power. He was doubtless the more inclined to this course by the remembrance of the manner in which the Pondo deputation had been treated at Kokstad. There is good reason to believe that he strongly desired to give satisfaction to the British Government, and that he had no wish to live at enmity with it. Had it not been for the attempt to intimidate him into submission by a show of force, an amicable agreement might have been come to.

But the failure of the Pondo chief to meet the Commissioners at the appointed place, although evidently actuated more by fear than by any other cause, was regarded as an act of hostility, and, without any further effort to obtain his consent, Sir Bartle Frere forthwith determined to carry out the aggressive measures at which he had been aiming, and, in the event of any resistance, to bring the Pondos to subjection by force. Accordingly General Thesiger (now Lord Chelmsford) was despatched from Durban in H.M.S. *Active* with a company of the 24th Regiment and a detachment of Royal Engineers to hoist the British flag on Pondo soil and take possession of the coveted land. Thesiger arrived at the mouth of the Umzimvooboo on August 29, and two days later—only a fortnight after the attempted meeting at Emfundisweni—he landed his troops on the south-western bank of the river.

It will be remembered that the portion of the Pondo tribe on this side of the Umzimvooboo was under the independent rule of Umquiliso, Umquikela's nephew. With this chief the Government had throughout maintained much more friendly relations, and Umquiliso had manifested his friendly desire by refusing to allow a

¹ *Natal Witness* (September 3, 1878).

shelter in his territory to the fugitive Galekas in the early part of the year. Little difficulty was experienced in obtaining a cession from him, by purchase, of a portion of land on his shore of the river, and he was even induced to place his tribe under British protection. On landing here, therefore, General Thesiger did not meet with any opposition, and the ceremony of the formal occupation was accomplished in the sight of a large congregation of the natives. Some of these Pondos came a long distance in order to witness the ceremony, and they are said to have behaved "in a most becoming manner." General Thesiger then crossed the river into Umquikela's territory with the object of formally annexing the land on that side of the river. Instead of the resistance which had been predicted by some of the European traders on the river, little or nothing was seen of the natives subject to Umquikela. It was reported that they had on the previous day proceeded inland. Here, again, we have evidence of the chief's fear of the British authorities and of his want of confidence in their intentions. His conduct throughout seems to have been influenced by these considerations, and it is unfortunate that the Government did not manifest a desire to deal with him in a more amicable manner: it might thus have convinced him that its intentions were just and honourable. General Thesiger pointed out to Umquiliso's men that he had taken possession of the left bank of the river because Umquikela was unfriendly to the Government, and that there was no intention of his so acting on the right bank, as Umquiliso had in every way shown himself a good and faithful friend to the Government, and would, he felt sure, meet its wishes by every means in his power.

A Royal proclamation was issued by Sir Bartle Frère, as Governor for the colony and High Commissioner for the Queen, deposing Umquikela, declaring that the sovereignty of England extends over the port and tidal estuary of the Umzimvooboo, and permitting the subordinate chiefs to deal directly with the British Government as the sole paramount authority. In this proclamation the old charges against the chief were recounted with a view to justify his enforced removal from the rule of his people. The accusation that he had rendered aid to the Griqua rebels rests on a very shadowy foundation, and appears to be directly opposed to the real facts of the case. A more substantial charge is that he had knowingly harboured criminals who had committed murder in British territory, and had repeatedly refused to deliver them up to justice. As is the case with uncivilised people, the Grikwas have great faith in witchcraft, a superstition which is responsible for many evils to which they are subject.

In one of his official reports Captain Blyth remarks that "the witch-doctors reside generally in Pondoland, where they find a ready asylum, and can be consulted with impunity; directly any serious crime is committed, the people concerned fly to Pondoland, where they are received and welcomed. This makes the administration of justice and detection of crime very difficult. In the cases alluded to by me," he continues, "ten of the prisoners ran away into Pondoland, where they are at present, in spite of the Government having demanded them repeatedly. In the case of the Baca country, the witch-doctor resides in Pondoland. Pondoland has been, and will become even more so, a refuge and receptacle for all the disloyal and lawless men in Kaffirland, and is the centre of all disaffection and evil." Umquikela's conduct in these affairs is not, however, without some justification. Captain Blyth's overbearing and peremptory manner in demanding the surrender of the fugitive criminals tended somewhat to irritate the chief; in a despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies (Jan. 3, 1878), the British magistrate received a severe reproof for the manner in which he had addressed the Pondo chief. There is also good reason to believe that Umquikela's unwillingness to deliver up these refugees was influenced by the failure of Captain Blyth to give him any satisfaction with regard to the disposal of a white man who had shot a native of Pondoland. In the fulfilment of such engagements with a foreign Power he had a right to expect reciprocity on the side of the other party to the treaty, and that the onus of compliance with the treaty stipulations should not be entirely one-sided. This, however, does not appear to have been the view entertained by the British authorities, who have not shown any eagerness to fulfil their obligations towards the Pondos. As the proclamation admits, it was only when the Pondo chief was intimidated by the approach of "a force of Her Majesty's troops," that he was induced to admit his breach of his treaty engagements. But when he offered to make reparation by paying a fine in cattle, the Government refused to accept it.

The proclamation of Sir Bartle Frere went on to state that Umquikela would not be permitted to exercise any control or authority over the navigation of the St. John River. The sovereignty over the port and tidal estuary was declared to be vested thenceforth solely in Her Majesty's Government, on behalf of which officers would be appointed to control the navigation, and to levy any customs or port dues which it might be determined to impose. All chiefs and people were required to obey any orders of the Government which they might receive through the Resident magistrates. Major Elliott

was appointed Resident for all the tribes on the west bank of the river, and the Rev. J. Oxley Oxland Resident for the east bank. It was provided that temporarily the customs duties should be levied at the same rate as in the rest of the Cape Colony. A station on the left bank of the river was occupied as a military post, and within a week of his landing to take formal possession, General Thesiger returned to Durban. A survey has been made of the territory round the mouth of the river by Captain Sullivan, from which it appears that the river is very suitable for navigation and as an outlet for the commerce of the district between the Cape Colony and Natal. There is at its mouth a bar, which at high tide is covered by seven or eight feet of water, and it is said that as many as thirty feet may be found over the bar when the river is swollen by land floods.

There can be little doubt of the insufficiency of the charges against Umquikela to justify so strong a measure as his deposition and the confiscation of his territory. On carefully following the successive actions of the Cape Government in its relations with the Pondo chief, the conclusion to which we are driven is that the alleged delinquencies of Umquikela were made use of as a pretext for the extension of British rule over his tribe. As was concisely expressed by the *Cape Mercury* (Sept. 18, 1878), "Pondoland was wanted for confederation purposes," and the late disputes formed an opportunity for the more powerful Colonial Government to step in and take possession of the coveted territory.

However gladly we may hail the extension of British influence and civilisation over the benighted races in Southern Africa, we must regret that any advances should be made without the concurrence of the tribes concerned, and that without any regard to their own wishes they should be subjected to a foreign authority. Contact with the civilising power of Great Britain will, when justly observed, always have a beneficial result on the native races; every endeavour should be made to improve the lot of the original inhabitants of the soil, and legislation should not, as is at present so largely the case, tend to benefit the white men at the expense of those they have displaced. England will undoubtedly ultimately extend its rule over the whole of the southern extremity of the African continent, but its advance should be accompanied by just and honourable intentions towards the present occupiers of the soil, and a determination that all our intercourse with them should be to their interest and advantage. When, as in the present case, a course is adopted so utterly devoid of justification and so entirely opposed to the true moral duties of a nation which holds itself up as the foremost civilising and christian-

ising power in the world, a strong protest should be made, and we should endeavour by such means as are in our power to prevent a recurrence of such an aggression.

Fortunate it is that the annexation of Pondoland has hitherto been accomplished without any bloodshed. Whether, as has been suspected, Umquikela may gather together his forces in the hope of expelling the intruders, is uncertain. He has at his side an Englishwoman of great tact and experience, who will doubtless show him the folly of such an undertaking and the utter impossibility of his wresting the occupied territory from so powerful a nation as the British. Now that he has been ousted from his position as ruler of the Pondo tribe, and as there is no likelihood that the Government will be induced to restore to him his rightful inheritance, it is to be hoped that he will see the wisdom of coming peaceably under British rule, and that on the other hand the Government will in the future observe towards him as a subject a more just and honourable disposition than it has done towards him as an independent ruler.

FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.

Since the above article was written, another glaring and unjustifiable act of aggression has been committed by the "philanthropist" who has been sent out to govern our South African colonies, attended, unfortunately, with a terrible disaster to British arms. Sir Bartle Frere has taken it into his head that the sway of England shall be extended over the land of the Zulus, as through his instrumentality it has recently been over that of the Galekas and Pondos. With extraordinary pertinacity he has for some time past been endeavouring to foment a war with Ketshwayo, the King of the Zulus, and to obtain the aid and sanction of the Home Government; and his despatches manifest a very strong colouring of his statements to serve his ends. The protestations and advice of Sir M. Hicks-Beach availed nothing, and a paltry case of "violation of territory" has served as an excuse for entering into actual hostilities against the unoffending Zulu King. Two native women, having fled across the Tugela River into Natal, were pursued, brought back, and punished with death. This was done entirely without the knowledge or sanction of Ketshwayo, who, when he heard of it, promptly made inquiries into the matter and offered reparation.

As if to reduce his ground of quarrel to an absurdity, Sir Bartle brings a second charge against Ketshwayo, to the effect that two British subjects, trespassing on Zulu territory with the object of sketching, had been temporarily detained and then liberated without

injury! His demands for compensation for these "acts of outrage" would probably have been complied with, but the High Commissioner tacked on to them a string of unwarranted demands which he knew must exasperate the Zulus and compel their king to return a negative answer. Foreseeing the inevitable result, he prepared his forces, and without giving Ketshwayo much time for consideration, the word was given to invade his territory.

Throughout this unfortunate affair the High Commissioner seems to have manifested a determined hostility towards the Zulus. When the three English Commissioners decided the territorial dispute between Ketshwayo and the Transvaal Government in favour of the former, Sir Bartle submitted with bad grace, and then did his best to annul the objectionable award by decreeing that the lands which had been granted to settlers by the Transvaal Government should remain undisturbed, and should be under British protection.

Of the ultimate result of the war there can be no difference of opinion. It lies, however, with the Government, in the light of its present knowledge of the circumstances of the case, to deal with the Zulus at its conclusion as justly as it is now possible to do. There can be little doubt that the one man who has brought about the war has shown his unfitness to negotiate a just and honourable peace afterwards, and it would be well, by his immediate recall, to effectually prevent his bringing about any further embroilments.

F. A. E.

*CONFESSION.**(FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE)*

O NE day, and only one, most gracious lady and sweet,
 Your marble arm upon mine own
 Leant (in my cloudy soul the memory shines complete,
 And has not lost a single tone).

And it was late ; so late, that like a medal's gleam
 The full moon showed her silver glow,
 And night's solemnity flowed downward, like a stream,
 On Paris where she slept below.

And all along the walls, and under entrance gates,
 Cats stealthily went creeping by
 With ears alert for sound, or else, like shadowy mates,
 With our slow pace kept company.

Then, of a sudden, in that boundless openness
 Outspread beneath the pallid light,
 From you, rich thrilling lute from whose heart one would
 Only gay notes could echo bright ;

From you, so full of joy—clear as a trumpet call
 Loud in the glint of early morn—
 I heard a plaintive sob, a strange weird utterance fall,
 All sorrow-stricken and forlorn.

Just like a shameful child, foul, horrible disgrace,
 Its family should blush to own,
 And which, for years, they should in some dark cavern
 Hidden from all the world, alone :

Poor angel ! for it sang, that crying sob of yours :
 " Nothing is certain here below,
 And human care for self, despite all false allures,
 Shines ever through its painted show ; "

Confession.

503

It sang : "How hard it is to be a woman and fair,
A calling mean and full as vile
As the pale dancer's art, whose idiot icy stare
Grins in a languid smile !

"To build upon men's hearts," it sang, "how poor a thing ;
Love, Beauty, all ring empty,
Until oblivion throws them in his hod to fling
Into a vast eternity !"

How oft have I recalled that wizard moon again,
That space, that silence mystical,
And the dread confidence you made in whispers then
There at the heart's confessional.

WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

TABLE TALK.

A VERY remarkable observation has recently been recorded by Mr. Russell, the Government Astronomer at Sydney—remarkable, however, rather as showing how even experienced observers may be misled, than for any real significance which it possesses. Mr. Russell and his assistant, Mr. Hirst, have been engaged in some experimental observations at a station on the Blue Mountains, about 2,200 feet above the level of the Sydney Observatory. At about nine o'clock on the morning of October 21, Mr. Hirst, observing the moon, then somewhat past her third quarter, and of course in a bright sky, made the stupendous discovery that a large part of the moon was in shadow quite as dark as that thrown by the earth during a lunar eclipse. "The outline of the shadow was generally circular," I quote Mr. Russell's description verbatim (it is a curiosity), "and it seemed to be fainter near its edges. Conspicuous bright spots on the moon could be seen through it, but it quite obliterated the view of about half of the moon's terminator (or that part where the sunlight ends), while those parts of the terminator not in the shadow could be very distinctly seen. I should estimate the diameter of the shadow from the part we could see on the moon as about three-fourths that of the moon. This is one of those remarkable facts which, being seen, should be recorded, although no explanation can at present be offered. One could hardly resist the conviction that it was a shadow; yet it could not be the shadow of any known body, and if produced by a comet it must be one of more than ordinary density, although dark bodies have been seen crossing the sun, which were doubtless comets. No change in the position of the shade could be detected after three hours' watching." It was scarcely likely there would be. The shadow was simply the dark north-eastern part of the moon's disc, which, under the same circumstances—that is, when the moon is observed a day or two after her third quarter in the day-time and with a telescope (further reducing her apparent lustre) presents always the appearance described. The contrast between the bright part outside the dark region is so much more marked under these circumstances than when the moon is seen

in a dark sky, as to be very deceptive. In this case it seems to have deceived the very elect. But a professional astronomer like Mr. Russell ought not to have written all that nonsense about the shadows of bodies and comets. Whatever else was doubtful, it was certain that that could not be the correct explanation.

MARK TWAIN relates an amusing story (the original of which, as related to me in America, is even racier) of a Western rough who had been wounded nearly to death in a fight with another gambler, and who rose from the bed of sickness a wiser if not a better man. "Yes, sir," he said, "I have learned a lesson, and taken it to heart; and now, sir, when I fight with a man, I don't take one of those dog-goned revolvers,—no, sir, I go for him with a double-barrelled shot gun." In a somewhat similar vein, so far as repentance and amendment were concerned, was the quaint expression of Peace's regret. "I see my mistake," he said touchingly; and his hearers waited for one of those profound moral reflections which he made so frequently,—“I see my mistake now: I ought to have used blank cartridge.” Let us hope the burglars who are at present pursuing the same stage of their agreeable career will take this lesson to heart, and plunder under the protection (safer at once to them and to those whom they plunder) of blank cartridges only.

ONE of the greatest benefits the electric light seems likely to bring with it is the extension of the hours during which the reading-room of the British Museum will be open to the public. During winter, as is well known to students, this institution, one of the noblest in England, is of very little avail. It is almost certain that the hours of admission will undergo some modification. While speaking of the Museum Library, I should like to express some view I have long held concerning books and the use of libraries. I should be more cautious in expressing them, as they run counter to the general feeling in England, did I not know that they were shared by the late G. H. Lewes. To a man engaged in any literary labour I put the question thus: Is it not easier and cheaper to buy a book than to go to the Museum to consult it? I do not speak of very valuable books of reference, like the Glossary of Ducange, or of any out-of-the-way works. Englishmen, however—who, as Mr. Ruskin observes, are not book-buyers—go to the Museum to refer to a work like, let me say, Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes," or Macaulay's "Essays." Now, the average time spent on the journey backwards and forwards, and in waiting for the volume, may be assumed to be four

hours. You may buy the book for a few shillings, let me say ten shillings. Will any one, who is not a mere beginner, tell me he cannot earn a good many ten shillings in the time he spends going to the library and returning? I do not insist on the point that, if a man does not wish to keep a book, he can always sell it for about half what he gave for it, though this makes my argument stronger. We are, however, as a nation, culpably averse from book-buying; and now that Paterfamilias has taken to buying society papers, it almost looks as if matters would grow worse instead of better. I know no sign of British Philistinism so shocking as the kind of books one sees in an average English house: a few volumes of thumbled novels, it may be, two or three cheap and incorrect editions of poets, and three or four score books of an earlier epoch, transmitted from ancestors who, though they were not readers, had more sense of the worth of books than have their descendants, constitute the entire stock. You may take, row by row, the new and stately houses recently built in London, and not in one house in a row will you find enough books to redeem the occupants from the charge of want of culture.

ITALY has supplied us as yet with few and unimportant contributions to the self-knowledge we seek. The *Rivista Europea*, however, which aims at a cosmopolitan circulation, has commenced of late to deal with English affairs. In the number for February 16 it criticises the leading English magazines, in which category it places *The Contemporary*, *The Nineteenth Century*, *Macmillan's*, *The Gentleman's*, *The Blackwood Magazine* (sic), *Belgravia*, *The Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, *The Month*, *The Quarterly Review*, *New Quarterly Magazine*, *Social Notes*, and *Cassell's Family Magazine*. Mr. Foster's "Nature Myths in Nursery Rhymes," "I miti della natura nelle canzoni delle nutrici," in *The Gentleman's* for January of this year, greatly puzzles it. More perspicuous, however, than some English critics who took in good faith Mr. Foster's admirable banter, the writer sees the satirical purpose, and credits Mr. Foster with endeavouring to make "dell'humour." It praises as "un bell' articolo" the essay on Robert Browning; speaks of Mr. Mew's essay on the novels of Cervantes as worthy of special mention; praises the pleasing erudition, "piacevole erudizione," of Mr. Grenville Murray; and recommends for translation into Italian Dr. Daly's essay on "Over-Stimulation in Women," suggesting, however, *Over-Excitement*, "Sovra-eccitamento," as a better title than "Sopra-stimolazione," which looks as if the full sense of the word "stimulation" was scarcely caught. In dealing with *Belgravia* it objects to the termination of Mr. Wilkie

Collins's "Mystery of Modern Venice," as an abuse of the good faith of the reader. The subject of complaint is that a natural explanation of the mystery is not afforded, but that a supernatural manifestation is gravely presented. I cannot, of course, give the verdict of the critic upon the various magazines or their contents. The most striking portion of the comments is the condemnation passed upon the writer of a review in *Blackwood* of the novels of Alphonse Daudet. The terms applied to M. Zola and to Balzac in this elicit strong protest, and the much-praised romance of Daudet, "Le Nabab," is said to be no way superior in morality to the works of the writers censured, though much more feebly written. The last-named defect, however, says the critic, with a sneer, is one an Englishman would not easily appreciate.

IN the same journal is a review of the English pictures in the Paris Exposition. With this I cannot deal at any length. It is a little startling to find in the opening paragraph that English art has not yet found its Macaulay nor its *Dikens*, though it has produced two animal painters worthy of Kogarth. Some just observations are, however, made upon the pathetic love of nature visible in the idylls of Mr. Boughton, the dramatic power in Mr. Fildes' pictures of London poverty, the marvellous erudition of Mr. Alma Tadema; and so forth; the whole being accompanied by a narrative of the writer's experiences in London on a Sunday. He is a little angry at the reception accorded his efforts to speak English, and is hurt that an answer to the question from a lady whether it rained, which took the form of, "Yes, it rains passably well," elicited a smile.

THERE is a curious story told of a recent Oxford examination, wherein a student was required to translate into Greek prose that famous philippic of Lord Beaconsfield's beginning, "A sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself." The student translated the passage, but appended to it the following note:—"The bombastic and inflated style of Lord Beaconsfield cannot be converted into the pure Greek of Demosthenes; but it is probable that the worse the Greek the more accurately would it represent the taste and spirit of the original." The taste of the examiners in setting such a "party" speech is open to grave censure; but they did not like this note, and deducted marks from the candidate in conse-

quence, who, nevertheless, we are told, succeeded in getting his scholarship. On the other hand, the student seems to have made the same mistake as did the public at large in supposing the passage to have been the speaker's natural style. The sesquipedalian words and interminable sentences are evidently intended to typify and illustrate the "exuberant verbosity" they are directed against.

FEW things strike me as more curious than the kind of observations which strangers make upon our ways of life and our proceedings generally. Since England has started a national conscience, which, though passably elastic, is still a thing of which to be proud, and since we have taken to habits of introspection, we are naturally given to read with attention what is said concerning us by those who make a temporary stay in our midst. When a Frenchman returns home and tells his countrymen that an English young lady has splay feet, and eats more than an average French porter, we put his book on one side as the work of one who may be "a funny dog," but who has no claim to receive consideration. A Frenchman or a German, moreover, is sometimes betrayed into curious mistakes by his ignorance of our language. Those from whom we may hope to learn most are, then, probably the more intelligent Americans who reside for a while in our midst. Yet these men succeed in puzzling us now and then. Mr. Grant White is an American of far more than average powers of observation. During a stay he made in London he appears to have taken the best means to obtain a knowledge of our habits. Yet I cannot restrain my astonishment at what he finds to praise as much as at what he finds to censure. I pass over a statement that "there is little architectural beauty in London besides that wondrous beauty of the nave of the great Abbey church," and do so the more readily as Mr. White subsequently disproves his own assertion. It is worth mentioning, however, that the two things in the construction of our houses which he selects for praise are "the handsome square lantern which is set in the wall over the street-door, and which lights from one side the vestibule, and from the other the porch and steps;" and the other, the "two bells, one marked 'visitors,' and the other 'servants.'" What, however, most startles me is his assertion that he "saw no beggars in the London streets." Again and again did he seek them, prowling in the poorest quarters of London, and putting on his "most accessible" face. Yet, neither in London nor anywhere in England, could he find more than one beggar, and this was a woman, who solicited of him, not money, but a meal. The proverb that "travellers see strange sights"

ought to be accompanied by a counter proposition that they miss some familiar sights. Another American complains that a thing of all others most difficult to find in England is a beefsteak; I do not mean a good beefsteak, but a beefsteak of any sort.

THERE are signs in the West that the great Republic is going to do an act of tardy justice to the British author. Hitherto it has been the thieving cry of the Congressman that literature should be as "free as the air we breathe" (that air which is all he would leave the author to live upon); but of late years the American publishers have ceased to agree upon dividing the spoil between them. It is no longer "first come, first served" with them; they do not respect each other's appropriations. In consequence, even the money given for "advance sheets" to English authors is no longer paid; their works are obtained for nothing, but also sold for so small a sum—a three-volume novel of Mr. Trollope's for fifteen cents., for example—that the pirates have no margin of profit for themselves. In their desperate rivalry they have cut their own throats. Another thing has also happened: the American author, who, heavily handicapped as he has always been, has hitherto maintained a struggle for existence, can now struggle no more against a competition in which the novels of his rivals are obtained for nothing. Cry after cry is now arising for justice from the other side of the water. The President of the Manhattan Club in New York has delivered a lecture upon literary piracy, which perhaps would have cost Dickens his life. He has plainly said that no gentleman and no honest man has ever approved of the refusal of his country to follow the example of all other civilised nations in giving international copyright. "We are thieves," he says, "and we know it." Then, as if perceiving that this reflection has been entertained by his fellow-countrymen without much disturbance of mind, he proceeds to appeal to their patriotism by showing how their injustice has ruined their native literature. In a work called "American Publishers and English Authors," published at Baltimore, this fact is set forth still more lucidly, and with great plainness; indeed, the author boasts that he has handled the "bookaneers," as he calls them, "without gloves." He shows how it comes that the most novel-reading nation on the face of the earth possesses no novelists; how men of literary genius are compelled to make their living by hack-writing, and cannot sell an original work at all; and, finally, he taunts his fellow-countrymen with bringing up their sons and daughters with alien and unpatriotic ideas, derived from foreign sources, and for becoming "the

intellectual slaves of a nation far inferior to us in political freedom, commercial greatness, and practical genius." Whatever we may think of that statement, it is clear that the American author and the American publisher are getting their tails pinched, and one of them richly deserves it.

IT is to be hoped that the dismal toll of shipwreck annually exacted around our coast may be reduced by the new system of illuminated buoys, which has been put to the test in Scotland with encouraging success. Those who have travelled along the Channel at night know how difficult it is to find objects so small as the buoys which mark the entrance to the Thames, and what a chance there is while looking for them to run them down, or even to run down some vessel which has anchored in the very roadway, and through a miserable and almost inconceivable economy, neglected to burn a light. Buoys which will keep alight for a month in spite of any sea are already in existence. The electric light offers also a new means of precaution. Passenger steamers should, so soon as the proper arrangement is ascertained, be compelled to carry it since, while it removes the fear of conflagration, it offers such chances of observation that, with a vigilant outlook, collision should be impossible. Change will, of course, be resisted at first. I am much mistaken, however, if this discovery does not effect a complete revolution in the provisions of the Trinity Board.

IS it, I wonder, through the wickedness of our mortal nature that there are so many sly stories told about the clergy? If you take the priest out of the wit of Ireland there is little left in it, except perhaps, in connection with the pig. And, again, what would become of the "dry humour" of the Scotch if you deprived it of "the minister"? Bishops, in particular, have always afforded the world very considerable amusement, and their merit in this way is as great as ever. A recently-appointed one found the clergy in his diocese in a sad state of demoralisation as regarded the second service on Sunday; they had the modesty to suppose that one sermon was enough for their congregations, and in the afternoon "let them depart," as the rubric says, without one. In reply to his Lord's expostulations he received many excuses, and the following remarkable epistle: "Dear Jack [what heightened the impertinence that the bishop's name was Jackson], Come over and take luncheon with me to-morrow, and let us devise some plan together to get up of this blessed second sermon. Yours truly."

The writer had signed it, of course, and also placed the name and address of the reverend friend he was writing to at the top of his note. He had also written a temporising letter to the bishop. His whole proceeding, in short, exhibited both prudence and business ability, only he had put the two letters in the wrong envelopes. The bishop says, after relating this anecdote, "I never had the least trouble afterwards with either of those two gentlemen."

POETS are supposed to be prophets also. It is curious to see how their wildest fancies or predictions are sometimes fulfilled. A recent event in Brussels corresponds exactly, with the exception that the *dénoûment* is fortunately less tragic, with Hood's story of Miss Kilmansegg. When deprived of a leg by an accident, that rather ostentatious young lady would be contented with nothing less splendid than a leg of gold. With this her husband ran off, having first used it as a bludgeon to effectually silence her protests. A Flemish lady, equally rich and equally misguided, having lost lately one of her eyes through an accident, had, it is said, a false eye, the ball of which was made or set round with brilliants. The beauty of this attracted an admirer, who became unfortunately moved by the same spirit as Hamlet's uncle—

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

The thief, it is satisfactory to hear, has been arrested.

Lesbia has a beaming eye,
No one knows for whom it beameth,

says Moore, in one of his best-known melodies. The false swain in this case had a very fair idea for whom the eye of this Flemish Lesbia was beaming. If ladies thus substitute real for imaginary jewels, lovers will profit from the pecuniary rather than from the sentimental stand-point. We shall at least have to alter our love poetry, and may improve upon Herrick by singing,—

His eyes the goldsmith lend thee,

instead of "Her eyes the glowworm lend thee."

IT is strange to see how the opponents of intellectual merit go hammering on against competitive examinations, as though erudition and sagacity could not exist in the same human body. A University tutor gives some telling statistics which show how, at Rugby and Oxford, "the finer intellectual spirits will beat the weaker vessels in anything whatever." But a much stronger proof of

his argument will be found in the cricket and football matches between Woolwich and Sandhurst. The cadets in the former establishments have to pass a much harder examination, and their numbers are much less, yet they have always beaten their opponents. Instead of the cry for more dunces in the army, let there be a physical competition—such as lifting a hundredweight with the teeth—added to the intellectual ones, which will put the matter in dispute beyond question. I am afraid what Mr. Mill said of the “Stupid Party” was not “too good to be true.”

THE age is complained of as being prosaic, and yet the “Fairy Tales of Science” have some compensation in them for what we have lost in poetry and romance. In the *Warehouseman and Drapers' Trade Journal* (of all places!) I read of some newly-invented machinery now in use at Oak Mills, near Bradford, which outdoes the “Arabian Nights” themselves. “We have visited,” says the *Warehouseman*, “these mills ourselves, and can give our personal testimony to what is said of them.” The machinery therein works all night without anyone to supervise or attend to it, producing large quantities of fancy articles in wool, and silk, and cotton. “The mill itself was in darkness, but we could hear the rumble of machinery as we approached. The door was unlocked and a couple of candles were lighted. By the dim light we saw the machines all at work, and passing from one to another we noticed also what they were producing. There was no possibility for deception and no room for doubt ;” at all events, they were able to verify the main fact, which is, that when the working hours of the mill are over, “the lights are put out, the building is locked up, and the machines are left working all through the night. The engine, which is completely cut off from the mills, communicating with them only through a hole in the wall, through which the driving-gear passes, alone requires attention, which is paid to it by a night attendant.”

IF you have five-and-twenty pounds to leave, and wish to be famous after death, appoint two Emperors to be your executors and the Pope your residuary legatee. This has been done by a small landed proprietor in Switzerland. The Emperors have refused to act, but the Pope has made no sign, whereupon the successor of St. Peter has been cited to appear before a county court (in the Canton Soleuse) to show cause why some decree should not be granted touching the sanity of the testator.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1879.

UNDER WHICH LORD?

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS TESTIMONY.

THAT strange fainting fit had no ill results so far as the health of Virginia was concerned; and, by somewhat frightening Hermione, it served to bring her and Richard for the time at least closer together than they had been of late; so that for the next ten days conjugal life at the Abbey ran on the smoothest casters to be found. Mr. Lascelles, holding that stone in his sleeve which he meant to fling with such a true aim at the dinner, forbore to interfere. This delusive brief St. Martin's summer did not trouble him, and would make the coming storm all the more effective by contrast. Wherefore, undisturbed by the subtle suggestions of her Director—suggestions which always cast so much trouble into her soul and so much sorrow into her life—made to feel at peace with herself and suffered to remain at peace with her husband, Hermione came back to her sweetest self, and was almost as happy as she had been in the first years of her married life.

Her very relations with Mr. Lascelles added to her happiness, because adding to the movement, the excitement, the interest, the affections of her days. Delicately flattered and spiritually caressed by him as she was—performing this little penance and that little task for him in pleasant obedience and constant remembrance—feeling him always as a warm and vital spiritual influence about her—and living in a secret romance, not only negatively sinless but positively holy, and all the more delightful because it was secret—she had everything that she most desired; and, action and reaction operating according to

their laws, her renewed tenderness for Richard was increased by her love for Mr. Lascelles, as her pleasure with the vicar added to her happiness with her husband. Thus, time flew fast on golden wings for the next ten days ; and when the eventful evening came, the fair woman surpassed herself in beauty of person and sweetness of mood.

She had never looked so well, and had never been dressed with such a prodigality of wealth and luxury. Her dress was "moonlight" coloured satin—the palest shade of that blue which is as much green as blue and more grey than either—with a good deal of fine white lace and silver embroidery about it. She wore diamonds in her hair and round her neck; and their flash and play of light lifted up into life what else might have been delicacy refined into insipidity. She did not look more than twenty-five years of age, with her fair innocent face crowned by the curly golden hair among which the diamonds sparkled—her beautiful round white arms, with one diamond band on each—her softly moulded figure that had bloomed into generosity without losing its grace, and of which the throat was as round and smooth, the shoulders as finely modelled and as exquisitely polished as when she was first Richard Fullerton's wife, and the acknowledged belle of the county ; and she looked as happy as she was beautiful—and felt what she looked. She was the very ideal of a lovely woman in her prime, possessing every quality which men most admire and every virtue which they most adore. But she had neither reasoning faculty nor self-reliance ; which was no subject of regret to Mr. Lascelles ; while Richard, who had dominated her by love, and had lived their joint life in his own way, had never yet found out that this sweet echo of his will was only an echo and not a response, and that any one else who chose to take the trouble could waken it as well as he had done—and it might be even better.

This past week of happiness with her husband, her veiled romance with Mr. Lascelles, her conscience at rest and her imagination at fever-heat—all had brightened and embellished her to a marvellous extent ; so that people looked at her twice, to see what she had done to herself ; and Lady Maine, a hard-featured, stalwart kind of woman, five feet ten inches high and portly in proportion, stared at her curiously ; then turning to Miss Molyneux, said, in not too discreet a whisper:—

"How wonderfully young Mrs. Fullerton looks to be the mother of that great girl there ! It is almost indelicate ; they look more like sisters than mother and daughter. Does she paint or dye ? or what is it ? It is quite unnatural !"

To which Aunt Catherine answered mysteriously : "It is the

saints. Ever since she came over she has been like this. The saints do it for her at night. She looks as if she were fed on heavenly cream and roses ; and so she is."

For her reward Miss Molyneux was set down in the great creature's mind as certainly insane ; and with a smothered kind of groan, which the irreverent would have called a grunt, Lady Maine moved away. She was afraid of mad people, she said when relating the occurrence to her friends ; and, being a Protestant of the Protestants, would as soon have believed in the gods of Greece as in the saints of Christendom, and indeed thought reliance on the one no more idolatrous than faith in the other.

For the rest, Virginia, in her favourite white, with one row of pearls round her slender throat, and even more ethereal in appearance than usual, was the fair, sweet, natural nun, standing there as a spectator rather than an actor—looking on at the gay world, but not in it nor of it. She was not sad nor sorrowful, not pinched nor meagre, and still less censorious than either ; she was simply out of place in what is called "society," and out of harmony with her present state of luxury. She was like some pure spirit lost out of its natural sphere, wandering for a while through the grosser world of men, waiting for the time when she might return home to the heaven she had left.

Aunt Catherine, still doing penance for her presumption in thinking that she, a wretched little potsherd, had been chosen as a vessel of grace for the reception of the divine essence, was in a black dress of sober cut, in imitation of the Sister's style. Hitherto she had been noted for the multitudinous flounces and furbelows with which she had hooped herself round, and for the miniature market-garden that she had been accustomed to pile on the top of her odd little bullet-shaped head. And as she was short and very stout, with a round, rosy face, and hairs so thinly planted as to show great shining tracts of scalp beneath, her ornate fashions had always been made occasion of much sarcasm and quizzing from her friends. But to-night she was just as conspicuous in another way. She had on a black alpaca gown that was like a riding habit, scanty, perfectly plain and showing the lines of her rotund figure as distinctly as her flounces and furbelows had exaggerated them ; while, scorning ornament or disguise, she had braided her poor little wisps of hair plainly on each side of her head, and tied them up into a knot behind which a small coffee-cup would have covered.

Theresa, looking thin and feverish, was also in black, but of lighter material and more graceful form. She had placed a few white

chrysanthemums about her, and looked as if in half-mourning. Sombre tones suited the state of her own feeling, which was too intense not to be tragic; and the scentless white flowers were associated in her mind with the church decorations on the day that had given her the fever which she mistook for ecstasy, the spiritual assurance which with her meant human love.

Pretty Beatrice in cream-colour—warmer than Virginia's dead white—had gold sequins round her head and neck. Her soft, clinging drapery, and the gold of the coins which gave life to the tender tone of that drapery, suited the sleepy oriental style of beauty which she had come by, no one knew how. But as nature never lies, there must have been some eastern graft somewhere in the family tree, for the large dark heavy-lidded eyes, the reddish-gold crisp and curly hair—every hair of which was as if alive and separate, making a misty cloud about her when she let it fall—the richly-coloured carmine of cheek and lip set against the soft peach-like groundwork of her skin, the very hands and feet and unconscious grace of her indolent *pose*—all was eastern, without the possibility of denial; so was her placid temper, gentle and plastic to indolence, but traversed by a vein of potential passion which circumstances might call forth, but which was as yet dormant.

Lady Maine had clothed her voluminous person in a much-be-frilled dress of hard deep red; and Mrs. Nesbitt, with her gentle face and matronly figure, was in grey covered down by black lace.

They made a pretty combination of colour and effect as they stood or sat about the room; and though a holy man and an avowed celibate, Mr. Lascelles complimented most of them personally, and expressed his approbation of their appearance. By the way, he seemed to consider himself in some sort the master of the feast, and more than once, ignoring Richard as if he had not been in existence, went forward to greet the entering guests, whom he then took to Hermione. But how could any one resent the actions of a man with such a graceful bearing, such heroic self-possession, and such sublime unconsciousness of the possibility of giving offence as characterized the vicar of Crossholme?

Going up to Hermione, he said that she was like a dream—"one of a dream of fair women, such as poets imagine and painters portray." Then, seeing her flush—she did not like to be one of many—he added in a whisper which no one but herself could hear: "But always the one to me in Crossholme or indeed all the world over—the fairest jewel in the crown of the Church, and the dearest to me personally."

"Thank you," said Hermione, with a rapid glance to where Richard was standing on the hearthrug, leaning against the chimney-piece, one foot on the fender and his head resting on his hand, while he talked local politics with Mr. Nesbitt and thought the whole thing an unmitigated nuisance.

Of Theresa, whose thin hot hand he held longer and pressed more warmly than was at all necessary for friendly greeting or even clerical patronage, the vicar asked :—

"What have you done to make yourself so beautiful to-night, my dear child? Poms and vanities—eh? This black gown and those white flowers become you wonderfully; and if they are poms and vanities, they are simpler than most, and we must not be too hard on the young."

"If you are pleased, Superior—" answered Theresa, looking up into his face. Her eyes completed the sentence.

"Yes, I am pleased," he answered royally; "more than pleased"—lowering his voice: "and with your whole personality, my child, as well as with your dress. I shall see you at mattins to-morrow, of course? I have to speak to you afterwards."

By which the girl's cup of happiness was filled to the brim and her very soul flooded with dangerous joy.

Even Beatrice was not left out in the vicar's tour of inspection and commendation, for all that she did not belong to the inner fold. He longed to count her among his flock of tender and obedient lambs, but he could not find the Archimedean point, nor how she could be moved from her present place. There was a baffling something that eluded his hand, try to hold her as he might. He could not say what that something was, he only knew that it existed. She was neither unimpressionable nor stupid—quite the contrary; and she was both docile and sincerely affectionate. All the same she was impenetrable to his thrusts, and not to be moved from her quiet placidity, against which he raged as indifferentism and substantial heathenism. To-night he changed his tactics, thinking he would try what flattery would do.

"You are positively superb, Miss Nesbitt," he said, as he came to her in her turn, while making his tour of inspection and approbation round the room. He spoke in a tone of enthusiastic admiration, as if carried out of himself; and yet those who knew him detected that well-known accent of satire which was the drop of vinegar in the honey. "You are the realization of Rebecca, in 'Ivanhoe'; or, better still, the type of some splendid young Heathen whose conversion will one day be the glory of her confessor:—of me?" he added, smiling with paternal benignity *on the pretty dark-eyed creature.*

Beatrice opened wide her sleepy long-fringed eyes, and with her eyes partly unclosed her handsome pleasure-loving mouth. She put on this look always when she was startled, or wished to show the "mild surprise and gentle indignation" which was her loudest expression of dissatisfaction.

"But I am neither a Jewess nor a Heathen," she said.

"And have no need of conversion?" he asked.

"No; how can I when I am a Christian?" asked Beatrice.

"And if I tell you that you, as we all, have this need because of sin?" he returned.

She shook her pretty richly-coloured head, and the coins on her hair shook and jingled.

"I do not think I should quite believe you," she said with perfect inoffensiveness.

"So young and so strong in your conceit?" he asked with a smile, wishing her to feel herself reproved, but tenderly as well as faithfully.

"I do not think it is being conceited not to feel a Jewess or a Heathen when I am English and a Christian," said Beatrice simply. "And, as for the confession you spoke of, I certainly should never do that. Fancy confessing—just like a Roman Catholic! How dreadful! Besides, I have nothing to confess; and it is not English, nor proper."

"Bee, dear, do not say that! We all have much to confess and much to be forgiven," said Virginia in a low voice; while Ringrove, who was sitting near and had heard what had been said, took up the parable hurriedly.

"The best confessor for a girl is her mother—for a woman, her husband," he said in a voice that was unmistakably harder and less cheery than his in general. "Any one else is worse than a mistake."

"Ah! but you are unconverted too—as yet—and speak according to the spirit that is within you," said Mr. Lascelles with a counly but still paternal kind of air, smiling at the young man pleasantly and yet with some kind of friendly pity, as he moved away to speak to Sir Angus Maine. The General was as uncompromising a Protestant as his superior officer, my lady; and the vicar wanted to feel his ground, and see if he could not neutralize by personal influence the sectarian opposition of which he felt only too sure. But there was not much time for endeavour of any kind; for the dinner—which had been only awaiting the arrival of the inevitable laggards; this time two young officers from Starton—was announced in due form.

and Richard, giving his arm to Lady Maine, led the way to the dining-room, the vicar, doing his best to fascinate Mrs. Nesbitt, following immediately after.

At the dinner-table the first hitch of the evening began. There were to be many before it should be ended; hitches all carefully prepared by Mr. Lascelles, who had laid his plans with the skill of a veteran used to the game and not nice as to the methods of success. He had undertaken, in his own mind, to cover Mr. Fullerton with confusion; to make him eat dirt before the strangers assembled at his table, to whom his objectionable opinions were as yet unknown; to convict him out of his own mouth of infidelity and consequently of immorality; and to hold him up before the world as a man to be shunned and despised, because he disbelieved in the Divine origin of the Bible, and was not prepared to assert positively, as of a thing that he knew and could prove, that man has an individual existence after death. All this had to be done before the last glass of claret had been drunk—and the first shot was fired at once.

Following the example of their graceless host, all the guests sat down, save Mr. Lascelles and the Molyneux family. These stood—the ladies with bended heads and hands reverently clasped; Cuthbert in the exact attitude of an old monk in a certain illuminated missal which he had bought, and which it had taken his fancy to imitate; and Mr. Lascelles with his head held straight, his hands joined close together by the palms and fingers, but not interlaced. With a look of gentle reproof at Hermione, who had seated herself in all innocence, he began an intoned grace in a loud official voice. It took every one but the Molyneux family by surprise; for even the Maines, used to the ceremony, were startled by the method. The servants stopped midway between the sideboard and the table; the ladies left off unbuttoning their gloves; the gentlemen ceased to unfold their dinner napkins; some rose confusedly and made a clatter as they did so; others kept their places, also confusedly, and bent their heads as if devoutly studying the monogram on their plates. Virginia, who, grace before meat being a novelty, had seated herself with the rest, rose with a precise imitation of Sister Agnes in the automatic movement of her body and the mediæval action of her hands. Hermione faltered between the two demonstrations, not wholly rising because of her husband, nor frankly seated because of Mr. Lascelles; while Richard kept his place and did his best to look philosophically indifferent to what he considered superstition for the one part and impertinence for the other. But inwardly he chafed, not so much at the thing perhaps, as at the intention.

It was the first time that grace had ever been said at his table. Mr. Aston, who cared neither for benediction nor thanksgiving in comparison with the meats and the wines that came in between, had never troubled himself with a function which he knew would be unwelcome. If he chose to dine at the table of an infidel, he must take the consequences, he used to say to himself:—and Mr. Fullerton was master of his own house, and must be allowed to arrange his life as he thought best. But Mr. Lascelles was a different kind of man. What he held to be his duty that he would do, in season or out of season, no matter what the obstacles nor who the opposers. Those who did so oppose him were in fault, not he who insisted; they were accursed, but he was faithful. Wherefore he startled every one with his High Church grace to-day, and flung the first challenge into the face of his host.

Then Cuthbert Molyneux intoned the Amen; the spell was removed; they all sat down or raised themselves up according to their attitudes; and the clatter of preliminary serving began.

"I trust you are not displeased at my giving the benediction unasked?" said Mr. Lascelles, in a loud voice across the table to Richard, when the soup brought a comparative lull.

Conversation between the two was easy, as each sat facing the other, the length of the table having been made the honourable place; so that Richard sat between Lady Maine and Aunt Catherine, while Hermione opposite was between Sir Angus and Mr. Lascelles. It had been "Superior's" wish to have the table so arranged; and Hermione had of course obeyed.

"It was official," said Richard quietly.

"Thanks for your patience; but I fancy that it is not usual to say grace at your table?" persisted Mr. Lascelles with well-feigned embarrassment.

"No," said Richard; "it is not."

"Not say grace!" cried Lady Maine, with an air of personal offence. Orthodoxy and loyalty were with her personal matters, and she held herself justified in her wrath when she heard either assailed. "You don't say grace before meat, Mr. Fullerton?" she continued. "How very terrible!"

"Different people have different habits," he answered.

"But this is not a habit, like folding up your napkin, or washing your hands—it is a duty," cried Lady Maine, authoritatively. "I should expect my dinner to choke me if I did not say grace before it!"

He smiled.

"Mine does not; and I have an excellent digestion," he answered simply; then spoke suddenly of the weather, and how well the harvest had been got in, and the predictions made by the meteorologists of the coming winter.

By which Lady Maine was not a little annoyed. She was fond of laying down the law on things spiritual, and believed that she had got hold of the whole truth—that great, shifting, many-sided Truth, she held it all in the compass of one or two dogmatic sentences! But not to lose an occasion—and she found one everywhere—she cut Richard short, a little abruptly, by saying, still in her authoritative commanding way:—

"It is very wicked to talk in that way, Mr. Fullerton. The Bible says 'the wind bloweth where it listeth,' and it is simple infidelity to try and find out things which the Almighty has mercifully hidden from us."

"I am afraid, Lady Maine, that this argument would scarcely suit the present times, nor advance the best interests of man," said Richard with a slight smile. "All that we know we have found out for ourselves, and you would scarcely have us go back to primitive ignorance; nor can we stop where we are."

"There are limits, Mr. Fullerton—limits," she answered. "What we have to do is to believe in the Word, and perform our religious duties."

"But, Lady Maine, Mr. Fullerton does not believe in religious duties," said Mr. Lascelles across the table.

"Mr. Fullerton must believe in religious duty!" said Lady Maine decidedly. "You are not mad, I suppose?" she asked, turning abruptly to Richard.

"Not that I know of," he answered good-humouredly; "but my convictions are scarcely to the purpose at this moment. I will confess to you at some other time, Lady Maine."

"Ah! you see that is just the difference between us and you—the true and the false," returned Mr. Lascelles with odd persistency. "We are never ashamed to confess to the faith we hold."

"So far to your honour," said Richard courteously but coldly; and then broke resolutely away into the subject of the present Afghan war, on which Lady Maine held herself an authority, having been a baby in arms at Calcutta during the time of the last. The condition of India was a subject in which she took great delight; and here too she never wearied of laying down the law. By which diversion full a quarter of an hour was lost before Mr. Lascelles found another opening.

Society was just then much interested in a certain case of wife-murder. The woman had led a loose kind of life; the man was a hard-working, decent fellow who had borne patiently with her shameful habits, and had always hoped for better things. One day, exasperated beyond himself by her unfaithfulness as a wife and her drunken desertion of her duty as a mother, he had beaten her savagely; and finally struck the fatal blow. It had been brought in murder, and he had been condemned to death; but the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment had taken up the case, and was making strenuous efforts for a reprieve. Richard, who, like some others, thought that the worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him, and that "extenuating circumstances" may sometimes be brought to bear in mitigation of the crude award as by law established, had signed the petition for commutation of the sentence, and had got "his men" to sign it too.

Mr. Lascelles had refused.

A pause in the general hum, and Lady Maine's ultimatum on the Afghan policy, gave the vicar the opening for which he had been waiting.

"I see you signed the petition for that man Westerton's reprieve—the murderer," he said across the table in a loud voice and one which commanded general attention.

"Yes, I did," said Richard.

"Will you get him off?"

"It seems likely. I hope so," he answered.

"And I hope not," said Mr. Lascelles. "The man was a murderer, and the law should take its course."

"His provocation was great. He was more to be pitied than condemned," returned Richard mildly.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," said Mr. Lascelles solemnly. "You cannot get over that, Mr. Fullerton."

"That is an argument which does not enter into the discussion," said Richard.

"The direct command of God is an argument that cannot be thrust out of any discussion," said Mr. Lascelles speaking loudly, his voice dominating the table. "It underlies all law and all duty."

"In which case we may as well pass on to another subject," returned Richard with perfect temper.

"Ah! pardon! I forgot!" said Mr. Lascelles, passing his hand over his face. "I remember now—you deny the Bible and its Divine authority. You see, it is so rare to meet with a man who

rejects God's Holy Word, that I was off the track. As you say, it makes discussion difficult :—for if you take the Bible from us, what is left?—no solid foothold in law or morals anywhere !”

“You deny the Bible, Mr. Fullerton?” cried Lady Maine. New to the place as she and Sir Augustus were, they had not learnt the social byways. “You deny the Bible?” she repeated ; “and are not afraid that you will be struck dead like Ananias and Sapphira?”

“Well, no ; you see I have lived on till now,” answered Richard drily.

“As a proof of God's infinite mercy—giving you time to repent !” she said. “And may I ask what on earth do you believe, if you do not believe the Scriptures?”

“My faith cannot interest you, Lady Maine,” he said gently. “Let us change the subject.”

“Your faith, Mr. Fullerton!—your want of faith you mean !” said Aunt Catherine, with one of those odd gleams of quickness sometimes flashing from fools. “And want of faith interests all good Christians who would like to see the blessed saints allowed to work for the salvation of a lost soul.”

“It is very kind of you to say so, Miss Molyneux, but I cannot see it in that light,” answered Richard pleasantly. “And, at all events, it does not interest myself at this moment,” speaking lightly.

“I think want of belief in the Bible the greatest sin in the world, except Popery,” said Lady Maine stiffly.

She was displeased, and more than displeased, with all round ; resenting the patent papistry of the vicar and this silly little woman, who talked of the saints as if they were personal friends, as much as she was horrified at the confessed infidelity of her host ; and sorely troubled how to bear testimony which should be at once a defence of religion and an attack on ritualism.

“Ah, but, Lady Maine, the new school to which Mr. Fullerton, unfortunately for mankind, has dedicated his splendid talents, makes it a principle not to recognize faith in anything,” said the vicar. “It believes only in what it can weigh and measure—in what it can demonstrate by mathematical symbols and record in a series of experiments. Mystery exists nowhere for it—only temporary ignorance of phenomena ; and faith, like sin, like inspiration and forgiveness, is exploded. It has put creation in the place of the Creator—for Deity it has substituted force, and for the Divine ordering by a loving will, dead mechanical laws. It does not believe even the historical miracles of Scripture—does it, Mr. Fullerton?”

“The rationalistic school, if that is what you mean, certainly does

not believe in results without material causes," said Richard quietly. "And you are quite correct—it does believe in law."

"The miracle of Jonah is, I fancy, a typical stumbling-block to you all?" the vicar asked blandly.

"No whale could have swallowed a man," answered Richard; "not to speak of a man living three days and nights in a whale's body if he could have been taken into it."

"Not by God's power?"

"Not according to the limitation of a whale's anatomy and the necessities of a man's."

"And I believe it firmly," said Lady Maine emphatically. "For the Bible says, 'And God sent a great fish.'"

"Yes, we may rest assured all the miracles recorded were wrought," said Mr. Lascelles, addressing Lady Maine. "The speaking of Balaam's ass among them."

"Perhaps that is the least incredible of the series," said Richard drily.

"And the consuming by fire of the false priests of Baal!—that too we may believe," said the vicar with a cruel gleam in his sharp grey eyes.

"Yes; you priests of the dominant faith have always been ready with fire and slaughter when you were afraid of rivals," said Richard. "But this *aspic* is more to the purpose than theology at this moment. Will you not take some, Lady Maine?"

"Thank you, none," she answered disagreeably.

If she still continued to eat this infidel's food it should not be by his direct invitation, only under the compulsion of circumstances.

Mr. Lascelles did not intend to be put down.

"You cannot set bounds to the working of Omnipotence," he continued. "Where would you limit Almighty power, Mr. Fullerton?"

"Where you begin it," said Richard, looking him calmly in the face. "But this discussion strikes me as singularly out of place here, Mr. Lascelles. At any other time I will meet you as publicly as you will; but we have had enough of it now."

The loophole had been made.

"That we meet on the opposite grounds of faith and reason?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, on these grounds."

"Which means Christianity or Atheism?"

"Make your own formula."

"It must be yours also," said the vicar, still speaking eagerly.

"And therefore we must define our terms like our programme. I repeat, it is Christianity or Atheism!"

"Christianity or Agnosticism," said Richard.

"Which is the same thing," said Mr. Lascelles. "At all events, let us understand this clearly:—I challenge you, Mr. Fullerton, to a public disputation. On my side I affirm a personal God, the inspiration of the Bible and the truth of revealed religion; the separate and distinct acts of creation; the miracle of the Sacrifice and the Atonement; an immortal soul, to be judged at the Last Day according to the deeds done in the body; and a future life of bliss or woe. And you deny all this—is it not so?"

Mr. Lascelles spoke with a slow and measured utterance, his voice vibrating to the farthest corner of the room. All present had sunk into silence, and each held his breath, looking to their host, some with horror and some with pity.

He lifted his mild, fine, thoughtful face, looking straight into the eyes of his inquisitor.

"You have called on me for a confession of faith in a strange and somewhat unwarrantable manner," he said. "But I accept the challenge. I deny all these articles as set forth by you, but one—and that I neither deny nor affirm. It belongs to the domain of the Unknowable; and neither you nor I know what comes after the death of the body—if anything, or nothing but the disintegration of the forces which made what we call life. Scientific analogy is against you—universal belief is with you; but in this, as in many other things, the confession of ignorance is the greater wisdom and the truer modesty."

A shudder ran round the table. Lady Maine wondered why the earth did not open and swallow up this miserable sinner, this worse than Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. Sir Angus thought both the fellows mad alike, and longed to have the trying of them at drumhead court-martial; he would soon make short work of them! Hermione sat paralyzed. It was as if her life had crumbled to pieces at her feet and she had lost for ever the husband of her youth and the man of her love; while Virginia, the tears falling silently down her pallid face, called in her heart on the Divine Mother of God to convert her father suddenly—effectually—as St. Paul was converted; to break down for ever the evil pride of intellect by which he had fallen into such fearful sin, and bring him as a little child to the gates of heaven and into the fold of the Church.

Mr. Lascelles smiled triumphantly as he looked round the table and saw the effect that had been produced. He had shot his bolt,

and it had hit the mark. Richard Fullerton was henceforth irretrievably damaged in the neighbourhood. For it is one thing to have it known that you hold "odd opinions," and another to deny the immortality of the soul and the inspiration of the Bible over a dinner-table; as he would find out before long.

"We will settle a convenient time and place afterwards," he said airily, feeling like a general who has prepared an ambush into which the foe has boldly marched.

"No time or place ought to be convenient for such a wicked discussion as this!" said Lady Maine. "The police ought to prevent it! It makes my blood run cold to think of such blasphemy as possible in our own happy land, where we have the light of the Gospel for our guidance!"

"We who value our privileges must pray for those who disdain them. The long-suffering of God knows no limit," said Mr. Lascelles nobly.

But Lady Maine seemed to think that it had come to its limit now, and that it was almost as wicked to hope for mercy for Richard Fullerton as for the ultimate restoration of Satan himself.

"Perhaps you will add a prayer to prove Galileo in error, geological records so many stone fables, the spectroscope just a thaumaturge, and mathematics and the rest of the positive sciences mere moonshine. That would be more to the purpose than the conversion of my poor little insignificant soul," said Richard quite quietly.

To which Mr. Lascelles answered: "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, and your mole-like gropings in what you choose to call science leave the Rock of Ages untouched."

The dinner after this was flat and constrained. No one had liked the discussion which Mr. Lascelles had forced, and all but his own immediate adherents had felt it to be cruel and ill-bred. But even of those who were most annoyed with him, none went thoroughly with Richard; and though some honoured him for his fidelity, yet even they wished that he had not testified. Mr. Nesbitt, with whom religion meant going to church once on Sundays, eating plum-pudding at Christmas-time and pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, being baptized, married, and buried according to the rules of the national Church, said it was untoward and embarrassing; and condemned Mr. Lascelles roundly, if he did not quite exonerate Fullerton for his want of skill in fence. No man should force *his* hand, he said in an audible whisper to Ringrove from whom he was separated by Virginia; but the younger man not only exonerated but praised Mr.

Fullerton, and answered back that he considered Mr. Lascelles' conduct simply infamous. Every one knew Mr. Fullerton's opinions, and it was the most scoundrelly thing he had ever known to force him in this way at his own table! If he had not been a clergyman, he, Ringrove, would have taken it up and have made him retract and apologize. He did not know what pain he was causing poor Virginia, nor how terrible it was to her to hear her father and Superior discussed and judged—her heart going with the one and her conscience with the other—and she unable to bridge over the gulf between them.

One of the young officers from Starton, to whom pretty Bee Nesbitt had been assigned, said to her quite aloud: "What a jolly queer conversation that has been for a dinner-table!—quite too funny altogether. Mr. Lascelles seems to be a tight fit, so far as I can judge; but Mr. Fullerton is plucky to the backbone. But I say," he continued confidentially, "what on earth does he mean by Agnosticism?"

"I don't know," said Bee, opening her big eyes.

Agnosticism, which she had so unconsciously explained, might be something to eat, if not to be afraid of in a narrow lane on a dark night. At all events, a right interpretation of what they had heard was as much beyond her not very extended mental range as it was beyond the young man's; and the two dark intelligences could not strike out a spark between them.

Lady Maine and Sir Angus blamed both Mr. Lascelles and Mr. Fullerton with impartial severity, and always spoke of this dinner as "their dreadful experience when they were between a Jesuit and an Infidel—a Papist and an Atheist," and that nothing but their consideration for that poor little woman—"a deuced pretty creature," Sir Angus used to put in by way of parenthesis—kept them in their places; while Lady Maine invariably added:—

"I expected every moment to see the floor give way and swallow up that wretched creature before my eyes. And I was sitting next him too! I was never so frightened in my life. It was quite too dreadful altogether."

CHAPTER XIV.

COMPENSATION.

FROM this time forth the Abbey was a forbidden book to most of the people round about Crossholme, and the comparatively mild dis-

favour in which Richard Fullerton had hitherto been held—the moral ostracism which had been so lightly written on the thinnest little egg-shells possible—changed its character from the date of this memorable dinner, and henceforth was a sentence of social banishment printed in broad black capitals on huge marble slabs. Up to now people had avoided all religious discussion with that pleasant-mannered, well-intentioned agnostic of theirs, and had tacitly agreed to ignore his infidelity so far as they could while accepting him as a good fellow—with a misfortune that a little spoiled him but did not wholly ruin. Such men as Mr. Nesbitt and Ringrove Hardisty were always glad to have a private talk with him, to learn the precise ground where he was standing and how far his reasonings had led him; but the rest left him alone. Yet what even these bolder brains were glad to do, when strolling down the village or sitting with him alone in his study, they avoided when the world stood by, and what was said by two was misinterpreted by many. Now however things were different;—if not with them, yet with all the rest; and Richard Fullerton passed from the mild condemnation of his former state into active social excommunication.

The ladies cut him openly; and only Mrs. Nesbitt and Beatrice called at the Abbey after the dinner; the rest merely sent cards; and Hermione did not dare ask the reason why. She knew it without asking; and resented her share of the social disfavour into which they had fallen because of her husband's iniquitous opinions, as Mr. Lascelles foresaw she would.

On his side, the vicar soon lived down the blame which at first had attached to him, as also, in this case too, he knew that he should. He had trusted to time and his real manner to free him from the reproach of ill-breeding; and his trust was not in vain. For after all, want of good breeding counts for very little when contrasted with want of faith in the Bible; and disbelief in the immortality of the soul is total, wilful, wicked darkness, where impoliteness is a mere speck in the sunbeam. And as the neighbours did not see that the whole thing had been planned, they could not accuse the vicar of cruelty or treachery, as else they might. So the matter grew at last, by that queer distortion of truth which takes place in all verbal reports, to be quoted as a gratuitous insult to public decency and a shameful outburst of passionate blasphemy on Richard Fullerton's part, and a noble testifying of faith on the vicar's.

The effect of this social ostracism was to throw Hermione into still closer communion with the Vicarage. This was the only place where she was received with that special distinction which was so

pleasant to her. At Churchlands, and elsewhere among the community of nominal "church workers" but really feminine lovers of the vicar—his spiritual harem—there was too much holy emulation, too much the sentiment of a race for his favour and a struggle for the chief places of heaven, which he carried in his pocket, for that Christian cordiality which could give without grudging the supremacy necessary for Hermione's peace. And with outsiders, though she herself was personally liked, she was always made to feel that she was the wife of an infidel—to be pitied for her misfortune, if you will—but all the same made to feel that it was a misfortune which carried a taint with it as much as if she had been the wife of a convict.

At the Vicarage she was the local queen; the fairest daughter of the Church; the brightest jewel in the crown; Superior's favourite friend—what about Theresa?—and honoured in proportion to the depths from which she had risen and the strength of the evil influences which she had resisted. And as love and praise had always been as the breath of her nostrils, and were becoming even more necessary as the confident assertions of youth were changing to the uneasy doubts of maturity, and—"Do I look well to-day?"—the question more often asked in her own mind than the self-approbation of old—the distinction with which Mr. Lascelles always received her, and the adulation which he dealt out to her so delicately yet so liberally, made the Vicarage like an oasis in the desert;—the only place where, as she used to say with tears in her pretty dark-blue eyes, she felt like her real self or was treated as she ought to be.

But though it did really make up to her for the loss of all the rest, Hermione, womanlike, was not minded to forego her cause for grievance against her husband. She was the victim and he was her executioner—intentional or not, still her executioner. Things went very badly with the poor fellow in these later times, when everything was pressed into the service of her displeasure. If the coffee was burnt or the chimney smoked, it was somehow on account of his horrid opinions; and, the swing of the pendulum being a fixed alternation, her present estrangement exactly equalled her late return to tenderness. She had never been so far from him as now, and never so unjust, when only a few days and weeks ago she had never been sweeter nor more delightful. Had Richard been superstitious he might well have believed in Possession, so changed was this cold, irritable, discontented wife of his from the mild, warm, loving creature whom he had married twenty years ago and had loved without doubt or break

ever since. He could not quite understand it all, though in part it was only too clear. But not knowing of the constant intercourse that existed between his own family and the Vicarage—not dreaming of the dangerous intimacy that had been established, the inquisitorial authority exerted, and the overpowering influence which Mr. Lascelles had gained over Hermione by means of that weekly confession, he was at a loss to account for all the way that she had gone; and he did not choose to track it throughout its course. He was too loyal to confess to himself that Hermione, his faithful, trusted wife, his beloved, his second self, had been warped from him by another; that she was less than wifely now to him because more than friendly to a rival. And yet, we feel what we do not formulate, and know what we dare not translate; and Richard felt and knew, and did not dare to put into words.

In the midst of all this home discomfort news came to Hermione that Lady Maine was giving a grand dinner, to be followed by a ball, to which every one in the neighbourhood had been invited save themselves. This was the most patent sign of social disfavour which the pretty woman had yet received, and she took it to heart more deeply than might have been expected. It was not for the loss of the mere pleasure, it was because of her husband's horrid opinions against which this exclusion was simply the public protest, that she grieved so bitterly, as she said to Mr. Lascelles, tearfully.

To which her Director answered with a strange manner of repressed and concentrated bitterness:—

“You are right, my poor, dear child. Your life is essentially a martyrdom, and while you live with your husband it can be nothing else.” Then he added with a smile: “Personally, I am selfishly glad that you are not going, for I too am not invited; and I like to feel that we are included in the same circle, even if one of prohibition.”

“But for what a different reason!” said Hermione, raising her eyes to the vicar's face with the same look of pride in his personality that she used to have for Richard. “If I had been excluded because of too great love for the Church, I should have been glad. As it is, I feel it so dreadfully!”

“Not while you have me to bear it with you,” said Mr. Lascelles, speaking with the sweetest tenderness; and Hermione, dropping her eyes, felt suddenly warmed and consoled, and as if the sun which had been hidden had broken through the clouds once more.

The day after this little colloquy she was driving into Starton. It was Virginia's day for visiting her district with Sister Agnes, so the mother was alone. She met the Maine carriage at the other side of

the bridge, just outside the town, and passed it with a bow which pride tried to make indifferent and mortification forced to be offended. My lady pulled the check-string, and, leaning backward, halloed to the Abbey coachman to stop; then made him a sign to turn round and come to her. She had no idea of turning for her own part, and following the victoria till she came up to it. She was the wife of the commandant, and exacted deference.

"Mrs. Fullerton, I want to speak to you," she said in her loud rasping voice, as Hermione, looking pretty and fluffy and girlish and astonished, was whirled to the encounter.

"With pleasure," said Mrs. Fullerton stiffly.

"Get down, won't you? and we can walk a little way. I hate all the town hearing what I say," said Lady Maine authoritatively; and Hermione, whose plastic nature found mechanical obedience easy, submissively left her pretty little carriage, and stood on the road-side till the large woman joined her.

"I am giving a dinner and a ball next week, Mrs. Fullerton," she began in her loud way. "Have you heard?"

"Yes," said Hermione, her voice trembling just a little.

"And I have not asked you," said my lady, coming to the point without further preamble, as rude people misnamed straightforward do. She was too coarse in grain for her own part to think it necessary to be tender of others; and she was accustomed to boast that she always found the shortest way the best.

Hermione gave a conventional smile.

"It is impossible to ask every one," she said with fine magnanimity.

"Yes, it is," returned Lady Maine. "One has to draw the line somewhere, and I have drawn mine against Popery and Infidelity. I should expect to be found dead in my bed the next morning if I opened my doors to a man like your husband, who is not afraid to say that he denies the Bible and does not believe in Satan and the miracles; or to one like Mr. Lascelles, who crosses himself in church when he begins his sermon, and bows down to stocks and stones."

"I think you can hardly class Mr. Lascelles with my poor unfortunate husband," said Hermione hastily. "The one has unfortunately gone astray in matters of faith, and the other is the sincerest Christian I know."

"My dear Mrs. Fullerton, you are no judge. The one is, as you say, a rank Atheist, and the other is as rank a Papist; and there is not a hair's breadth to choose between them. So now you know why I have not asked you."

name of your number. But as professing Christians, we ask that terrible husband of yours, and we could not have a married woman, without him. You are his wife, poor thing, and we have to make the best of it. It is hard lines for you, I know, but we cannot help you. No one can, till it pleases him ; when I hope that he will repent in time and turn from his wicked ways before it is too late. I wanted to say to you, that there should be no misunderstanding, and that you should not feel hurt."

"You are very kind ; but really it was not ne- cessary," said Hermione, choking back the tears which rose to her eyes as they came to her eyes.

"I think it was," said Lady Maine with her court-

"I quite understand you, I assure you," returned Hermione with dignity arrived at by an effort.

"You do now. You couldn't be so dense as to say that, wouldn't if I had not spoken out," said Lady Maine, with grammar and rude as to manner. Her Protestantism came through her, and she was nothing if not in opposition. "I am very sorry for you, and that nice little daughter of yours," she continued. "Awfully sorry ; but the blasphemy of your husband is appalling to be borne."

"We must remember that he thinks he is right," said Hermione to her wife gently. The denunciations of Mr. Lascelles were not like those of the prophet Jeremiah ; but Lady Maine was of a different opinion, and had no right to condemn



"Lady Maine and Hermione."



the Saviour with a kiss!" said Lady Maine. "What motives are they, I should like to know! You might as well talk about the motives of Pilate when he asked what was truth, or Peter when he struck the back crew."

Tears came into Hermione's eyes.

"There! don't cry, you poor little woman," said my lady with ruff good nature. "You cannot help it now, being the wife of an infidel. But you must read your Bible, and pray for him."

"I do," murmured Hermione dejectedly.

"Not in the right way," returned Lady Maine in the manner of one stating an unanswerable truth. "The Bible says, 'Ask, and you shall receive;' and if you don't receive, it is because you don't ask as you ought. How can you, in that popery shop of yours?" said she disdainfully. "With lighted candles, crosses, and incense and all, how can you expect your prayers to be heard?"

"If they are not heard through the ways of the Church, they will not be by any other," said Hermione, repeating her lesson with fidelity.

"The Church! rubbish! Every professing Christian is a church in himself. We have the Bible, and we want no more—those of us who can read it in the vulgar tongue, and the rest can have it read to them. Anything else is man's invention," said Lady Maine; "and that you cannot deny, Mrs. Fullerton."

Hermione did not answer, but, turning quickly, beckoned to her coachman. She did not want to enter into a religious controversy with the loud-voiced wife of the Starton commandant, and she was at no time apt in argument.

"I think I must go now, Lady Maine," she said, as the carriage drew up. "I have a great deal to do."

"And you are afraid of me," said her ladyship grimly. "And perhaps you are right. But you are a good little woman in yourself, only terribly badly led."

"And if it were not for such leading as I have, I should break down altogether," said Hermione, as, with her eyes full of tears and her face pale with emotion, she got into her carriage and drove off to Starton, where she really had something to do—for her indeed much.

She had to buy more house linen and crockery for the Convalescent Home, which had been in working order for some time now and for which she supplied the greater part of the funds. Mr. Laucelles, unlike her husband, instead of sparing her trouble gave her all the occupation he could devise. It was in his plan to lead her to a certain kind of independence of action—under his own guidance—which should break down her reliance on Richard. He

felt so sure of the hold which he himself had over her now, that he was not afraid of developing her love of freedom to an inconvenient breadth; and for the rest, it was all so much gained. Thus, he gave her things to do for the Home which she had never done for her own house, wishing to familiarize her with the details of domestic management so that she should presently take her own affairs in hand. Not that he particularly cared whether she were her own housekeeper or not; but it would be one other habit of life broken through, and so far one other blow dealt to Richard. And then, every task which he gave her to perform was an added link between them, and both drew her closer and kept her more secure.

When she had done all that she had to do, and bought linen that was far too fine and crockery that was far too fragile, she turned back on her way home; and when she was about a mile from the Abbey she overtook Mr. Lascelles walking with Theresa Molyneux. She stopped the carriage to speak to them, and at a glance Mr. Lascelles saw that something was amiss. He had learned her face better in these few months than Richard had after twenty years' possession. But Richard had not studied it with the same eagerness as he. The one believed that he knew all that the other had set himself to learn; and when you have the whole poem by heart, why study the form of the letters? It is different when you are casting about for the formula of Abracadabra;—then the shapes of things are important; but for the poem, all you want is the rhythm, the melody, the meaning; and these poor Richard believed that he had in inalienable possession for ever.

Theresa's sensitive face changed when Hermione drew up. She had been having a delightful half-hour's walk with Mr. Lascelles—her time of holy enchantment—and she was sorry to be called back to prosaic life by the intrusion of the one woman whose claims on that beloved Superior's attention she instinctively felt clashed with her own. Not that she confessed to herself that she was jealous; certainly not. The drama played among them all did not include the confession of human passions. It was all spiritual, all impersonal and godly. They were like creatures made of gas, without form or substance; something in, but not of, humanity with its weaknesses and instincts. Mr. Lascelles, as a priest, was no longer a man; his "penitents" had ceased to be women. So, at least, they said to themselves and among each other; gravely; and unlike the famous augurs, they did not laugh when they fastened on their masks and pretended that names change things, and that love, when it calls itself religion, puts off passion and knows nothing of temptation.

"How tired you are looking, Theresa!" said Hermione, after she had shaken hands with both. "Take my carriage, dear, and let Beech drive you home. I can walk this little way to the Abbey."

Churchlands was about half a mile distant, on the old London road; the Abbey road branched off to the right; the house itself was, as has been said, about a mile from here.

"Oh, no, I am not at all tired, thank you, dear Mrs. Fullerton," said Theresa, her manner as gratified as Hermione's had been kind.

"You look so; does she not, Superior?" asked Hermione, still sweet and gracious and apparently only solicitous to be of good service to the girl. She thought so herself; but she was not clever at introspection.

"It would be better for you to drive home," said Mr. Lascelles to Theresa, by way of answer. "You have had a long walk, and you are not very strong."

"Indeed, I am not tired!" she said eagerly, forgetting her obedience in her disappointment. She had expected that the vicar would have walked home with her, and perhaps have stayed to four-o'clock tea; and she was so sorry to have her hope destroyed that she neglected her manners. Now he would probably go with Mrs. Fullerton, seeing that the Vicarage lay beyond the Abbey, indeed between the Abbey and the village; but there was just the chance of his still walking with her, not liking to leave her so pointedly, which her acceptance of the carriage would destroy.

"It would be better for you to be driven home, dear," persisted Hermione sweetly. "But if you will not take the carriage—can I set you down anywhere, Superior?"

Theresa's flushed face quivered and her eyes filled up with tears. Mr. Lascelles glanced rapidly from her to Hermione and from Hermione back again to Theresa. This little comedy amused him. What a king he felt among all these silly women prostrate at his feet, and how easy it is for a man, who knows what he is about, to dominate the inferior creature, now by its weakness and now by its passions, if at times by its virtues! Yet they were useful.

"Thank you," he said in an almost indifferent tone to Hermione. "You will do me a service. I have to go to the Home, and time presses. This dear child here," with a paternal smile to Theresa, "had something to say to me, and you know a good pastor is the servant if also the protector of his flock. But I think it would be better if you were sent home first," he added to Theresa. "Indeed, I wish it."

He liked the feeling of ordering her movements and disposing of

Hermione's carriage. No passion was so strong with him as the love of command.

Theresa said no more. She understood her sentence, and found in her obedience a sorrowful kind of solace for her banishment.

"Thank you," she said submissively; "I will take it, please."

But she did not look at Hermione while she spoke. She accepted the carriage as *his* gift, and obeyed *his* will in doing so, which made all the difference in her mind. She was not in the least degree grateful to Hermione, though she kissed her and called her "dear," and thanked her in proper form as she got in and drove off. She felt as if the pretty woman had been some horrible old witch who had broken in on a scene of blessedness, and scattered all its glory into gloom; and when she turned her head and saw that beloved man walking by Hermione's side, leaning down as he had been leaning down to her, she gave a sob so irrepressible and deep that the groom turned round to look at her, thinking that she was ill or that she had called him.

This walking on the high road, with or without Mr. Lascelles, was of itself a strange innovation on Hermione's old indolent habits; but the vicar had been gradually breaking her in to more activity of body as well as more independence of mind, seeing the good to be gained in the future. He had dealt with her gently: it is only right to say this; and his "penitent" though she was, he had not as yet exacted daily mattins from her, though he had of late enforced her attendance at Early Celebration, of which fact Richard, an early riser for his own part, had not been made aware. The Abbey study did not look on the drive nor the gate nor the road, but into the shrubbery where nothing ever moved save the squirrels and the birds; and as breakfast was not supposed to be ready before half-past nine o'clock at the earliest, she had time to go down to church at eight and be at home again long before the gong sounded on Sunday morning. Virginia had been a regular attendant at mattins ever since they began; but neither did her father know this any more than he knew what his wife was doing. Nor indeed did her mother at the first, and until she herself was prepared. Part of the power of the sect to which Mr. Lascelles belonged lies in its secret dealing with women and the young, and the consequent gradual weakening of home authority, which is to be replaced by clerical domination; and the vicar carried out this principle of secret dealing to its fullest extent.

"What is the matter with you, my dear child?" he asked, so soon as the little carriage had taken Theresa out of hearing. "That sweet, sensitive face of yours tells me that something has gone wrong."

ot half an hour ago he had said to Theresa, looking up at him
erish delight,—

That sweet and sensitive face of yours tells me that you are
, and my heart adds why.”)

I have just been insulted by Lady Maine,” said Hermione ;
, as I think, most cruelly.”

What can you expect from such a creature!” said Mr. Lascelles,
laming eyes and angry disdain. “When was a Protestant other
rugal and ill-bred ! It is the essence of the creed ! But tell me
she has been doing to you, my poor child.”

ermione told him ; perhaps with a little unconscious exaggera-
making a stronger case against her husband than was strictly
and widening the borders of my lady's denunciations, which
eed scarcely have done. But she had come to the pass of wish-
make Richard not only responsible for all her vexations but
ly her enemy ; and she was not so much irritated against Lady
e, by whom her latest blow had been given, as she was against
rd, as the cause why she had been struck at all.

I am sorry for your annoyance. It must be hard for you to
with such a sweet and loving nature as yours, and with your
nt social position—which rightfully should have commanded the
ge of the whole county—and would, but for your miserable
age,” said Mr. Lascelles, rasping the sore which he appeared to
e. “Of course, I do not much regret that you are not counted
g the friends of such a woman as Lady Maine, sorry as I am for
ause,” he continued, half seriously, half playfully. “Nor do
et that you are not in the gay world, like those whose actions
important because their lives do not furnish examples. Your
is are important because your life does furnish an example ; and
ing which separates you from the Protestant world is a gain to
atholic cause.”

You are always so good !” said Hermione flattered. “Of
e, you understand that I do not regret the dinner as a mere
ement. I was so much pained at the whole thing only because
s another instance of the disesteem in which my husband is
and I in consequence.”

No, not you in consequence ! Every one has but one word to
f you, and that a word of praise !” said Mr. Lascelles eagerly.
I what you are to me, you know well enough,” he added in a
voice, artificially broken.

Thank you,” said Hermione, speaking with some difficulty.
low handsome and well-bred and sympathetic he was ! After

all, her life was not so very pitiable if she could count such a friend as this among its chief treasures!

"For myself," continued Mr. Lascelles after a pause, "I would be glad to see you stand out yet more than you have hitherto done, as one of the most notable supporters of the Church. I want you to show the world that you have renounced it, with all its pomps and vanities, its infidelities and carelessness of divine things, and that you belong wholly to us, the living body of believers, who will give you more happiness if less pleasure, more peace if less pomp."

"I will," murmured Hermione.

"Even to public confession by means of dress and ornament?" he asked, smiling.

"By means of anything!" said Hermione, with dangerous fervour.

He always dominated her when they were together. It was so sweet to follow as he directed!

"Some day, then, we will what the French call *parler chiffons* together," he said, still smiling. "I must not have you again as you were the other night at your own house. You were too lovely! Lovely you will always be, my dear child, under any garb; but I must have you simpler and less mundane in your attractiveness for the future. Will you let me guide you in your fashions as well as in all the rest?" with courtly graciousness.

"Yes," said Hermione with mingled pain and pleasure, the pretty woman's love of display warring with the tender woman's love of obedience and liking to be commended.

"You are such a sweet dear girl!" said Mr. Lascelles, warmly, and, no one being in sight, he took her gloved hand from out her muff and laid it on his arm, pressing it against him tenderly.

"And now for another thing," he said, after a short pause. "We will make up for the loss of frivolous factitious gaiety by a closer affection among ourselves. We will organize social evenings once a week, either at the Vicarage or at Churchlands. This will bring some little brightness into your sad home life, and create a little diversion for your sorrowful thoughts. Would you like this?"

"Yes," said Hermione, looking up like a pleased child.

"Let us, then, begin next Sunday. We will spend the evening together—all one little band; and every Sunday evening, either at the Vicarage or Churchlands. Sunday duties do not include with us Sabbatarian severities, and the religious life, if it renounces the world, draws closer together those who have entered into it."

"It will be charming," said Hermione, rapidly considering that

she was justified in this strange step by Lady Maine's exclusion, and that she was fortified so far against any discomfort with her husband should there be any to meet. She had been "cut" because of him, and she was in her right to find society elsewhere. Evil does sometimes work for good, she thought, and this was a case in point. Between a quiet evening at the Vicarage, with Mr. Lascelles making subtle love to her—love which it was against neither her honour nor her conscience to accept and return—and the most brilliant gathering elsewhere, there was not a doubt which to choose; and the picture of the holy community bound together under his leadership was one that gave her both pleasure and courage.

Nevertheless, it was no more an agreeable moment than some others had been when she set herself to tell Richard on Sunday morning that he must dine alone to-day, as she and Virginia were "going to the Vicarage after even-song, where they would have supper." For a moment her husband made no reply. He looked startled, but that was all. It was the first time since their marriage that she had left him on such a plea; but, then, many things had happened for the first time of late, and he was getting sorrowfully used to novelties.

"Very well, my wife," he said, looking at her kindly. "I wish it had been to any other place; but I will do my best without you and my Ladybird," turning to Virginia, lovingly.

Virginia, mindful of Sister Agnes, did not look up. She knew that her father was looking at her, and longed to return his love, as of old; but she had been forbidden, and must obey.

"We must go out sometimes," said Hermione a little peevishly. "Since the world has cut us because of you, we are thrown back, of course, on friends who like Virginia and me personally, and do not mix us all up as Infidels together."

"Has the world cut you? It is the first that I have heard of it," said Richard mildly.

"You never hear anything," returned Hermione disdainfully. "You are buried in those odious studies, and we might go to ruin before you would see that anything was wrong."

"I think not, my wife. I see clearly enough that things are going wrong now," he said. "But I confess that I lack the power to put them right."

"Yes. I am thankful to say you do," returned Hermione; "taking the words as you mean them; for that would be to cut us off from our religious privileges, and to forbid the new life into which Virginia and I have entered."

"You are right," he said. "Had I the power I would pull back

you and our child from the path in which you are walking, as I would pull you back from any other that was leading straight to folly and falsehood."

"Oh, papa! don't!" cried Virginia, putting up her hands to her face.

"For shame, Richard! I wonder how you dare talk such horrid blasphemy before Virginia!" said Hermione. "It is bad enough to say what you do to me when we are alone; but I think that you should respect her, at all events."

"Dear wife, you seem to forget that I speak as I think, and that what you call blasphemy I call reason and common sense," he answered.

"As if reason can judge of Divine things!" said Hermione with that disdain of intellect which piety assumes to itself as part of its sovereignty over nature and the natural man. "Reason, as you call it, has been the greatest curse of man since the Fall. We should have had no sin, no death, if the serpent had not reasoned and Eve had not listened," she added, quoting a phrase from last Sunday's sermon.

"I think I know a greater curse," returned Richard; "superstition and priestcraft; which have done the human race more harm than reason and knowledge have yet been able to make good."

"Than knowledge!—oh! that Tree of Knowledge!" said Hermione, still disdainful.

"What would you have in its place, wife—ignorance?"

"Faith!" she cried; "faith in God's Word. That is what we want, Richard, and obedience to the ordinances and commands of the Church."

"And you forget all the precious blood that has been shed, all the useful lives which have been cut short, and the unfathomable misery that has been occasioned to thousands, that a few old wives' fables might be upheld which the first breath of science has blown away? Yet your Divine Word set them forth as true, and your Infallible Church declared belief in them to be integral to salvation and right living."

"The Bible was not written to teach us science; it was written for our souls," said Hermione.

"I should think twice before I accepted statements which cannot be proved on the faith of an authority which has broken down so signally whenever it has been tested," said Richard.

"And I accept it all," cried Hermione. "And what I cannot understand the Church can explain. Both Virginia and I believe

every word of the Bible, and every teaching of the Church, and you hurt and offend us both when you say the awful things that you do, and cast ridicule upon what is the most sacred thing in life to us."

"So! you and our child have really ranged yourselves on the side which produced the Inquisition and lighted the fires in Smithfield; and either killed those astronomers who denied the current figments of the day, or forced them, like Galileo, to recant under pain of death? You have gone over to the side which I have given my life to combat? If any one has cause to feel aggrieved, dear wife, it is I, not you. I stay where I was; it is you who have moved, and left my guidance for a stranger's."

"I can only say, Thank God, yes!" said Hermione bitterly but sincerely. "We have left you, and I am thankful for it. You are the enemy of the Church, and we are her faithful children. If we would be true to our Lord, we must be against you, Richard. You make us your enemies. It is your doing, not ours."

What was there in the words which touched him so deeply? stung him so painfully? His face became deadly pale, his lips quivered, and his eyes filled with sudden tears. They were unmanly, if one will, and unusual; but they were beyond his power to prevent.

"You and Virginia are my enemies?" he said very slowly, after he had conquered that sudden sweep of emotion. "Is there then enmity between us, wife?—on your side at least; on mine, you know, is only love! It is a strange word to my ears from you. Are you my enemy, wife?" he repeated, as if he scarcely realized his own words.

"Yes, I am," said Hermione hardily. She thought she was testifying.

He gave a little start, and his right hand, lying softly doubled on the table, clenched itself till the knuckles were white and strained. But he sat calm and to all appearance unmoved; and his still face and lowered eyes gave no sign.

"It is your fault. Why are you so irreligious?" said Hermione, looking at him with sudden soft regret.

She was a tender-hearted creature, and did not like to pain even her infidel husband, for all that she was so angry with him. She wanted him to be punished, but she regretted that his chastisement had been laid on her to inflict.

"You make me your enemy, Richard," she repeated more softly; "because you are the enemy of the Church."

He did not answer; but after another short pause got up from his chair and lightly touched her pretty golden head as he passed. His hand trembled, and his step was not quite firm.

"Bless you, old love!" he said, almost below his breath; then kissed Virginia on the forehead, half sighing as he murmured, "My little Ladybird—my own little child!"

And with this he crossed the hall and went back into his study, which somehow seemed to have become so desolate and empty! Here he sat, as he had sat once before, feeling that his treasure-house had been broken into and the jewel of his life stolen from him. Should he ever find it again? or was his life to be henceforth only a regret?—his happiness nothing but a lost dream?

This day was to him like the beginning of the day of death; and when in the evening Hermione and Virginia were at the Vicarage—the one happy in the attentions of her spiritual gallant, the other blessed in the society of her spiritual mother, and both, like all the rest gathered there, warmed and flushed by that mental excitement which goes by the name of religious fervour—Richard was trying to work off his dumb depression by a tough bit of philosophy which went to prove that all matter is a function of mind and all emotion a function of matter. But he never got beyond the first page. The image of his little daughter whom he so fondly loved; of the wife who had been his second and dearer self through all his manhood; of his trust and their one-time faith, came ever between him and the words; and the thought that their love had gone from him, while he was helpless to prevent or retain, obscured the reasonings by which human life was reduced to molecular disturbance, and left him only the fact of mental suffering which was so acute as to be almost bodily anguish.

CHAPTER XV.

RECALCITRANT.

NEXT to Hermione who was won, and Richard who was impracticable, the conquest of Ringrove Hardisty, if it could be accomplished, would be the most important to the vicar. The Churchlands people were valuable, but the master of Monkshall would be more valuable still. He was richer and had more solid local influence than Cuthbert. As churchwarden elected by the parish he might, unless thus won over, be troublesome, and something more; and, anti-ritualist as he was known to be, his conversion to "Catholicism" would be both an honour to his converter as the sign of superior mental strength, and the disarming of a formidable opponent.

As yet this conquest was no nearer than in the beginning. Where Cuthbert, already devoted to Bach and blue china, reverencing Botticelli and despising Raffaele, had yielded without difficulty to the new *régime* of æsthetic piety and mediæval affectation—like ripe fruit falling by its own weight—Ringrove Hardisty, practical rather than æsthetic, a citizen rather than a sectarian, of the broadest section of the Broad Church party, and by nature intolerant of personal interference, had stood out firmly against all the pressure that had been brought to bear on him; and had resisted both the sensuous stateliness of the ritual and the spiritual beseechings of Virginia with equal constancy. And the vicar's favourite dream of the strong young man of the parish brought low—the Samson of Erastianism with his head in the lap of the Church—was still only a dream.

How could it be realized? Arguments founded on ecclesiastical assumption, on tradition and the Fathers, were useless with a man who started with the proposition that the Church was only a function of the State, and the clergy no more divinely inspired or appointed than so many soldiers or sailors. His strong English good sense was of that hard granitic kind which no sophisms could mould, no hysterical enthusiasm soften; and it would be emphatically wasting time to assure him that the Church has thaumaturgical powers as well as the keys of heaven and hell, and that the transmutation of matter and the eternal destination of souls belong to Canterbury all the same as to Rome.

Failing this conversion by reason there remained affection; and through his known love for Virginia the vicar thought there was a chance of leading Ringrove to obedience and submission. Further than this Mr. Lascelles specially desired that he should be made to feel the righteousness of true religion and the easiness of the ritualistic yoke:—so different from that which the Evangelical school lay on men's shoulders! With Catholics the whole thing was concentrated in Obedience. This given, the rest was easy. Thus—again taking the test of days—he thought it would be a step gained if he could show Ringrove that Sunday duties did not include Sabbatarian severities, as he had said to Hermione, but that, when the offices of the Church were over, good Catholics were free to enjoy themselves, like saints who had entered into their reward.

A short time before Christmas then, Mr. Lascelles told the Molyneuxs that he wished them to ask Ringrove Hardisty to one of their Sunday suppers; and at the same time he told Hermione that she was to bring him in her carriage. He was to be made much of,

and his coming treated as a gentle kind of fête. He was to be made to feel that, notorious outsider as he was, the broad cloak of Christian charity covered him like the rest—the Catholic fold was open for him as for all other straying sheep—and he was to be shown that the courtesy of high-bred gentlemen was as characteristic of Churchmen as of worldlings. All this was as much part of the game to be played as so many moves in chess, and the vicar thought that he had arranged his pieces to advantage.

"I hope greatly that he may be induced to become one of us by your personal influence and his own hope," said Mr. Lascelles to Hermione, in the manner of laying on her a work to perform. "We all know his aspirations," he added; "and if he belonged to us, and our dear child were not too decided in the holier way of celibacy, it would be a good thing for the place; but as it is—Never!" said Mr. Lascelles, closing his thin lips firmly, conscious that here at least he held the keys and could open or shut at his pleasure.

Wherefore, when Aunt Catherine received her instructions to ask young Hardisty next Sunday evening, and Hermione received hers to bring him as specially her friend though their guest, Virginia was again admonished by Sister Agnes to be very sweet and tender to him, for the sake of convincing him that his best friends were in the Church. She did not see that she was being made use of as a lure—that she was trading on the poor fellow's love for her. She was only made to feel herself a vessel consecrated by the Church to be the means of grace to another.

It was now close on Christmas, as has been said. For the last three or four years Ringrove had dined on this day at the Abbey, and he expected to be invited this year again, as before. But Mr. Lascelles intended otherwise. It was his design that Hermione and Virginia should dine with him at the Vicarage—his desire that Ringrove should come with them. He would not have it a "hard" day; only such priests as might have come to help him with the services, the Abbey ladies, and the young fellow who wanted to marry Virginia, but who should not unless he would come over; and this Sunday evening at Churchlands was to be the initiation. If he could bear this, he could bear more; and the certain hostility of his churchwardenship would be neutralized. If he could not bear it, then he would stand out more openly than he had hitherto done; he would range himself on Richard's side, or at least would have the credit of doing so—which would give room for much popular distrust; he would be called Atheist, like Richard; Hermione and Virginia should cut him—so should all the Church

party; and his churchwardenship would be impotent, and his strength taken from him. The line of demarcation would be more broadly traced, and they would all shorten their swords.

Astute as he was, Mr. Lascelles had not forgotten those three important characteristics of Ringrove Hardisty, the man who was to be won over or forced into such a position as should weaken his hostility by reason of his allies—namely, his dislike to clerical domination, his possibilities of jealousy, and, for all his love for Virginia, his loyal friendship for Virginia's father. On the contrary, he had considered all three carefully; but there was always that "perhaps;" and love with young men is sometimes stronger than principle or self-respect. If he could be made to feel that submission to the Church would bring the reward of Virginia?—Love might work the miracle of faith here as elsewhere, thought the vicar, if kept alive by hope; and to this end the child must be made to understand that kindness and sweetness to Ringrove were her religious duties now, whatever the future might be. This was cruel enough; but the priesthood of which the Honourable and Reverend Launcelot Lascelles was such a typical member does not trouble itself much about human suffering. It seeks only for ground whereon to sow its seed of supremacy, and blood and tears fertilize the soil as well as anything else.

These Sunday suppers were so far secret that Ringrove knew nothing of them. Richard was not the man to complain that his wife and daughter left him to dine alone once a week and Ringrove was not the man to whom gossip naturally gravitated; and as he never went to church in the afternoon or evening, he did not see the Abbey carriage take up the vicar and his sister and drive off to the Vicarage or Churchlands instead of home. Hence he knew nothing of the new order of things, and when Hermione said to him prettily: "I want you to go with Virginia and me to Churchlands next Sunday, after evensong—I know that you are invited," he had no reason for refusing; especially as Virginia said, even more earnestly than her mother: "Yes, you must come, Ringrove; we want you there so much."

On the contrary, far from refusing, he was boyishly glad to go, seeing that he had been entreated by the girl who stood with him as his ideal of womanly purity and grace. He did not much care for the Molyneuxs. He thought Aunt Catherine slightly mad; Cuthbert more than weak; Theresa excitable beyond reason; but Hermione as always delightful to him, and Virginia was his beloved.

"Do you want me to go, Virginia?" he asked in a low voice and with marked emphasis.

"Yes; you know that I do," she said softly and with intense kindness—was it not her duty to lead him gently to the fold?

His heart beat fast, and he drew his chair a little closer to she was sitting always at work on her rich quaint ecclesiastic broi-dery. She coloured and looked embarrassed.

"You know we all wish that you were one of us," she said voluntarily shrinking back.

"One of us! Is there one party in the place so distinctly so as this? And are you of it and I of another?" he asked, colour in his face too.

"Surely," said Virginia, lifting up her eyes. "We belong to the Church."

"I am a Churchman, too," Ringrove returned.

She shook her head.

"No; you are a Protestant," she answered quite simply. "We are Catholics."

"The English National Church used to be Protestant before the extremes of these later times became fashionable," said Ringrove manfully.

"It lapsed," answered Virginia; "but we are trying to go back to the right way; and you must be one of us, Ringrove, if you are one of her sweet rare smiles."

He smiled too, but incredulously.

"Submission to the clergy is not much in my line," he said. "If you put them in the place of power again, we shall have lost all that our fathers fought for in olden times—all the liberties that they gave us for us with their lives."

"If only they were in their old place!" cried Virginia with enthusiasm. "If the Church, and by the Church Christianity, were to be the rule of one's life!"

"Christianity is not necessarily the Church," said Ringrove. "We are all of the Church—your father as well; like every man is noble and faithful to his own conscience. What more can we do than truth and goodness?"

"Faith and obedience," said Virginia.

"Yes, but obedience to what? To my mind the influence of such a man as your father is better than that of a dozen churches," said Ringrove, thinking that if he touched the right chord he should "do good" and "make Virginia think." As if people become zealots for want of thought!—as little as they become free-thinkers and repudiators of the faith of their childhood for gaiety of heart!

Virginia looked away into the distance, and her eyes grew dark and moist.

"Papa follows his own way; but we must obey the higher law," she said sorrowfully.

"Is there a higher law than a woman's obedience to her husband—a daughter's to her father?" asked Ringrove earnestly.

"Yes," she said; "the Church is higher."

Ringrove could not answer. Turn where he would, he was always met by the one fixed barrier—the Church set in the place of God, nobler than humanity, truer than love. For a moment he was silent, realizing something of what Richard felt in the vagueness but unconquerableness of the influences that had so entirely changed both Hermione and Virginia. But he would not give up the struggle yet. Virginia was worth even a little misunderstanding of motives—a little false appearance; and if he kept close to her and her mother he might perhaps after all do that good of which he had already thought. Still, he must not let false appearances be too strong, and he had always his loyalty to Richard to remember.

"You will not think that I am taking part against your father if I go with you to Churchlands next Sunday?" he asked suddenly. "I know that they do not come here now—and why; and I should be more than sorry to seem to go over to the other side. You know how sincerely I love and respect him—as well as Mrs. Fullerton and you," he added in a moved voice; "and I should not like anyone to think that I had gone against him."

"We could never believe that you would take part against papa," said Virginia gravely. "No one does, Ringrove! He separates himself!" Tears came into her eyes, as they always did when she spoke of her father. As a daughter she loved him so tenderly, and until now had been so proud of him!—but as a Christian she was bound to hold him accursed, and to steel her heart against him. She could only pray for him; perform penance in his intention; think how his heart, so hardened now against the truth, might be touched and opened; but for communion or authority he was as one dead. But the sorrow of that death never quite passed from her consciousness.

"But, dear Virginia, you must allow his right of private judgment—in all fairness and common liberality you must."

"No, Ringrove—no one has the right of private judgment," she said gently but firmly. "We are the children of the Church, and our duty is to obey our Mother." With a sudden impulse she leaned

forward and laid her hand on his shoulder. "And one day," she said, her eyes looking into his straight and full, tender and loving, "one day, Ringrove, you will be her dutiful son too, and we shall all make one family together."

She meant a family of good Catholics in Crossholme ; Ringrove took it as a special household of themselves—of him and her together. His colour went and came, his breathing was oppressed, his heart beat fast and he trembled like a girl.

"Oh, Virginia !" he said, taking her hand and holding it between both his own; "will you not be my own—make one family with me?—for love's sake and because you know that you can trust me with your happiness? Let our minor points of difference go ! You know that I love you, Virginia !—cannot you love me?"

She shrank away as before.

"Do not talk to me like that," she said. "I meant only that we should all be good Catholics, good Church people, here together—brothers and sisters—friends—whatever you like to call it. But I do not think of anything else, or want anything else; and unless I am commanded differently, I shall always live as I am now."

"Commanded by whom, Virginia?" asked Ringrove jealously.

"By my Director," said Virginia gravely.

At this moment Hermione returned from a little business that she had been transacting with Sister Barbara, from the Home, and that had cost her just thirty pounds—"to go on with."

"You are coming with us, Ringrove?" she asked, not noticing the flush on the face of the one, the pallor on that of the other, nor Virginia's shrinking attitude, nor his trouble and disappointment.

"Yes," he said, trying to speak cheerfully.

She smiled her pleasure.

"I will take you," she said. "Come to evensong, and then we can all go together. That will at least insure your coming to church once more than usual, you naughty person!"—glad as at a victory foredoomed.

"I think church once a day enough," said Ringrove quietly, but stealing a glance at Virginia.

Hermione shook her forefinger playfully.

"Such a heathen as you are!" she said laughing. "But you are to be reformed; so you might as well begin to set about it now," she added in her sweetest manner.

She was so happy at this moment ! Sister Barbara had brought her such a charming little note from "Superior"—a note of such

mingled flattery and command, such subtle love-making and open confession of her "value to the cause," as had made her heart leap like a girl's, and dressed the grey dull winter's day in gold and rose colour throughout.

He shook his head half-sadly, half-playfully, to match her pleasant humour, and soon after took his leave, the matter standing as the vicar had arranged. So, next Sunday evening, Ringrove was carried off by Hermione to what might be considered one of the fore-courts of the sacred compound, and made the subject of the Crossholme hippopotamus's latest experiment.

"I am glad to see you here, Mr. Hardisty," said Mr. Lascelles, taking the lead, as he always did when with his "band," and coming forward to receive the Fullertons and Ringrove as if he, not Cuthbert, had been the master of the house. He had preceded them by a few minutes, having been taken by the Molyneuxs. "It is very good of you to come among us in this informal way. It is the kind of feeling that I wish to see established among my flock."

"It was good of Miss Molyneux to ask me with Mrs. Fullerton," said Ringrove stiffly, resenting the vicar's tone of proprietorship in another man's house, and "wondering how that ass Cuthbert could stand it."

Cuthbert would have stood more than this had he been put to it. One of those weak brothers to whom the support of authority is essential, his strength was in obedience as with other men it is in liberty. As it was, he shook hands with Ringrove limply, and said that he was glad to see him, tamely; and his halting, half-hearted manner made the vicar's hospitable warmth still more conspicuous, and threw himself, as the master of the house, yet more in the shade.

"You know Virginia's friends, I think," the vicar then said, as Ringrove, feeling somehow not quite at home as he should be, looked round the room and saw the little "band," at this moment mainly grouped about two strange priests, who had assisted Mr. Lascelles in the service. He had a stock of wandering "brothers" always on hand, ready and glad to give their aid in this war which he was carrying on against freedom and Protestantism at Crossholme.

"Thanks, yes," he answered, shaking hands with those whom he knew; after which the vicar presented him to "Father Truscott," and "Brother Swinfen," the one elderly and the other young, and both men of marked character in the cause which they had espoused. But Ringrove instinctively disliked both. They were sincere without question; but the Father was secret and the Brother was cruel; and each was, like Mr. Lascelles himself, a man with whom the end

would at all times sanctify the means, and who would never trouble himself about the deceptions that he might have to practise, the sorrow he might give, the promises to be broken, or the hope become certainty through his assurance that might be destroyed for ever. They were Catholics, not men ; and human conscience was lost in sectarian partisanship.

"How did you like the Magnificat?" Mr. Lascelles asked abruptly, when the little party had settled down, and Ringrove's place had been assigned next to his.

"It was very fine," he answered ; "and new to me."

"Our sweet Mrs. Fullerton, who is always to the front in all good things, got it for me," said Mr. Lascelles, smiling as he looked at Hermione with a strange air of private proprietorship and secret mutual understanding. "She is always ready for every graceful duty. And that dear child of hers is following in her steps. Do you not see how charming she is becoming?"

"I have known Mrs. and Miss Fullerton all my life," returned Ringrove coldly, with a sudden flush that spoke of dangerous ground.

"What a privilege !" said Mr. Lascelles, still smiling. "How entirely then your appreciation must coincide with mine !"

"Perhaps it goes beyond yours," said Ringrove, stiffening his neck.

The vicar went on smiling.

"That is impossible," he answered, and looked over to Hermione again as one who knew more than was confessed.

"What a splendid St. George that young Mr. Hardisty would make !" said Aunt Catherine in a whisper to Father Truscott, who stroked his ample beard and assented paternally, knowing where the rift was within that shaky lute which did duty for brain with the poor weak creature. Always silly, her spiritual exaltation had destroyed the little common sense that had hitherto been just enough to keep her from absolute folly, and was fast rendering her a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum. Saints and holy personages—she saw them everywhere, and lived in an atmosphere of hagiology which made real life less true to her than were these visionary existences. Father Truscott was St. Peter, Brother Swinfen St. Sebastian, and the vicar himself was St. Paul, and the leader of all.

This was the strangest evening that Ringrove had ever spent, and one the most antipathetic. He, a rank outsider, felt himself almost an impostor in being there at all. It was not his place, not his world though he was made much of by Mr. Lascelles and Hermione, and flattered as he had never been flattered before, and did not like nor Moreover the extraordinary attentions paid to Mr. Lascelles by th

ladies during the evening revolted him even more than those paid to himself embarrassed. The whole thing was a reversal of common custom, and to him detestable. Aunt Catherine placed his chair—the vicar's armchair—sacred to him only—which no one else was ever allowed to use—and which stood in one special place in the room, conspicuous by its rich covering of some gold-embroidered red Venetian stuff. Theresa brought him a foot-stool, and arranged the fire-screen for his sole benefit. One lady brought a cushion, which she was sure would make him more comfortable; and another took off her own shawl to lay across his knees. Once he got up for a book, when Aunt Catherine and Theresa, and one or two more, all rushed forward in a scramble of white hands and floating folds to prevent his having the trouble; and even indolent, composed Hermione, looking at him tenderly, said: "Why did you not ask me to give it to you, dear Superior?"

It was he who was ministered to and they who courted; and to Ringrove, accustomed to think of women as, in a certain sense, sacred creatures whom it was a strong man's privilege to serve, this Eastern attitude of a lord in his harem, spiritual though it might be, was un-English, unmanly, and—let the word pass—loathsome.

Add to this the odd kind of familiarity that existed among them—the smiles and looks that passed from one to the other as allusions were made of which they only had the key—the jargon that they talked, and the shibboleth of "dears" and "sisters," "brothers" and "beloveds," that was their sign of fraternity—and it is easy to understand the state of Ringrove's mind; a state however which was not seen nor allowed for by the little band. They had been so much accustomed, for some months now, to treat the vicar among themselves like a living idol, a sacred personage, that they did not realize the natural disgust of an unconverted Samson, nor the natural jealousy of an old friend who had remained an outsider.

For the rest, Mr. Lascelles talked to him with less patronage and more conventional respect than was usual with him when seated in his chair of state, as the private pope and autocratic Director of his flock. He thought the young master of Monkshall possible, and worth the trial; and though it was not pleasant to come down from his semi-sacred heights and meet any man as an equal on level ground, yet to-night it was politic;—and the vicar was a man with whom policy was potent.

Among other things he said that he had formed his opinion of his flock greatly on what the Abbey ladies had told him, finding their judgment singularly correct as time had gone on and he had verified

it by his own experience. "And this being so," he said graciously, seeming to think Ringrove was to be held by urbanity above all things, "I need hardly say what my opinion is of you. I fear it would make you vain—as the reflection of theirs."

Ringrove looked over to Virginia, sitting in a low chair close to Mr. Truscott, her face turned up to his with even more than its usual saintly expression—with something in it that was almost rapt—as the old priest spoke to her with evident earnestness, but softly, so that no one else should hear what he said. Then Ringrove looked at Hermione who was on the vicar's right hand, with the same tenderness in her dark blue eyes as used to be in them when she sat by her husband. More revolted than flattered by the vicar's words, not caring to be assured of the good-will of people whom he had known and loved all his life, by a man who was the latest of their friends, hardened and irritated, not softened and soothed, Ringrove slightly lifted his upper lip and looked at the vicar coldly.

"I think I should rely on the good feeling of my old friends without the need of assurance from anyone," he said slowly and with unmistakable haughtiness. Then, turning to Hermione, he added affectionately: "We have known each other so many years now, we scarcely need an interpreter, do we, Mrs. Fullerton?"

"When you are good—no," she laughed confusedly.

"Yes, I know all that," returned Mr. Lascelles tranquilly; "but assurance can be made doubly sure for all of us. Is it not so? It pleases me to hear that I have been spoken well of in my absence, and I like to pass on the good things."

"Dear Superior! you are always so kind!" said Hermione, this time tenderly as well as confusedly.

"Our child seems interested," then said the vicar rather suddenly. "I wonder what Father Truscott is teaching her."

"Dear Father Truscott! something good and precious," returned Hermione with an artificial intonation.

"Oh, that, of course!" answered Mr. Lascelles airily. Then laying his hand on Ringrove who half rose to interrupt the conversation which they pronounced good with so much certainty and which he feared was harmful with even more conviction, he said: "No, do not interrupt them, Mr. Hardisty. I think I do know what they are talking about. Shall I tell you?—The best use to be made of riches. That is an important matter in the future with our young friend," he went on to say, speaking as if to one who was only so much interested in the matter as himself. "Her settlement in life will be a grave consideration with us all. She will have so

much power, and the man who administers her fortune ought to be one of a character and conduct rare to find."

Ringrove flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Few men are good enough for her," he said with extreme embarrassment. "The best would have to make up in love and care for what he wanted in goodness."

"Yes, you are about right," said the vicar paternally. "But we must do our best to find him—a high-minded, well-principled man, and a staunch Churchman."

"We are all Churchmen," Ringrove returned.

"Most of you in a sense, but Nationalists rather than Catholics," said the vicar.

"English," replied Ringrove.

"You mean Protestant and Erastian. We do not call those Churchmen," said the vicar with lofty pity. "And that dear child yonder must be careful. Her guide and companion for life must be sound, whatever else he may be."

"I suppose her father will have a word to say in a matter so important as this?" said Ringrove, his head held high.

"Mr. Fullerton? a confessed Agnostic—in other words an Atheist?—he arrange or influence in any way the marriage of one who, in the Ages of Faith, would have been a saint in life and canonized after death?—certainly not!" said Mr. Lascelles with vigour. "I am thankful to say that Virginia, like her mother, would obey the voice of the Church in any great circumstance that might arise, and that no one not in accord with the great doctrines of the faith—no one not a true child of the Holy Mother—would have the smallest influence over either. I think we may consider that fixed and settled. The man to whom Virginia Fullerton gives the rich treasure of her love, the sweet and holy sanctities of her home, will be a pronounced and decided Catholic. Such a man as our dear Cuthbert Molyneux, for instance," he added, lowering his eyes; "who indeed would be the best husband for her of all within my knowledge."

"Cuthbert Molyneux and Virginia Fullerton!" cried Ringrove with passionate disdain. "You might as well choose out of Earlswood at once, Mr. Lascelles!"

"Ah, Mr. Hardisty," said the vicar with a compassionate air, "you have yet to learn that the weak things of the world confound and overcome the strong, when God blesses the one and the others rust only to themselves. Ah!" suddenly changing his voice, "I see that supper *is* ready. May I take you?" to Hermione; and to

Cuthbert: "My dear boy, will you not bring Virginia?" With which arrangement all were fain to be content, for the will of Mr. Lascelles at Churchlands was as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and when he had spoken no one was found who dared to remonstrate. As for Cuthbert, he had no desire to remonstrate; and when Theresa was assigned by the vicar to him, Ringrove Hardisty dared not, for the sake of good breeding. But for his consolation he was placed between Virginia and Theresa at the table; and as on Theresa's other hand was the vicar—he at the head and Cuthbert at the foot—she on her side had no wish to complain.

What a great god Zeus the vicar was!—how he regulated and marshalled his little world of subordinates and lovers, and made each do as he desired! Even the strange priests—Father Truscott, an older man and a more notorious—were made to feel that he was the lord and they were his subjects—he was the sun and they were his satellites. Perhaps he a little surpassed himself to-night, wishing to prove to Ringrove where the power lay, and what course it would be wisest for him to adopt.

"My child," he said to Virginia, whose glass was full of water, "drink a little wine to-night."

"Must I, Superior?" she asked.

She disliked wine, as girls of her age and nature do; and looked on it as a penance.

He smiled in his grand way, and for all reply said to Cuthbert:

"My dear boy, fill Virginia's glass. No, not claret—Marsala; the small glass. You can put it into your tumbler of water," he added to Virginia; and Virginia obediently poured out the wine and drank the draught, which, to her unsophisticated taste, spoilt the whole meal.

Also to Theresa—who was growing thinner and more feverish day by day, and who had now taken a rather severe cold, and had a hard, dry, hacking cough—he prescribed her diet, as one whose dictum admits no denial.

"Aunt Catherine!" he called out to the god-daughter of the Sieneze saint, pouring her folly into the ear of Father Truscott, and giving him too the sense of doing penance out of the ordinary course of direction; "Aunt Catherine!"

She started as if from sleep.

"Yes, dear Superior. What is it?" she said confusedly. Perhaps of all the group she was the one who was most afraid of the vicar.

"Where is Theresa's beef-tea?" he asked. "She must take it regularly. Have I not ordered it?" peremptorily.

"Please, sir, cook forgot it," said the servant respectfully—more respectfully than he would have spoken either to Cuthbert or to Miss Molyneux.

Mr. Lascelles frowned. Cook was one of his "penitents;" she would not have kept her place else; and by the look of things she would have a hard time of it when next she came to confess the thoughts which were suggested but had never been harboured, and keep back the tale of her malpractices, which were done and not suspected.

"I am sorry for that," he said with awful gravity. "You had better then take it to-morrow morning, instead of coffee for breakfast," he said to Theresa. "It is essential for your health—quite essential."

"Very well, Superior," said Theresa, flattered and delighted. "I will. What may I have for supper now?"

"Meat," said Mr. Lascelles; "and—Aunt Catherine, have you any bitter beer in the house?—Yes? Meat and a glass of bitter beer, my child," to Theresa. Then looking at her kindly, he added: "I must have you looking better than this; I am not at all pleased with you!"

The girl flushed and brightened; then coughed a little heavily; but she had concentrated on herself all his thoughts, all his attention, and for the rest of the evening she was too happy to realize how feverish she felt, nor how hard her breath was to draw when she tried to take a full inspiration—after coughing say, and when her lungs had been exhausted. Only when he said to her, after one of these fits of coughing: "My dear child, you must take care of yourself, for all our sakes. You must give up mattins for a short time, and until you have got rid of this cold;"—only then did her spirits droop and her courage break, as, with tears in her eyes, she said piteously: "Oh! must I be cut off from this privilege, dear Superior? Surely not, unless I grow much worse!"

But Mr. Lascelles, who did not like opposition, answered in his most courtly but conclusive way: "You must do as you are told, my child. No mattins for a week, nor Early Celebration next Sunday." Then seeing her poor sensitive face change almost as if her death had been announced, he added in a caressing voice: "You can come to the Vicarage on the fine afternoons, and if the weather is too bad I will come and see you. I shall know how to appreciate your obedience."

This was but a sample of the vicar's position at Churchlands, and of his rule over the little band of "workers" whereof he was titular Superior and practical demigod. He was glad of the opportunity of showing his power to Ringrove, and how necessary it was to conciliate him, the great clerical Zeus, if steps of a grave nature were to be taken with Virginia or any other. Perhaps he was rather ostentatious in the way in which he made his living puppets dance as he desired, and cruel in his indifference to the chance of hurting them when he pulled this string or touched that spring, and played upon them as a man might play on so many instruments from which none but himself could draw that note or sustain that pitch. At all risks the master of Monkshall must be convinced that this was the winning side, and he, the vicar, the dominant power; and that the man who would marry Virginia must put himself in accord with the only authority which she recognized as absolute, and conciliate those whom alone she would obey.

All this was quite well-reasoned and logical so far as it went, and for whom it would have suited; but it went too far for Ringrove; and it did not suit him. As supper went on, he grew colder and more silent. His fine strong face, usually so bright and cheerful, became pale and hard; his figure grew straighter in its lines and stiffer in its forms; his voice became deeper in its tones and rougher in its quality. He left off trying to speak to Virginia, who was listening with strange eagerness to "Father Truscott's" account of a certain Order—which he forgot to say was "Romanist," not "Anglican;" he did not care to see her turn to him, when he spoke to her, with the same kind of reluctance as if he had brought her down from the beauty of holiness to the sordidness of earth. He did not like to feel that he, the old friend who had loved her so long and revered her as his ideal, who had hoped to make her his wife and waited for her awakening into love with that patience which true love and manly strength alone make possible—that he was set aside in favour of these strange men—these Fathers and Brothers and Superiors, who had come down like so many locusts on the green plain of Crossholme society, and had destroyed all that was sweet and precious. He felt as keenly as even his own position, the pain and the shame of Richard's; and how these men had thrust themselves between the husband and the wife—had taken the daughter from the father. Let it be that Richard Fullerton had "unfortunate opinions" in some things—that did not make him less the good man, the faithful friend, the loving husband, the devoted father; nor soften the guilt of those who had come into his

tranquil home and blighted its happiness with the poison of their fanaticism. They had killed the fairest flower of all; and like ghouls they lived and fattened on their work.

These thoughts passed like fire through his brain as he sat there, stiffening and hardening in his pain and wrath. But what was to be done? How could all this iniquity, under the name of religion, be checked and things brought back to their old places? He asked himself this question twenty times, and never found the answer; but his main thought was the same:—

“ I must speak to Fullerton. He ought to know how things are, and prevent them from going further if he can. It is all horrible, unwholesome, unnatural, and will lead to worse evil unless it can be checked.”

So the evening of initiation which was to bring Ringrove Hardisty nearer by his love, served only to fling him yet farther off, and to make him even more strongly than before the vicar's opponent at Crossholme and the partisan of Richard at the Abbey. But, for all that, he did not give up his hope of Virginia.

(To be continued.)

ON A SHEEP STATION.

A CORDIAL invitation to visit one of the finest sheep stations in Queensland was too great a temptation to be resisted. Yet, a more unfavourable season for a journey of nearly 400 miles into the interior could not be imagined. The colony was suffering from a drought, the like of which none but old colonists, and not many of them, could remember. For a year and more, rain had not fallen. Watercourses never before known to be without water were baked hard. For leagues upon leagues, not a green spot would relieve the melancholy brown of the grazing lands. The papers day by day, and week by week, published stories of perished stock and impoverished settlers. The talk everywhere was of impending ruin. The appearance of ever so small a cloud in the glaring sky was a sensation; men in the country suspended all toil to watch it and hope against hope, while in the little townships it was criticised and chronicled, and for the moment was the cause of more excitement than the war news from Eastern Europe, at that time reaching the critical point. It seemed to be a literal fulfilment of the terrible threat, "I will make your heaven as iron, and your earth as brass. And your strength shall be spent in vain: for your land shall not yield her increase, neither shall the trees of the land yield their fruits."

The native Queenslander, who, very properly, does not care to hear his country cried down, was forced to some sort of confession, and the visitor, or passing stranger, who ventured to suggest that the climate was severe, was anxiously informed that the season was exceptionally hot: as it certainly was. During an ordinary summer in Queensland, the lightest possible clothing will be necessary for at least seven months in the year. The atmosphere is nevertheless dry, and though a high, it is not necessarily a punishing thermometer even in the double-dry days of December, January, and February. But the heat of this particular summer was, as a fact, phenomenally intense. Day and night the mercury maintained a persistent affection for 100°, or thereabouts, in the shade. Gossamer clothing would have been burdensome, and one panted for the opportunity of

realising Sydney Smith's idea of taking off one's flesh and sitting in one's bones. It is obvious that none but a born rover, except under the pressure of necessity, would at such time have made a holiday excursion.

The railway from Brisbane, the metropolis of the colony, runs, roughly speaking, westward, and is destined to push as far in that direction as the humour of future Parliaments permits. It climbs the main mountain range which runs parallel with the Queensland coast, and traverses the rich table land which the early explorers looked upon, and rightly too, as comparable to the Land of Promise which the ancient pioneer, Moses, was allowed to scan, but not enter. To the cooler Darling Downs, on the western side of the Main Range, the inhabitants of the sea-coast fly for relief, and the scenery obtained in travelling up the skilfully-built railway is famous for its beauty. At this drought-time there was no relief, no beauty. The hot winds which are the bane of the other colonies rarely visit Queensland, but on the day of my start the novelty was experienced. From the shoulders of some of the spurs you may look upon magnificent expanses of thirty and forty miles of woodland; but with a heat haze quivering over the earth, and the smoke of a hundred forest fires lying low upon the seared tree tops, what under more favourable circumstances is rare beauty, gladdening the eye, was then the monotony of desolation, oppressing the heart. Up the mountain gorges came, in lieu of cool breezes, hot blasts that made you draw quickly back as from a furnace mouth. At Toowoomba, the capital of the Darling Downs, the glass in the station verandah showed 109 degrees.

Journeying upon such a day, in railway carriages not so well adapted for the climate as they might be, could not be converted into pleasure. All that remained was to get through the time with something as near resignation as possible. We, the first-class passengers on that memorable day, were, in our most joyous estate, a panting, collarless, half-dressed crew, too feverish to talk or think; but a fleshy gentleman in our midst, whose suffering was extreme, spoke for us all when, after a long silence during which his restlessness arrived at a culminating point, he gasped, in broken voice, "By the Holy Poker, but this is a caulker!" Mark Tapley himself would have been at fault at that time and place.

For myself, I seemed to suffer mirage of the mind. It being the month of January, and not far from the turn of the year, home scenes rose out of the simmering landscape,—always winter pictures well frosted and backgrounded with snow. A charred stump, smoking hard by in a clearing, was the "Dangerous" board on Regent's

Park ice ; warmly-clad skaters peopled the bare dead-brown paddocks. Then a refrain ran unbidden through the brain :—

How it clatters along the roofs
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and gurgles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout.

But it was only our fat friend narrating the loss of 70,000 sheep by one squatter friend of his since the commencement of the drought; and even as he spoke, skeletons of horses, sheep, and cattle on either side of the line gleamed white on the plains over which we were passing. But, enough ! The drought has broken long since, and I have recently seen those desert expanses rising and falling, a glorious ocean of rich verdure ; all signs of misery had disappeared, and quite another refrain was suggested :—

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.

At the end of the railway line, or rather at the spot where for the present the rails ceased, within a few days a small township had sprung up—a township of galvanised iron, canvas, and weather-boards—a true colonial township, with rough and ready accommodation for man and beast, as became a place where the people felt themselves to be strangers and pilgrims. In the bush outside a caravan of laden drays had been long encamped, not caring to venture afield until pasture and water for their teams were vouchsafed ; and for the next two days, coaching still farther west, I heard from many a mouth execrations heaped with colonial fervour upon the laggard carriers. A charge of three shillings and sixpence for a pint bottle of English ale, an empty cupboard, an adulterated spirit bottle, and such trifles as ill-furnished bed or board were, one and all, explained by the non-arrival of the drays since Christmas time.

At four in the morning we were roused from our outspread blankets on the tavern floor by the coachman, and, ill-refreshed and half-awake, hurried out to resume our travels by the coach, whose Brobdingnagian lamp over the centre of the roof shed its powerful rays upon a dozen persons clamorously anxious to represent the regulation number of six. A very pretty picture they made in their varied gestures of appeal, threat, cajolery, and indignation, with the yellow light mottling them indifferently. To me, the fortunate possessor of a

box-seat, the scene had its amusing side, for the coachman, who was "a character," stolidly surveyed the expectant group, never moving a muscle. Eventually the groom released the heads of the leaders, leaving four unfortunates behind indulging in strong language ill becoming the poetical associations of dawn, and destined to make the most of their opportunities in the infant township until the departure of the next coach two days later.

Into the gloomy bush the horses plunged. The first stage of ten miles was partly accomplished in the dark. The track wound through the forest. The lamp-lights streamed weirdly upon the gum-trees, and doubtless to the unaccustomed eye exaggerated the difficulties of the road. The "effects," at any rate, were marvellously effective, and at once recalled the well-known masterpieces of certain old-school artists. We were in truth speeding through a wild world of dark shadows, and at every turn in the track new dangers seemed to loom direct in the path. The coach rattled in and out, with never an inch to spare, between huge tree trunks, and crashed through unconsidered undergrowth. The trees close at hand assumed flitting, fantastic, spectral shapes, and the abysses beyond were fathomless. All imperceptibly the dawn came. Night appeared to relent of its blackness before it betook itself away; its visage gently relaxed, and day crept on so softly that no man could say when the one was here and the other there. The grotesque forms of tree and bush faded out too; the familiar monotony of Australian forest quickly asserted itself, and almost before we were ready to comprehend his advent the sun was bounding up with a rosy flush to mark our course for another day.

The best coach-drivers in the world are probably Cobb & Co.'s men in Australia. The four-in-hands in Hyde Park used to claim our admiration as a spectacle, but they would be mere toys on an Australian journey: spanking bays with black points, noble coachmen, and pert grooms, would be totally unequal to the test of practical work on the unmade track called, in the bush, a road. The coach upon which I suffered the first day's journey of ninety miles was a compact, heavily-built structure upon leather compound springs of enormous strength; and axles, double break, and harness seemed to the uninitiated to be of unnecessary power. A gallop or two into and out of a gully, a descent or two into a river bed, a few miles of rocky mountainous country, however, showed that the equipments of Cobb & Co.'s coaches cannot be too strong or too carefully looked after, and that their drivers should be, as they are, second to none.

Despite the never-failing good humour of a genial squatter at my

side, who sang like a nightingale, and prevented me from sleeping by vivid accounts of men who, to his knowledge, had been killed or maimed by dozing on the box-seat of Cobb's coaches, that day was to me one of acute misery. I have heard it insinuated that an eel in time not only gets used to the process of skinning, but learns to like it; and it may be that the drivers on this route get used to that fearful ninety-mile stage, and even prize it as a luxury. To me fifteen hours on the confined box-seat, travelling over rough country robbed of every vestige of life, with a hard upright wooden wall to pound the shoulders into jelly, and reaches of track upon which the coach faithfully imitated the pitching and rolling of a ship, could only be satisfactory as extreme penance. Had there been something green to look at, something picturesque to admire, an occasional cloud obscuring the fierce sun, a bird or beast to disturb the solitude, it might have been tolerable. Yet the poor "insides" were worse placed. On the box we were at least elevated above the worst of the dust. At the end of the first stage the people within were thickly coated with sand, and venerable with soil powder. They were packed in like sardines, and, when the jolting was extra severe, we, from our outer perch, could hear such groans of abject despair that, in our vile selfishness, we would laugh until tears guttered channels down our grimy cheeks. Much of the country was sandy waste, upon which probably nothing of service grows at any time, but no difference could be distinguished between this and grazing runs, where, within two months of the termination of the drought, the stock had been revelling in deep green pasture. The universal desolation at that time, however, forbade the belief, except by the exercise of the most childlike faith, that the country could ever recover from the disastrous visitation. It may here be repeated, once for all, that it did recover; and though it left small settlers minus the savings patiently and laboriously accumulated through many years, and wealthy squatters with bank balance woefully diminished, the frown of the hideous water famine, just when it seemed most immovable, gave place to the smile of plenty.

On the afternoon of the third day, sore, travel-stained, but not wholly demolished, I made my last descent from the box-seat in the bright little town of Roma. Our four-horse team had been changed fifteen times, and the second day's stage of five-and-forty miles had been accomplished with a fresh coachman and another coach. After days I heard the readings of the thermometer, during the days over which the journey extended, given at anything from to 100°, and should not have been surprised had the record been thousands instead of hundreds. Evermore the figures of spe

representing the hart panting for the water brooks, wells of water in thirsty lands, green pastures and still waters, will have new beauty and force to me.

It was curious to find that, as one might say, by a miracle, isolated strips and belts of country had, during this tremendous drought, been visited by fitful rainfalls. Thus, the station to which I had journeyed had almost to the last remained an oasis in the desert. It is true that Mount Abundance—name singularly appropriate—is generally acknowledged to be one of the best-ordered stations in Queensland, but all the good management in the world cannot avert drought or bring down rain. Springs may be discovered by the living rod, but no wand has yet been invented to conjure clouds into the sky, or tap them when they gather. Call it, then, pure good fortune, or what not; the fact remained that this station was the envy of the surrounding country, and while outside the fence, on the great western highway, sterility reigned supreme, the sheep and horses within were “rolling fat,” and the grass was succulent and plentiful. Fellow-travellers, learning my destination, had promised me this, and the thought was cheering. It made the sand in my teeth less gritty, and the hardships of the road more bearable.

The station buggy was at the coach office at the end of the journey to whisk me, without loss of time, to Mount Abundance. When you do meet with hospitality in the colonies, it is of the true description. Big bearded men, who enjoy very little of the society of womankind from year to year, and who could not, therefore, be expected to spoil you with pampering, take charge of you with a thoughtfulness compatible only with the purest sincerity. You do not, it is true, always meet with such hospitality in the colonies—perhaps not so frequently as in the earlier days of settlement. Nor have you a right to expect it. Colonists have to win success by the closest hand-to-hand struggle, and have often enough to do to look after themselves. But it was my good fortune to experience it in its most delightful aspect for the first time at Mount Abundance, and though the experience has been repeated in other parts of the colonies since, the memory of my sojourn there remains, like its grassy plains, fresh and sweet.

In one sense I was disappointed with Mount Abundance. You never cause to be disappointed if, after by hearsay and written description you have formed a definite notion of a thing, you find your own notion absurdly astray. In my mind I had, by various reading of books in the old country, acquired a definite comprehension of an Australian sheep station. The bushmen's huts were to be in their

proper place, very tumbledown, and open to the weather. The black pot of tea must stand upon the slab that served as a table ; the damper should be smothered in wood-ashes, cooked on the earthen floor. The shepherds, armed to the teeth, of course live the lives of hermits, waging constant warfare with the blacks. The squatter's home might be better than a shanty of slabs with a roof of bark, but not much. It was, to be brief, somewhat of a barbaric sketch which I had made for myself, telling in every feature that it represented a condition of affairs outside the pale of civilisation. The old stereotyped descriptions of life in the Australian bush may still stand good for some runs in remote districts ; but every year brings manifold improvements. As the country becomes populated, as scientific appliances increase, and means of transit multiply, masters and men put off the half-savage habits with which they were, ten and twenty years ago, content, and if any are retained they are concealed with shamefacedness, and not made a subject of boast and pride. It is found as easy to be civilised as semi-barbarous.

Apart from its incomparable natural advantages, Mount Abundance Station has had the benefit of being owned by an enterprising and wealthy company, and of being managed by a gentleman whose advice the company was wise enough to follow. The Australian owner or manager of a station, in his position and pursuits, reminds you very much of those old-world squatters, the patriarchs. The manager in question has rule over something like 8,000 square miles of country, and must ride twenty miles straight ahead, in different directions, if he would visit his immediate out-stations. Such a man is king, and well is it when, as in this instance, he reigns in the esteem and affection of his people.

My suspicions as to the inaccuracy of my cherished idea of a sheep station were aroused when we turned off the highroad, and a respectable-looking woman came out of a neat cottage lodge and opened, not the two or three slip rails which one generally sees, but a pair of orthodox lodge gates. It was altogether too English : so was the park-like paddock in which sleek horses grazed. Across a creek I caught sight of a cluster of white houses through the trees, and one larger building upon an eminence, like a substantial, unpretending country house. Here was a neat, wholesome little town, and not a sheep station. Indeed, I have seen townships in Australia to which this would be a beautiful city. When I knew more about it, and understood the matter, it was evident that the truest economy had been exercised in making the place what it was. The manager being absent, I could gather from the people with whom I came in

contact that he was a man who had looked ahead, and farther than the almighty dollar. It was clear that he believed human beings should live in human habitations, and have, whenever possible, human surroundings. Down, therefore, came the slab shanties with their bark roofs, and up went decent cottages, to stand witness to the advantages of sanitary science. In a word, at a glance (verified by closer acquaintance), Mount Abundance stood revealed a model station by comparison with many others, and in the same degree of difference as exists between the model farms of England and the wretched homesteads that once so much disgraced the rural districts.

To know that the fine property around was the result of British capital upon Australian soil was not calculated to diminish one's interest in it. Colonial experience is too often of either extreme prosperity or extreme adversity, and here was an exemplification of the former. The Scottish Australian Investment Company was formed at Aberdeen in 1840, as a financial concern, to lend money on pastoral security; and though it started in bad times, it was always successful. What is now settled country was then almost unknown land, and soon after Queensland was proclaimed a separate colony the Scotch pioneers shrewdly pushed beyond the eastern seaboard to the western outside districts. During the thirty-eight intervening years the company has acquired, beside Mount Abundance, other stations, such as Mount Cornish, carrying 50,000 head of cattle, and Bowen Downs, carrying 130,000 sheep. Let the English tenant farmer, or the biggest of graziers, realise the figures which are here given as an example of the vastness of pastoral pursuits in this young colony. The stations above mentioned occupy 5,000 square miles of superb country, part leased from the Crown, part, and the best part, purchased as inalienable freehold; and the company owns some 400,000 sheep and 60,000 cattle.

It is probably the hope of some day being lord over a dominion like this that inspires the young gentlemen of family who come out and engage in station work; and in a very few days the visitor can understand how fascinating is the free open life of the Australian pastoralist, despite its hard work, and even when attended, as it frequently is, with positive hardship and privation. How large is the proportion of failures is proverbial.

After a bath, I am bound to confess that my first attention was paid neither to sheep nor horses, but to a vineyard. Of course, not one station in five hundred can boast such a luxury. The Roma district, however, is famous for its grapes. I was shown a bunch of black grapes weighing seven pounds, and the fruit all large and of faultless

flavour. Under the shady leaves of the low vines, on the hottest day, the bunches of grapes are always cool, and what better for the thirsty traveller than these? Nothing, unless it might be the delicious bronzed figs hanging ripe and ready near the gates, defying you to pass them by without a trial. Every morning I paid a visit to the favourite vines, and upon every breakfast table stood a dish of fruit, white and black, with bloom beautiful enough to awaken the envy of any artist. Fruit and vegetables, on many stations, are almost unheard-of blessings, and this vineyard, with the bountiful kitchen garden in the same enclosure, deserves early mention in the catalogue of things seen; also the wine-press house, in which I spent many a pleasant half-hour, watching the bright little Italian vigneron treading out the juice, expatiating all the while upon vintages past and present, and upon the peerless wine with which he would by-and-bye immortalise the district. Whether his ambition will be as fruitful as his vines is a problem, but if the wine of the future be as good as the refreshing beverage which, with a dash of water, slakes your thirst at Mount Abundance, he need not despair, and his employers need not complain.

But, after all, the vineyard must be regarded as an "extra." Under no circumstances can it be made a legitimate part of a sheep run; not, at any rate, in the same sense as the saw mill, the wheelwright's shop, the store, the counting house, the saddler's shed, and still more not in the same sense as the great wool-shed, the washing places, the big dam, the paddock, the stockyard, and the slaughter yard. These were all included in the organisation of the place, and the work was carried on as regularly as in a town house of business. With a thousand houses on the station, in one place and another, the saddler and wheelwright would find ample employment; with the head station alone, comprising 900 square miles, the ration carriers, boundary riders, and fencers would necessarily be constantly coming in and going out, delivering their reports and receiving stores, and keeping the office clerk and storekeeper in constant employment.

And how proud the worthy sheep superintendent was of his merinos! Fortunately for me, it was one of the occasional intervals between the periodical occupations essential to sheep-breeding, and during my visit the sheep were being neither shorn, nor branded, nor ear-cut, nor subjected to any of the necessary and sometimes unpleasant processes demanded by the mutual welfare of themselves and their owners. Day by day, therefore, the sheep superintendent gave me the benefit of his wise guidance and pleasant companionship, and ever indeed shall I be grateful to him for his patience with one

whom he had every right to regard as a wretched Cockney who, according to colonial estimation, insulted a saddle by getting into it, and was ignorant of the difference between a hog and a hogget.

For a man who had been concerned with sheep, popularly supposed to be the most trying to human forbearance of the animal creation, and which are credited with souring the best of tempers, my friend was a marvel of amiability.

The best of men, nevertheless, have their weaknesses, and his took the form of riding at a steady jog-trot pace. A man who spends all his days, weeks, months, and years in the saddle will suit any pace, and any pace will suit him. It is different when you come fresh to the work, and then, although your judgment may respond to the theory that jogging at five miles an hour is the fairest way of getting a good day's travel out of your horse, your inclinations will suggest either an absolute walk or the usual colonial canter. But my friend was a man who believed in taking care of his cattle, and I gave him my sympathy to the extent of stiff joints and an aching back. He informed me, amongst other things, that if I saw a horse with a sore back I might be certain it had been ridden by a parson or a lady; at any rate, that this was bushman's creed.

The first day he let me off leniently; just an eighteen-mile ride over the plains, and along the end of a paddock the fence of which was six-and-thirty miles long—quite a nice little field of 18,000 acres, enclosed with sound wire fence. Then, as a reward for good behaviour, in the evening he ordered out the buggy and planned a shooting expedition. Cartridges were filled with large shot, and the breechloader was put together. The shooting had to be done from the buggy, and the game was none of your small parrot fry, but one of the large feathered game of the Colony, the wild turkey or bustard. It was remarkably comfortable amusement, the very pastime for a lazy man and a sportsman who is good at objects not bigger than a haystack. The country hereabouts consists of immense plains covered with rich tussock grass, and the game has to be approached warily.

The wild turkey is not hasty in its movements, but it is artful. You must apply a circular treatment. Afar, you espy a small something moving above the heads of the tussocks. It is a turkey. The experienced whip at once alters his route, pulls his horses into a walk, and drives spirally round the bird, which, half curious and half self-confident, watches the distant object, and stalks slowly off. The circle described by the buggy is meanwhile becoming smaller. Its slow pace, and the absence of excitement in horses and men, deceive

it until too late. The bird begins to comprehend what it all means when you are within thirty or forty yards, spreads its broad wings, and rises somewhat leisurely, to drop, if the sportsman in the buggy is equal to the occasion, a mass of fluttering feathers into the grass.

Six times in the course of an hour and a half I had the pleasure of going through this programme, carrying it out to the letter. A hen turkey tried hard to escape by strategy. I had marked her down a quarter of a mile off, and never lost sight of the spot. Still, on nearing the tussock by which we had steered, there was no sign of a bird. It was then suggested that I should alight, and I did so. Suddenly, and with a disturbance that startled me not a little, the turkey got up within five yards of my feet. She had been artfully compressing herself into a small space between the tussocks, and with a success that ought to have secured her a more generous treatment than she shortly received. But the end justified the means. She weighed seventeen pounds, and if as a roast she was a trifle tasteless and tough, as a curry on the following morning she deserved all praise.

On a subsequent wild-turkey expedition I shot off a horse's back, or, to be very accurate, between his ears. This seemed to be the animal's real vocation in life, and the old fellow, after serving the station for many years, was chiefly kept for the express purpose. He always had his eye on the game, and would not move a muscle while you fired, until about the twelfth shot, when, probably annoyed by the smell of the powder, he would shake his head in evident disapproval. A very stupid miss on my part was marked by him—or I fancied so—in a decided manner: he looked round gravely, it seemed reproachfully, and having caught my eye, walked on without waiting, as was his general custom, for the signal to move on.

There was, I may mention while the subject of sport is before us, other game than wild turkeys on the station. The bookkeeper had potted an interesting specimen the day before my arrival, and I saw its framework in the sandy path leading to Bachelors' quarters, stripped in a few hours of every vestige of flesh by the ants. Indeed, the object looked as if it had been bleaching in the sun for ages. For picking the bones of such small deer as a snake, nothing better could be desired than an ant-heap. The skeleton in question was all that remained of a diamond snake which Mr. R., sitting in a summer-house, reading a paper, saw peering at him from a rafter; nay, not only peering, but thrusting down its head and part of its body, and protruding its tongue in an excited manner. Rarer than other varieties, and very dangerous, is the diamond snake, and Mr. R.

was not anxious to offer his enemy improper provocation. But it was nearing the time when he should ring the men back from breakfast, and the snake showed no signs of retreating. He therefore blew a whistle, and the housekeeper answered it. He sent her for a gun, and this being stealthily handed to him from the rear, the snake was effectually shot. The snakes, however, on these open plains are not so numerous as in scrub, bush, and rock country.

Emus were plentiful, but somehow one does not care to shoot them for mere sport. Bushmen, when rations run short, are only too glad to get the chance of bringing one down and discovering its eggs, and they ever after tell you with watering mouths how dainty a dish both flesh and egg make. It is, however, no easy matter to get within shot of an emu. You may stalk to rifle distance, but must be wary to do so much. You may ride the bird down, moreover, if you are mounted on a fleet horse that can make the running during the first burst. The emu goes off at a tremendous pace, and then pauses a moment to get second wind. Then is your time or never, for when the bird settles down to second flight it outstrips its pursuer in nine cases out of ten.

After watching an emu with six little ones trotting after her, trusting with sublime confidence in her power to scent danger and shield them from it, I could not have drawn trigger upon one of the family without full justification; indeed, as they are not numerous enough to do much damage, and are a pretty sight on the plains, they are, I found, seldom molested. On the contrary, you often find them tamed at the head stations, where their singular tastes and comical habits afford much amusement. I once saw one that was credited with swallowing a hobble chain, and looting a keg of nails to the extent of a quart of two-inch wire spikes. After a meal of iron it invariably strutted out into the paddock and ate a quantity of grass, by the assistance of which it ultimately got rid of the indigestible materials without harm.

In the tussock grass there were plenty of small quail and kangaroo rats. I couple them because they resembled each other in lying still till you were close upon them, and in escaping as swift as an arrow. The rat scampers off with quick bound, showing his tail as does a rabbit, and the quail is up and off like a flash. In the creek there were a few teal and wood-duck, and on the washing dam there were a variety of wild fowl which the manager would never allow to be disturbed. Parrots abounded in the timbered patches, and now and then you might find a flock of stone plover. But as a rule you

might ride for a day without meeting any game but rat, quail, or turkey.

It will be of course impossible to narrate the history of each day spent by me on this model sheep station. They were days sometimes of hard work, but they were very happy ones, and all too few. Each morning the horses stood saddled at the door before breakfast was done, and by that time the people on the station had often travelled twenty and thirty miles upon their various avocations. My friendly *cicerone*, the sheep superintendent, as I have stated, let me off at first with an easy day's work, but on the succeeding morning we started upon what the colonial, who rides sometimes seventy and odd miles a day on the same horse—grass-fed, too—would think gentle exercise, but which the neophyte might well deem a fair journey. It was a distance of fifty miles over open country, with sun shining at 130 degrees. How delicious were those fifteen-minute halts to smoke a pipe on the margin of a water hole, and drink deep of its cool contents! How carefully we filled the canvas waterbags slung at the saddle bow! How free one felt riding under the broad brim of a cabbage-tree hat, troubled with nothing more than shirt open at the throat, trousers fastened by a belt (to which was attached one pouch for watch, and another for tobacco and pipe), boots, and spurs. Distant mountains with dim outlines of purple bounded the horizon very far away, and over the rolling plains, green with verdure save where the black-soil roads were marked as fine thread, the heat haze simmered. Flies swarmed in myriads, rendering necessary a fine net curtain depending from the hat rim, to protect the rider, and a fringe of tasselled leather from the forehead strap of the bridle to shield the horse's eyes.

From a swelling bosom of the plain, named by an admiring visitor Pisgah, a superb prospect was open to view—a picture of verdant land, diversified by clumps of scrub, rolling gently into a thousand variations of surface, and framed with mountain ranges, sometimes showing ridge, saddle, and scarp, in bold relief, sometimes melting into the dim region of shadow, until they were mingled with the fleecy clouds. But the dominating idea of the whole was immensity of space, and perfect freedom. It was a vast solitude, but not a desert. The landscape grew upon you, as you sat in the saddle, surveying it from every point of the compass, and it grew on until it became fixed in the memory as a dream of glorious pastoral plenty.

But there were the shearing sheds, and the apparatus connected with shearing, to be inspected, if not from inclination, at least out of

courtesy to the "boss," who was proud of them with the pride of an artist who knew their excellence. Upon a station like this, shearing is naturally not the rough-and-ready operation it used to be, and still is upon runs more remote from civilisation. Whatever improvements have been introduced to produce superior wool, and lessen the cost of production, had been provided. Shearing is the harvest-time of the sheep run. The fall of a penny per lb. in the price of wool means the loss of a great fortune to large owners. It is, therefore, an anxious time, and an important process. A hundred extra hands had been employed at the last shearing, 164,000 sheep were sheared in eight weeks; and I could not withhold my exclamation of surprise and delight upon hearing that in one day, when everything worked with maximum smoothness, the shearers disposed, in a workmanlike manner, of 6,000 sheep. The average sheep shorn in one day by a man is not often so high as this—perhaps not more than 60 or 70, but the heroes in question were master-men, and made an effort on that particular day to outdo themselves.

The old race of convict-tainted shepherd and shearer is dying out. The extension of a system of fencing in large paddocks has altered the conditions of shepherding. Wire and wood, with perhaps a couple of boundary riders to see that there are no breakages, are the shepherds now. But there is no lack of hands at shearing time. Rude bearded fellows, who disappear mysteriously for the rest of the year, ride up with their sways, at the nick of time, take possession of their bunks in the sleeping shed, work hard, comply with the somewhat strict regulations that govern the special period, take their cheque at the close of the shearing, and ride away as they came. There are certain skilful shearers who are known as *crack hands* over all Australia, and they are mostly known by a *sobriquet*. Such a one was Steam-arm Jack; and I have heard of a Chinaman Dick, who was reputed to have polished off 210 sheep in a day; but it was added that his work was tomahawking rather than shearing, and that the percentage of wounded sheep was a sanguinary proportion. In shearers' *parlance*, the master is "boss," the superintendent "the cove." There must be a kind of spell about shearing, since it is no uncommon thing for a man to leave employment at fencing, or boundary riding, or dam making, or other station occupations, and five pounds a week, for a shearing job at four pounds. The shearers are paid piecework, and at the rate of about 3s. 6d. per score.

Shearing takes place between August and October, though sometimes it is as late as December. At Mount Abundance it was in

September, and the process may be soon described. The sheep are brought in from the distant stations and enclosures, and massed in a paddock near the wash pool, from which they are brought up in contingents as required. First they are passed through soak tanks, the object being to saturate the wool; next into the sweating shed, which is to all intents and purposes a Turkish bath, to remove the dirt of the year from the wool; next they are put under the spouts, of which there are fourteen, worked each by two men, and having been well rinsed, are travelled in single file along passages, and counted as they find release in the drying yard. Here they repose in peace, nothing being allowed to agitate their minds. After three days' serenity, during which the wool is supposed to be dry, and the yolk risen, they are carefully driven (to avoid dust) to the shearers at the wool shed, and if the fleece should average three pounds of washed wool, though very choice sheep produce four and a half pounds, the harvest is pronounced good.

In the wool-shed there are two men who feed the shearers with sheep; a boy picks up the shorn fleece and takes it to the table presided over by a wool-sorter who classifies the fleeces. They are put into a bin by the sorter's assistant, who takes them in little waggons to the wool presses. Here the wool is made into bales, sent to the head station, where it is dumped by hydraulic pressure, and finally taken by teams, by the best means available, to port. Dumping by hydraulic pressure, it should be remembered, is only done on first-class stations; it is more commonly done by the ship's side in properly appointed warehouses.

Riding away from the great reservoir of water which feeds these works at wool harvesting, I heard much of the enemies against which the sheep have to be protected. One of them, the most dreaded, I saw slinking, like a cowardly thief as he is, into a belt of scrub. It was the dingo, part wolf, part fox, and part dog, for he has the ferocity of the wolf, the cunning and speed of the fox, and resembles the dog sufficiently to bear his name. It is not so much the mutton or lamb that he himself eats, as the wholesale mischief he does by chivying the whole flock and wounding as many as he can reach, that is deplored. By the watchers on a sheep run this miscreant is detested, and they shoot it, poison it, trap it, and destroy it by every means in their power. A price is put upon the wild-dog's head. He has a fine brush and coat like a fox, but in length of leg and formation of body he resembles the dog, while there is a suspicion of wolf about his muzzle and mouth.

The little kangaroo rat is, in its small way, an enemy also, through

its love of wild yams, to indulge which it must perforce tear at the roots of the tussocks. Kangaroos and wallabies, if they are not kept out or kept down, will be enemies of the same degree. The Bathurst burr is an enemy of another kind. Growing in its youthful innocence, this plant might be taken for an aristocratic thistle, but it destroys the grass, and its burrs cling to the wool and mat it into uselessness. It overruns the country like a plague; legislation has been called in to stamp it out; on this one station alone fifteen Kanakas are employed to wander about with hoes and root it up without mercy. A very vicious enemy is the bird called the eagle-hawk, but which is in reality a fine eagle, the wedge-tailed eagle of Australia. He is a noble-looking bird, and his fault is that he does not hesitate before lamb because mint-sauce is lacking; at lambing time he is a scourge to the sheep runs, and he is a doubly formidable enemy by virtue of his powerful pinions and proverbial eyesight. With these enemies, and more, to fight, there is always work to be done on a sheep run; and the natural divisions of a sheep farmer's season—lambing, weaning, tail- and ear-cutting, branding, and drafting, culminating with the bustling activity of shearing—bring with each its own cares and labours.

A ride to the horse paddock was always a treat. Mount Abundance breeds its own horses, as every station of importance will do. Croydon, the thoroughbred, a beauty in looks and in temper, running with his mares, would allow us to approach him, and would take our soft speeches and the caressing of his velvet coat with dignified affability. All the hands on the station, men and boys alike, swore by Croydon, and to speak slightly of him was to insult them. Carefulness in breeding showed one marked result: it was with the utmost difficulty a buckjumper could be found to satisfy my curiosity. The breaker kept by the station, hearing that I was anxious to see him ride a thoroughly vicious animal, tried hard to oblige me, and manifested, I must confess, a remarkable willingness to risk his neck for my amusement. When he did secure a buckjumper his complete mastership of it caused any uneasiness I might have felt to vanish. He had to deal with bad horses, of course, frequently, but was rarely thrown; and he had almost a gift in dealing with colts brought in for the first time. With a good sire and a consummate breaker the horses on Mount Abundance have, as might be expected, a high character.

At Bachelors' quarters every night we had an hour's music before getting inside the mosquito curtains. The harmonium was opened, and across the creek, and far over the plain, floated the echoes of

song, duet, and glee, and a young Scotch gentleman's performance of "The Banks of Allan-water" drew down upon him the task of repeating it nightly by special request. On Sunday afternoon, service was held in the verandah of "the House;" a hard-working, devoted clergyman riding out from Roma to conduct it, and a neighbouring schoolmaster officiating at the harmonium. In the manager's office there were Carlyle, Christopher North, Scott, Burns, Macaulay, and a host of other friends, such as a clannish North British reading man would possess, at my disposal.

The reader will therefore credit me when I confess that I was sorry to see the last of life on Mount Abundance; but he would not credit me if I averred that I did not covet its rich pastures and multitudinous flocks. The time came, however, when the buggy was ordered out to take me back to the Roma coach office. Outside the fence, as we crossed the home paddock, the clouds of dust, caused by the unfortunate sheep which had been travelling by at the rate of fifty thousand a week in search of grass, rolled like smoke from a battle-field; and the last I saw of Mount Abundance was—a couple of famished sheep that had been left to their fate, staggering in the sand across the road, and falling, a heap of miserable skin and bone, close to the fence, to die feasting their glazing eyes, may be, upon the happy pastures from which they were debarred.

REDSPINNER.

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON AS A POET.¹

EVERYONE who has followed the story of English wood-engraving down to the present time must be aware how much has been done for that art by William James Linton, whose name appears on blocks enough to have occupied, one would have thought, half a dozen lifetimes. In point of fact the name of Linton, like that of the Brothers Dalziel, appears on a great mass of work done under the supervision of the artist and not by his proper hand—an arrangement so common in various branches of the history of art that it calls for no remark. But, setting aside the miscellaneous

¹ 1. *The National: a Library for the People*. Edited by W. J. Linton. London: J. Watson, 15 City Road, Finsbury; 1839. 2. *Bob Thin; or, The Poorhouse Fugitive*, by W. J. Linton. Illustrated by T. Sibson, W. B. Scott, E. Duncan, W. J. Linton; 1845. 3. *The Illuminated Magazine*. New Series. London: Joseph Clayton, 320 Strand; 1845. 4. *The Illustrated Family Journal*, consisting of Historical Romances, Legendary Tales, Poetry, Essays, Anecdotes, &c. &c. &c., with upwards of two hundred Illustrations by Linton, &c. London: Published by J. Clayton; 1846. 5. *The Jubilee of Trade: a Vision of the Nineteenth Century after Christ*. 6. *To the Future: the Dirge of the Nations*. W. J. Linton; 1848. 7. *The Cause of the People*. Isle of Man: printed and published by William Shirrefs (of 38 Athol Street). 9 weekly numbers, May 20 to July 15, 1848. 8. *The Life of Paine*. By the Editor of the "National." London: J. Watson, 3 Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row; 1849. 9. *The English Republic*. Edited by W. J. Linton. 4 volumes. Same publisher; 1851 to 1855. 10. *The Plaint of Freedom*; 1852. 11. *Wild Flowers for Children*. By Mr. Honeysuckle. C. Honeysuckle, 85 Hatton Garden, London. 12. *Claribel, and other Poems*. By W. J. Linton. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; 1865. 13. *The Ferns of the English Lake Country, with a List of Varieties*. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Windermere: J. Garnett; 1865. 14. *Ireland for the Irish: Rhymes and Reasons against Landlordism*, with a Preface on Fenianism and Republicanism. By W. J. Linton, formerly of the Irish "Nation." New York: The American News Company; 1867. 15. *The Flower and the Star, and other Stories for Children*. Written and Illustrated by W. J. Linton. Ticknor and Fields, Boston; 1868. 16. *The House that Troceed Built*. Dedicated to every true Reformer (Republican or Democrat), and to be had of the American News Company, Nassau Street, New York; 1876. 17. *England to America*. 1876. A New Year's Greeting. By W. J. Linton. Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co., University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

produce of this arrangement as regards Linton, there remains such a collection of woodcuts, great and small, original and from designs of other men, produced in a space of some forty years, and bearing the stamp of this artist's individuality, as might well suffice for a man of ordinary energy to show for his life's work ; and yet in the account about to be given of Linton there will be but little to say on the subject of his powers as a wood-cutter, well known enough both here and in America, where he now lives and works in that art. We are mainly concerned with him at present as a poet, and in a minor degree as an aggressive republican, because, in the first place, the fact that a man who has done so much and so well in an exacting art should have found time and will for such a series of literary doings as are set forth on the previous page is sufficiently noteworthy; and, in the second place, the poetical side of his career, separated as far as may be from his active republicanism, has found no sufficient praise.

Republicanism as an ideal political creed is susceptible of a highly poetic treatment: resolving itself, as it readily does, into an adoration of liberty in the abstract and a struggle for personal freedom in the concrete for the individual, poets have ever found it a fine theme; but, notwithstanding certain notable exceptions, it is safe to say that the less a poet, writing from the republican or any other point of view, meddles with petty questions of the hour, and the more he concerns himself with questions large enough to be of enduring interest, the better for him and for poetry. An Ebenezer Elliott does good work socially, and moderately good work poetically, when he deals with concrete questions of the hour in *Corn-law Rhymes*; but these only a few students now read; while a Shelley, treating of one particular collision between authority and agitation, gives no hint of any one incident of that collision, but produces a "Mask of Anarchy," advocating a high, ideal, humanitarian republicanism, that shall be read more and more as time goes on.

One does not blame Elliott for not writing of liberty as Shelley wrote, or praise Shelley for not making poems on the minor details of oppression; each man followed his natural bent and told after his own fashion the truth as he conceived it. Had Elliott tried to write a "Prometheus" or a "Hellas," he would have frittered away his small good gift in bootless endeavour; and had Shelley reduced his poetry to the level of concrete domestic politics, they must inevitably have formed "chains of lead about" his "flight of fire." But there are men the strength of whose convictions drives them relentlessly into the regions of the immediately practical, and such men may easily be led to sacrifice whatsoever poetical gift they possess for the sake

use convictions with immediately practical bearings. The doings of William James Linton show power considerably in excess of average performance; and his practical, active, aggressive utilitarianism is among the principal factors in keeping him from the fullness of poetic attainment for which he has the capacity. The want of freedom in the trammelling of his powers by unfitness of subject could hardly be better exemplified than in "Bob Thin; or, The Poorhouse Poem," printed and circulated to a very limited extent as long ago as 1855. This volume, never regularly published as a volume, though the poem subsequently appeared in a magazine now almost as inaccessible as the book itself, is among the treasures most difficult to come by for collectors of our modern poetic literature. The beauty and originality of the illustrations alone must always make it a prize worth the pursuit to anyone with artistic perceptions, but at present we should look at it as literature. We should naturally not expect any special consideration for literary prejudices to be displayed in a poem like this: "The Life and Adventures of Bob Thin [the letters of his name being ingeniously contrived out of those long, wire-drawn figures that boys try to draw on their slates and in their copy-books when they ought to be better employed]: a Political—Philosophical—Historical—Biographical—Anecdotal—Allegorical—Parental—Pathetical—Prophetical—Poetical—Logical—Metrical—Moral New Poor-law Tale." Nor should we be led into better judgments by the couplet with which the poem starts:—

Men like not prosy tales: we'll try
How doggerel rhyme fits history.

The history chosen for narration in doggerel rhyme is that of one Bob Thin, a weaver, honest but thriftless, who, in a time of slack trade, applies to Bethnal Green Union for relief for himself and family, and is only to be remitted to Godstone, on the ground that he was born in Monmouthshire. There he is separated from wife and child, and after years of drooping and despairing at length lies "into the grave" and falls asleep at the road-side. Here the "doggerel" ends, and the poem, which occupied thirteen pages by dint of much acute, realistic, unflinching criticism of the pauper's whole situation under the then new Poor-law. Without any straining after impossible harmony Bob Thin is awakened in the sequel in an ideal world, the description of which is the furthest removed from doggerel, shows a poet's true joy in the beauties of the external world, in simple, vigorous manners, and perfect man-brotherhood. The fine enthusiasm of this second part of the volume contrasts so strongly with the captiousness of the first that we are tempted to give a sample of each. This is what

CCXLIV. NO. 1781. 2 2

happened when Bob and his family were on the road to Godstone Poorhouse :—

Bob thought he might as well beguile
 With converse close his travel-while.
 Question and answer came as follows :—
 Quoth Question out of Bob's cheek-hollows,
 While Answer sate with arms akimbo,
 " Pray tell me why I'm set in limbo ? "
 Answer, " Because the well-to-do
 Can find no better use for you."
 " What right have they to order me ? "
 Answer, " The right of property."
 Question again, " But how invented ?
 It can't be shown that I consented :
 And every compact doth demand
 Two parties." " You will understand,"
 Replies the other, " your assent
 Was duly given by Parliament,
 Your representatives, and"—" Stay !
 Will you be good enough to say
 How these same representers got
 At the will of one who had no vote ? "
 Answer, " My friend, you are not able
 To comprehend this veritable
 Fair feature of our Constitution,
 Which"—" Favour me with a solution
 Of that fine-sounding word. What is't ? "

and so on. The following song, on the other hand, is what was sung by the ideal beings among whom the fugitive found himself when he awoke in an ideal world, beings met together to "commemorate a great deliverance—from all the ancient tyrannies of wrong :"—

Beautiful is the human land
 Since Love returned home,
 To build with subtlest art
 In every boundless heart
 His high imperial palace, heaven-spann'd,
 Whence he may never roam,
 Bountiful is our Earth,
 For Love hath laid his hand
 Under her head, and she,
 Embraced voluptuously,
 And wonder-joy'd, unto a strange and grand
 And gentle life gives birth,
 Heaven-like is our home ;
 For Love hath blessed Hope
 And given his own pinions unto Toil,
 And Joy is as a splendour whose sole foil
 Is younger Joy, and Genius hath full scope
 To build the eternal dome.

And happiness is ours,
And over us the spray
Of Time breaks tunefully,
Baptising us with glee
By God's own hand ; and evermore our way
Is strown with flowers.

The occurrence of these two passages in one work almost sufficiently indicates the fault to be found with the book as a serious poem—want of that obvious cohesion of parts which goes to make a genuine whole. Here one part is in the lower sphere of detailed economic criticism, having nothing in common with artistic literature, though very artistically illustrated ; while the other part, nobly illustrated, is in the sphere of true poetry—thin, perhaps, and needing a more marked form, but set in a high key and full of a freshness that would prepare us to expect a poetic career for its author.

The next poem to be mentioned is an undated sheet, which we should assign to the year 1847 or thereabout—"The Jubilee of Trade : a Vision of the Nineteenth Century after Christ," a poem in advance of "Bob Thin," not at the highest point attained in that strange production, but in the mastery gained over the difficult self-imposed task of expressing poetic fervour against individual abuses in an imagery sufficiently homely and to the point to be obvious, and yet not so homely as to shock the intelligent reader. It is not always easy to see when a poet whose bent is for political propagandism is writing from conviction and when from feeling ; but it is hardly necessary to insist at this time of day that when such a poet writes on mere conviction, attacking such and such abuses, or espousing such and such a cause, because his intellect teaches him that that abuse demands attack, that cause defence, he is certain enough to drop the "magic mantle" of the poet for the time being and don the robe of the pedagogue ; whereas if he awaits the over-boiling of the emotion inspired by the abuse or cause, be it hatred of the one or love of the other, he will not have to go in search of the "magic mantle": it will fall upon him. And of course Mr. Linton is just the man who must, in the nature of things, be frequently setting the student of his verse this very problem : Is this written from conviction or from genuine impulse ? "Bob Thin" presents no problem ; the first part is matter of sheer intellectual conviction, the second almost wholly poetic impulse, though cut across here and there by lines of work apparently arising from the sense that this or that ought to be said. But the "Jubilee of Trade" is not so easy to dispose of in this rough-and-ready manner ; it seems to be mainly a train of thought that really got hold of the author till he was impelled to give it expres-

sion ; it is full of fervour and high colour, and the only thing that seriously tends to give it the air of a task imposed on the poetic faculty by the usurping intelligence is the fact of its being most clearly designed upon a model. This model, however, was not one which Mr. Linton or any other student of verse could possibly have lost recollection of for one moment, it being none other than the "Mask of Anarchy" (which, by the bye, had been drawn upon for the selections of the *National* in 1839, and, under Mr. Linton's auspices, was reprinted as a threepenny pamphlet in 1842); and it is natural to regard the use of its metre and other points of resemblance as a deliberate act of homage paid to the great poet of ideal republicanism. At the opening of the "Jubilee of Trade" we find the lines—

As I lay on a waif of the mighty sea,
Where homeless weeds companion'd me
Through the drizzly fog and the wilder'd crowd
The voice of a stern commandment strode,
Bidding me quit my dreams to see
How the Spirit of Trade kept jubilee.

These we compare involuntarily with the first stanza of the "Mask":—

As I lay asleep in Italy
There came a voice from over the Sea,
And with great power it forth led me
To walk in the visions of Poesy.

The fact that one poet was called out of his dreams, the other into visions, and, as he was asleep, probably out of dreams also, is of course not a fortuitous coincidence; nor is it to be deemed wholly a matter of chance that the "Jubilee of Trade" is, within three stanzas, of the same length as the "Mask of Anarchy."¹ With so strong and evident a bias in favour of Shelley's splendid but sometimes terrible poem, it is not surprising that some of the grotesque, or almost grotesque, touches that go far to pluck it down from the fifth heaven of poesy (it does not get higher) to the fourth, should have seemed to the later republican poet worthy of emulation; and, after reading in the "Mask" of Castlereagh and his seven attendant bloodhounds, that

one by one, and two by two,
He tossed them human hearts to chew,
Which from his wide cloak he drew,

we do not start at finding, when the "voice of potency" led Mr.

¹ *Jubilee*, 88 stanzas; *Mask*, 91.

among the "horrors of the night," that "rotting human hearts"
among these :

Ever where it lured me on
Rotting human hearts were thrown
In my path ; and hollow cries
Told me of their agonies.

When once we have the effect of Lord Chancellor Eldon's tears
to our imagination—

His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to millstones as they fell.
And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them—

Once we have gone through that, we are prepared for any-
thing that may happen to children in "The Jubilee of Trade," even as
is in the stanzas—

Other some, more decent-guised,
At due season christianized,
Fed on living children :—they
Coax'd their murderers' knees away.
Children, fair and promise-full,
Their own parents blind and dull
Drove, like beasts, to be the food
Of the monster multitude.
Little children—such as Christ
Blessed—were to them as grist
To the miller ; their strong teeth
Ground them easily to death.

It is not necessary to go on showing in detail the analogies between
poems, or how, if the master's hand was unflinching and
firm in castigation of evil and portraiture of horror, the pupil
is almost as little disposed to flinch or to spare or to portray
less than horribly. Suffice it that the whole strain of "The
Jubilee of Trade" shows a righteous conviction of the detestableness
of that mammon-worship which is more likely than any
of our social disorders to lead to the downfall of England. The
earnestness on another subject might have culminated
in the poem, for the very word *trade* is unpoetic ; and when
it has to be embodied in imaginative language, symbolized,
accompanied by other symbolical or representative images,
it is the reverse of poetic naturally accrues. Introduced to
poets with inky masks," and "the vampires of the law,"

curiously described as "with dead eyes, in parchment shrouds," we are scarcely sure whether we are meant to laugh or not, the allusions to ink and parchment are so playful. But here the fault is mainly in the subject, which doubtless chose the poet, not he it.

Happier themes chose him afterwards. In the two poems printed together under the date 1848—"To the Future," and "The Dirge of the Nations"—we have no descent from the higher regions of poetry. Happier themes, we say, not in the sense that the poems depict happiness, but that the subjects are better adapted to poetic forms. The two irregular odes printed together in 1848 commemorate important historical events. The first, "To the Future," seems to have been composed in April of that year; the second, "The Dirge of the Nations," in November. The one, full of hope for the cause of liberty, represents the general European uprising, and opens with an echo of the astonishing first stanza of Shelley's "Ode to Liberty," though the "glorious people" appears in the third page. The tone, though jubilant and exalted, is moderate, and there is wisdom as well as poetry in the following advice to France:—

Build your Republic on the stable base
Of justice—which is Duty, that dares face
A world in arms rather than shrink from Right.
Make the true word of France a tower of might
Against Oppression; flinch not from defence
Even of the weakest: your best shield shall be,
 Against all calumny,
 Your innocence.

Found your Republic on the Nation's heart,
Securing unto everyone his part
In the harmony of life; aye keeping free
The course of progress, aye protecting both
The right of weakness and the right of growth.
O ye Forerunners of the Nation!

Pour forth your splendour as a constellation;
 Smile down our night
 With your pure starry light,
Radiant as angel eyes to shepherd watchers,
 Lo, unto us forlorn,
 To us the labour-worn,

To us the hungry snatchers
O' the crumbs of Wealth—lo unto us is born
New Strength: the Saviour cometh to the Poor.
Goddess of Poverty! throw wide the door
Of heart-deep thankfulness; make clear our way,
Thou true Aurora of the hastening Day
 Of work made worth!

Ashamed, as a conscientious republican was bound in duty

the isolation of England from the struggle, Linton yet found occasion in this ode to recall the great names wherewith his fatherland had adorned the cause of freedom in the past; this constant presence in his mind of our past serves well to set off his republican aims for the future, and the following lines are a noble outcome of his disapproval of the non-intervention policy:—

O all ye martyrs true,
What have these slaves to do
With Europe's hopes or triumphs? what have we
To do with liberty?

Yet shall it be!—
The land of Alfred, who without surcease
Toil'd for the Future's peace;
The land of Wickliffe, hearsed by God's own sea
Into eternity,—
The land where Eliot dared a prison-doom,—
The land of Vane and Hampden, not their tomb,
But the high altar of their sacrifice,—
The land of Milton, whose prophetic eyes,
Beyond the shadows of the passing time,
Gazed on the Future's face, with calm sublime,—
The land of crownèd Cromwell,—yet shall build
A home for Freedom; her high destiny
Shall surely be fulfill'd.

In this passage Mr. Linton makes a splendidly condensed allusion to the episode of Wickliffe's exhumation and burning, and the casting of his ashes into a brook near Lutterworth, the account of which he quotes from Fuller's Church History in a note. "This is so," as Fuller says, "has conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

Even in commemorating the failure of republican plans for that time, this sanguine reformer, who was still hard at work in the cause, would not be cast down from the high hopes of which he was one of the most outspoken exponents in England; and he closes the ode with some strains bordering on exultation. In the following lines, again, we must commend both the wisdom and the high courage:—

Upon the broad, firm ground
Base ye the templed round
Of human Right, where Men as Gods shall be!
O ye Republic Nations,
Lay wide the deep foundations
Both of your own and Man's Equality!

Uprear the varied columns
 In their own ample volumes,—
 Upbear the sacred roof of Country, ye
 Who know what Freedom meaneth !
 When each on other leaneth,
 Best power of service is real Liberty.—
 Devote upon that shrine
 Your lives to the Divine,—
 Render to Heaven the worship of the Free !
 The Heaven of sure progression,
 Whose harmonised expression
 Is thy perpetual song, Humanity !

The vagueness of the definition of "Heaven" is a fault here ; but it is not on these broader grounds, in the enunciation of leading principles, that the political doctrines of Mr. Linton's adoption are dangerous to the cause of poetry ; it is in their hasty application, or misapplication, to matters of practical detail that they become dangerous alike to society and to art. In these two particular poems the details are all well chosen, so well as to need but little elucidation even now, thirty years after the time dealt with. The incidents commemorated, even the doctrines espoused, are of historic significance ; and if "The Jubilee of Trade" could not possibly have existed in its present form had Shelley not already filled the political world with varied strains, including the particular model of that poem, it is also true that "The Dirge of the Nations" could hardly have existed in its actual shape unless, in addition to Shelley, the century had also produced that extraordinary philosopher Auguste Comte. Of the philosopher's influence the passage just quoted is redolent ; of the poet's take the following as evidence, enough and to spare :—

From the depth of night
 I have taken flight
 Into the dawn of a pure delight ;
 And my song upsprings
 Upon mighty wings
 To the light of thy smile's imaginings ;—
 Into the Heaven
 Where Faith was driven
 When Earth by the winter storm was riven ;
 From the rock and chain
 Of a hopeless pain
 Up to thy Heaven I soar again ;—
 From the lowliest grave
 That Truth dared brave,
 Seeking even Death, to redeem the Slave ;
 Like an angel's psalm
 To the realms of calm,
 Where Love is heal'd with immortal balm ;—

To the azure sky
Of Faith's visions high
Of a serene Eternity—
Where Toil is blest,
And where Hope may rest,
To gaze in the eyes of the Loveliest.

This fine strain, again, is not free from vagueness ; but one sees at a glance that it is enthusiastic, and the poetic sense is carried along with it without knowing precisely whither.

But if these two poems serve to connect Mr. Linton with the poetic and philosophic past in the manner pointed out, they also serve to connect him with what was the future when they were written. In 1851 appeared Elizabeth Barrett Browning's astonishing poem "Casa Guidi Windows," celebrating the very same uprising and downfall, especially in regard to Italy, but making the noblest, most heroic, and most poetic flights of imagination over the whole civilized world. Original as the poem is, it indicates very wide reading to add to its boundless love and sympathy; and though we can find no special passage traceable to the influence of Mr. Linton's two poems, we should be unready to believe that our great woman poet had not read and felt them. Be that as it may, we should be still more loth to believe that the present prominent English poet of republicanism had not read and felt them ; for we cannot be mistaken in regarding the poem "To the Future" as a link between Shelley's "Ode to Liberty" and Mr. Swinburne's poem "The Eve of Revolution" in "Songs before Sunrise," or in regarding "The Dirge of the Nations" as a link between portions of the fourth act of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" and that extraordinary "Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic" published by Mr. Swinburne in 1870.

In the mean time the literary energy of a more miscellaneous character, which had already shown itself in the editorship of the *National* (a "Library for the People") in 1839, began to come again into prominence. In 1845 Mr. Linton edited a new series of the *Illuminated Magazine*, a high class monthly, of which four volumes had appeared under the editorship of Douglas Jerrold, and which ended its existence in this fifth volume of Mr. Linton's. During the same year, and for a month in 1846, the publishers of the *Illuminated* were issuing, under the title of the *Illustrated Family Journal and Gazette of Variety*, a new series of the popular periodical the *Gazette of Variety*, and in the pages of this cheap periodical a good deal of matter from the *Illuminated* reappeared. In the pages of the *Illuminated*, a magazine very difficult to obtain nowadays, the two parts of "Bob

Thin" were published, and Mr. Linton had the honour of helping to preserve the recollection of two of the most remarkable poets of the post-Shelleyan era—Charles Wells and Ebenezer Jones. Of the "Stories after Nature," by Charles Wells (an almost *introuvable* book), six are reprinted in the two magazines, some in one, some in the other, some in both; while the *Illuminated* contains a story from Wells's original MS. not included in the little volume. Of this more anon; meantime it is worth recording, as a bibliographical item, that the stories were not reprinted in the *Illustrated Family Journal* and then transferred to the *Illuminated Magazine*, as stated in the *Athenæum* for April 8, 1876, inasmuch as the only two appearing in both periodicals came out first in the *Illuminated*. This fortunate though shortlived new series contained one poem by Ebenezer Jones which was afterwards printed in the *Illustrated Family Journal* (not a very uncommon volume)—namely, "Tact in Kindness"—and two others which Mr. Linton will be the first to pardon us for reproducing here, now that so great an interest in their ill-starred author has been at length awakened. Both poems are highly characteristic.

A WARNING.

He took his heart away from his fellows,
 And gave it to angels fair;
 But the angels cannot commune with the human,
 Nor, if they could, would they dare.

Then took he back his heart from the angels,
 And over it long he mourn'd;
 For he either could not or would not offer it
 Back to the race he scorn'd.

But all things die if utterly self-bound;
 And slowly this lone heart died:
 And ever the Scornor is doom'd to wander,
 Meaner than all beside.

SEEKERS.

Twice three years in this tomb she hath lain;
 Speak low, speak low!
 One like to her doth the earth yet contain?
 We have sought ever; is the search vain?
 Speak low!

Answer we nothing? none have we found?
 Weep not, weep not!
 One like to her earth could but wound,—
 Sense with but wearying trammels bound;
 Weep not!

especially from Mr. Linton's translations of parts of Victor Hugo's "Les Châtiments," but for the pressure of other matter of greater interest.

While this magazine—the very title of which might, one would think, have sufficed to secure a prosecution—was in its second year, the editor printed and offered for sale his principal poetical work, "The Complaint of Freedom." Why this was issued anonymously is a mystery—certainly not from fear of consequences, for there is nothing in it to bring that emotion into activity, even if Mr. Linton were capable of it; but so it is that it has no name of author or of publisher. It is a poem in "In Memoriam" metre, inscribed to the memory of Milton. This fact of its being dedicated to *the memory of* "our England's most divine," as the living poet finely calls Milton, can hardly have been sufficient to induce so unoriginal a step as that of following the Laureate in the selection of this admirable Old English measure; and, while we cannot regret the choice, we must see that Mr. Linton did himself an injury in challenging such a comparison. But although in metre "The Complaint of Freedom" follows "In Memoriam," in spirit it rather precedes "Maud," a poem in many respects superior to all the larger works from the same hand, and which is as intolerant of the long-pursued policy of non-intervention as Mr. Linton himself is.

The scheme of "The Complaint of Freedom" is at once simple and sufficient; the vigour of thought and energy of aspiration never flag, and the execution seldom falls below a high standard. After briefly invoking the aid of Milton, the poet deplures the lethargic sleep of Freedom's watchman beside his dwindling beacon on England's coast; then Freedom takes up the speech.

The storm is hush'd a breathing-space,
And Freedom's question cleaves the gale:
"Ho, Saxon England! canst thou fail?
Shall younger warriors take thy place?"

And after some scathing stanzas on the political and social state of England, she cries—

Invoke the ghosts of buried days,
To show thee what thy life should be,—
Thy former self rebuking thee,—
If thou darest bide a hero's gaze!

Then she calls to mind the heroes of history who have built up our English liberties, from Caractacus and Alfred down to Vane, Sydney Russell, and the men of 1688, ending, curiously enough, with Tom Paine instead of Shelley; and this, the body of her "complaint," is

into sections of four quatrains each. After these are complete the poet again calls up Milton, and strives to realize, with the aid of the sight of the vast-minded republican poet, a fitting renovated England. We should like to quote the whole vision, but content ourselves with some stanzas succeeding it.

So inward-eyed, the prophet saw.
Now dust is gather'd on his head ;
How laggardly the centuries tread !
Yet shall his dream be truth and law ;
His voice be heard in every clime
Where English Enterprise hath trod ;
His eyes, outworn with tracking God,
Still choose our path to verge of time ;
His song shall be the clarion-cry
To win us from lethargic rest ;
His name, like a beloved crest,
Shall lead our force to victory.
Weak, passionate words !—Oh for an hour
Of Fame, that banded Wrong might know
The worth of one true English blow
Struck home with full Miltonic power !

Linton has shown throughout his poem the very power to keep petty questions of the hour which we have insisted on as an end in poetry of a political stamp ; and in the last of the notes to the poem he betrays a consciousness of this need which those who read his literary history would hardly expect. He disclaims any adherence to the dogma of "quitting the true poetic sphere to insist upon any political dogma," laying down that the poet "has to do with his times." We only wish he had kept these good axioms as clearly in view throughout his poetic career as in composing the "Plaint of Freedom." A man need hardly fear to be judged for insisting on the duty of patriotism ; but Mr. Linton goes his way to excuse himself on this score in words which we do not only because they refer to a patent fact—that the poet is naturally patriotic—but also because they are well worth remembering. So much stress is laid upon the almost forgotten duty of patriotism is because when once we have learned to step from self-interest to that love of family and friends which is but an enlarged self-interest, to an unselfish patriotism, then the true end and aim of life and government will be made plain. And the author has been most anxious to show that the Freedom whose plaint he has essayed to soothe is the Freedom which forsakes personal lusts for the sake of higher duty." We can hardly pay the poet a higher tribute of

praise in this regard than to say that his object would be equally unmistakable without this avowal. It is, however, worth recording that the book earned the warm praise of a great man who was ever ready to appreciate the good in his contemporaries—Walter Savage Landor—but met with no notice otherwise, and remains to this day an incomprehensibly unknown poem.

Again in 1865 Mr. Linton made a serious poetic appeal to the world's literary judgment; and although we cannot pronounce the average quality of "Claribel, and other Poems" to be as high as that of "The Complaint of Freedom," we confess that we are at a loss to understand why the volume is not better known. We have had considerable difficulty in obtaining a copy, from which it may perhaps be fairly argued that the owners of copies are not prone to part with them; and truly it is a dainty and attractive little volume, printed in fine taste, though not with the best materials, and having delicate head- and tail-pieces, often subtly appropriate to their positions. The contents are very various; and one might have thought that this, with the other good qualities of the book, would have secured such a reception as to tempt Mr. Linton to give the world a more extended collection of his poetry. It remains instead to record that, except in the issue of "Ireland for the Irish," he has made no serious attempt at poetic publication since.

The leading poem in the 1865 volume is in part taken from Charles Wells's remarkable story "Claribel," which Mr. Linton had inserted in the *Illuminated Magazine* when he inherited from Douglas Jerrold the editorship of that periodical; and it is not surprising that the primeval force and wholly unsophisticated passion of the story should have persecuted the poet editor until he embodied it in a form more coherent and symmetrical, if not so striking in semi-barbaric grandeur and contempt of probabilities. The first act of Mr. Linton's drama is wholly his own; in the second he has drawn as largely as the circumstances of the case would permit (and while fully acknowledging the debt) from Wells's prose, even adopting as much of the language as would pass from "rhythmical prose" to blank verse without violence. The persons of the drama are Boleslaus, King of Bohemia; Claribel, his daughter; Casimir, Prince of Poland; and Albert, page to Claribel and bosom friend of Casimir. Casimir is the successful suitor for the hand of the princess, who loves her lover Albert. The motive of the piece is the clashing of love and friendship. Casimir, at a tourney, overthrows all who oppose him, and wins the right to wed the princess in his armour; Albert meets him on the morning of the wedding, kills him in single

combat, appears in his armour, and carries off the princess, but is pursued on the discovery of Casimir's body, brought back, and slain by order of Boleslaus, and Claribel falls dead on the dead body of her lover. This theme obviously lends itself well to dramatic treatment, and Mr. Linton has used his materials with considerable skill, but we confess that all that is most remarkable in the little tragedy is from Wells. The elemental passion and graphic fervour of utterance of some passages in the second act, wherein the highest points are reached, are to be found almost verbatim in the prose story. Thus the Shakespearian touch in Scene II., where Albert unfolds to Casimir the obstacles to the Prince's marriage with Claribel—

Two claim

Precedence of thy title—I and Death.

The first may stumble, but the last is sure—

and indeed the whole of the speech in which these verses occur, is a condensed versification of Wells's prose, wherein we read, "Two claimants must precede thee—myself and Death. I may stumble; but, out, alas! the last is sure." The fact is, Wells ought to have made a drama of his materials; and, probably owing to his want of application, what we have from him is neither finished prose nor finished verse, but raw material for either. Mr. Linton's ingenuity in setting some of the best things in this remarkable mass in a finished form is an act of charity. The fact, however, that the most dramatic passages are Wells's leaves us under the impression that Mr. Linton's natural bent is not dramatic.

With "Ireland for the Irish" we do not find ourselves much in sympathy; but those who expect to find Linton adding to his several political rashnesses that of Fenianism will be disappointed, for in an elaborate preface he takes the Fenians pretty roundly to task, demanding what they want and what are their principles. He certainly expounds an exalted form of republicanism as that which he believes in, and, pertinently enough, asks the Fenians whether that is also the republicanism which they profess, seeming to deprecate their vague and blustering rowdyism.

"The Flower and the Star," &c., is a successful little volume of tales for children, written with an object, and might call for special attention if it were from some other hand than that which penned the "Plaint of Freedom." The illustrations which the narrator has devised and cut for his little book are almost as exquisite as those recently done for Bryant's "Flood of Years" and "Thanatopsis," and exhibit the artist at the opposite pole of the sphere of wood-engraving to that at which we find him in a political triviality called "The House that Tweed Built," the subject and illustrations of which

may be readily imagined by those who follow with any interest the current of American politics. The last word in editorship which we have from Mr. Linton is a volume called "Poetry of America," a good representative gathering of transatlantic verse. The last word we have from him in poetry is a "New Year's Greeting," entitled "England to America," and dated 1876—a poem showing a genuine desire for friendship and brotherly relations between the native and adopted lands of the poet. This desire and its expression are but another form of the intense patriotism that is the leading characteristic of Mr. Linton's poetry, for the violent republicanism we have dwelt upon is rather accidental to the political situations in which he has found himself. If closely analysed, indeed, it is one of the secondary forms in which his patriotism has, through error of judgment, cast itself, for it clearly arises from emotions connected with citizenship, and that of course in his own country. Some few poems outside this particular range, such as "The Shadow of Love" and one or two others in the "Claribel" volume, are in the best class of his work; but, generally speaking, all his best work is patriotic, and we shall end on the right note in closing this account of a poet too little known, for all his revolutionary foible, with three stanzas entitled "Heart and Will," from the "Claribel" volume:—

Our England's heart is sound as oak ;
 Our English will is firm ;
 And through our actions Freedom spoke,
 In History's proudest term :
 When Blake was lord from shore to shore,
 And Cromwell ruled the land,
 And Milton's words were shields of power
 To stay the oppressor's hand.

Our England's heart is yet as sound,
 As firm our English will ;
 And tyrants, be they cowl'd or crown'd,
 Shall find us fearless still.
 And though our Vane be in his tomb,
 Though Hampden's blood is cold,
 Their spirits live to lead our doom
 As in the days of old.

Our England's heart is stout as oak ;
 Our English will as brave
 As when indignant Freedom spoke
 From Elliot's prison grave.
 And closing yet again with Wrong,
 A world in arms shall see
 Our England foremost of the Strong
 And first among the Free.

THE BAR AS A TRADE.

IT is notorious that traditions and beliefs founded on a state of things which has passed away, die hard. It is not uncommon to find, even in these days, an uneducated testator leaving a Bible or a shilling to the eldest son whom he intends, as the phrase goes, to disinherit. This is done under the erroneous impression that the will may be set aside unless it contain some such bequest; and the needless precaution is a relic of the doctrine of Roman law which gave to the disinherited *hæres* the *querela testamenti inofficiosi* (petition to set aside an unnatural will). So, again, the belief in heirland, that is, land which the existing owner cannot dispose of to the detriment of the heir apparent or presumptive, is still very prevalent. I have found it even among men who made great pretensions to accurate and encyclopædic knowledge; among journalists, who, while assuming to guide an unenlightened public on intricate questions of politics and law, have never even heard of Taltarum's case, which, so early as the reign of Edward IV., dealt a death-blow to strict entails, or of the statute which substitutes a disentailing deed for fines and recoveries. Similar in kind, though less glaring and less surprising, is the error which still surrounds the bar with the halo which gathered round it in the days when it really was a highly honourable and lucrative career. To dispel that halo, not with the ill-natured design of lowering in the eyes of the public a large and respectable class of men, but in the hope that a knowledge of the real state of the profession may deter parents and guardians from dooming those in whom they are interested to almost certain penury, is the object of this article.

Some three hundred years ago, none but a gentleman entitled to bear arms (a very significant restriction in those days) would have sought, or could have obtained, admission to an Inn of Court. A short time since there was placed upon the shelves of the Inner Temple Library a small volume containing a list of the names of the members of that Inn of Court during the sixteenth century. At the end of the list is the following brief but pregnant remark:—"None of

these gentlemen would seem to have been admitted to the Inn with a view to professional advantages." Were a similar list of the members of the Inner Temple to be prepared now, it might not inappropriately conclude with the remark—"Most of these gentlemen would seem to have been admitted to the Inn with a view to professional advantages." And if this be true of the Inner Temple, it would be equally true of Lincoln's Inn; while of the Middle Temple and Gray's Inn, the unaristocratic colleges of the legal university (so to speak), it might be said that scarcely anyone joins them who does not hope to make a living at the bar. But in the sixteenth century, and down to a period comparatively recent (which, however, I cannot exactly fix), things were otherwise. In the sixteenth century, indeed, and still later, the number of calls to the bar was rigidly restricted; and then, and in the more recent times to which I have referred, the bar consisted of a small and homogeneous body of men who in social position were upon a footing of equality one with another. If not wealthy, they had at least enough to live upon. They could afford to wait for business till business came; and if it did not come, to do without it. They were highly educated, according to the fashion of the time; most of them being university men. They had the manners and feelings of gentlemen, and there existed among them that *esprit de corps* which can exist only among those whose social position, tastes, habits, feelings, manners, and opinions are to a great extent identical. To have been the son, brother, or other near relation of an attorney would have been a drawback to a barrister in those days; to have been the brother of an attorney's clerk would have been a stigma.

Nowadays—whether for good or evil I do not undertake to say, my object being merely to point out the fact—all this is changed:

Jampridem in Tiberim Syrius defluxit Orontes.

Veniet de plebe togatâ

Qui juris nodos ac legum ænigmata solvat.

Whereas, formerly, no one ever dreamed of going to the bar unless endowed with means to wait, at least with outward patience, for legitimate opportunities of success, there has been of late years a vast influx of men who must speedily succeed or shortly starve. So great, indeed, is the indigence of some of the aspirants, that they are compelled to dispense with the time-honoured and useful (I had almost said indispensable) custom of passing a year or two in the chambers of a special pleader or barrister; since it involves the expenditure of one or two hundred guineas; while others are obliged to support themselves, during their probation and afterwards, by

exertions in callings not absolutely incompatible with their position. University men, even at those inns which, by remission of caution money, hold out a premium to university men, are in a decided minority; while at the others (the Middle Temple and Gray's Inn) they are *rarie aves* indeed. And, be it understood, I am not confining my remarks to the two elder universities, the only universities which as yet have it in their power to bestow upon their graduates anything like social standing. So little of what used to be considered an essential part of a liberal education do the present generation of candidates for the bar possess, that, if I am correctly informed, the present Lord Chancellor deems it advisable to make a knowledge of Latin an essential preliminary to admission to the degree of barrister-at-law—a preliminary, the imposition of which would have been almost or quite superfluous in former times.

It is now the exception rather than the rule to find a barrister with manners which would recommend him to the society of well-bred women; and it frequently happens that a barrister who is, to use a phrase which I once heard from the lips of the late Sir Philip Francis, "at once a gentleman and a lawyer," has to exert some self-control in conferring the courteous and conventional title of "My learned friend" on one who is neither "learned" nor his "friend." That title is a relic of the *esprit de corps* which used to exist among barristers, but which, among that heterogeneous body the rising generation of barristers and law students, is a thing unknown.

Ad confligendum venientes undique Fœni would be no inapplicable badge for the motley crew who gather on the barristers' benches or at the table at Westminster, at Lincoln's Inn, or on circuit. The bar is now crowded with the sons and brothers of solicitors; nor is it unusual to see a learned gentleman receiving instructions from his brother, a salaried clerk in some more or less reputable firm. The son of some well-known peer finds himself cheek by jowl with the son of a peasant. The brother of the county member, possibly the county member himself, sits down to dine at the circuit mess beside the ambitious reporter whose fingers are still stiff with providing copy for that portentous product of modern civilisation, the penny press; while the quondam office boy, who has (all honour to him for *that*) by dint of the severest self-denial scraped together a few hundred pounds, is thrust into the society of the heir of some wealthy banker. Side by side with this alteration, I will not arrogantly say deterioration, in the component elements of the bar, there has taken place another change, which I will briefly notice, before I pass on to point out some of the principal effects of these changes.

In former times, probably down to the end of the last century, the attorney or solicitor occupied a position which was really, not as now merely nominally, subordinate to that of the barrister. The etiquette (it is merely etiquette, be it understood, not a rule of law or even of honour) which precludes the client from obtaining access to counsel except through the intervention of a solicitor, is of very modern origin. It is certain that Lord Mansfield, when at the bar, saw his clients without such intervention; so did Lord Thurlow; and I could mention other names. Indeed, this personal intercourse between the client and his advocate seems to have been the rule and not the exception, down to the period which I have indicated, namely, the end of the last century. Whether it were a rule more honoured in the breach than in the observance is not now the question, but sure I am, and the truth is so clear that he who runs may read, that the abolition of the rule has diminished both the influence and the emoluments of the bar; and, on the other hand, it has increased those of the solicitor. Indeed, it would not be difficult to show that the intervention of the solicitor has grown into a general rule of etiquette since the bar was deluged with the sons, brothers, and cousins of attorneys and of attorneys' clerks. But, be that as it may, the bar has lost, and the other (it used to be called the lower) branch of the profession has gained, by the change.

Then, again, within the last thirty-five years the County Courts have come into existence; the county courts which, in the language of the present premier, have shaken to its very centre that mighty system of centralized jurisprudence bequeathed to us by our Norman ancestors: and the influence of these courts upon the condition and prospects of the bar has been disastrous. And now let us inquire what have been the principal effects of all these changes upon the bar as a body. I will endeavour, to the best of my ability, to point out those effects, or at least some of them.

Premising that all restrictions upon the number of persons admitted to the bar have been removed, I will next point to the fact that the number of gentlemen from the upper ranks of society, of such men as formerly joined the Inns of Court because, in accordance with old family tradition, their fathers and grandfathers had done so before them, has fallen off. The number of such men is (allowing for increased population) not only relatively but absolutely smaller. It may be that, having no particular desire for filthy lucre, and no need to seek social position under cover of the forensic wig, they do not care to mingle with the crowd who join the bar in quest of one or other or both of those advantages. How long, in the face

of the gradual withdrawal of the former class, and the increasing influx of the latter, it will be in the power of the Inns of Court to confer any dignity whatever on those whom they call to the bar, it is impossible to determine ; but, at the present rate, it would seem that a state of equilibrium will speedily be reached ; when the dignity of barrister-at-law will have been so diluted, that not a trace of the original aroma shall remain : since the time has already arrived when aspiring journalists, who have donned the gown of the advocate, deem it consistent with their dignity, and with the discharge of that debt which, it has been finely said, every man owes to his profession; to dilate, in voices thick with copious potations, upon the brilliancy of their forensic achievements and the magnitude of their fees, to the admiration of ingenuous barmaids and the despairing envy of competing touts.

While, then, the number of gentlemen who join the Inns of Court without any view to the acquisition of dignity or pelf, has fallen off, the number of those who join the bar with an eye to one or other or both of those good things has largely increased. And for many of these there is no alternative between success and starvation. To talk of the press as an alternative is absurd.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthon.

Not every seventh son of a seventh son can obtain employment on the press, or keep it if he obtains it. The press has an army of its own ; a body of men who, whatever be their various demerits, have, as a rule, a knowledge of the technicalities of their calling, which gives them a virtual monopoly of most of the branches of their art. The press can provide employment for only a limited number of the impecunious and briefless ; and, altogether improbable as the statement may appear, I have known men who, going to the bar without private means, have failed in their profession, and, spite of their dignity as barristers, and the added lustre of a university degree, have failed to obtain employment on the press, and—starved. This is tragedy, not comedy ; and if this paper should prevent even one such catastrophe, it will not have been written in vain.

I do not consider that a knowledge of Latin and Greek is of any great use to a barrister, directly. But one finds it difficult to get rid of the notion that there is some weight and truth in the old, old saying about the influence upon the manners, of the faithful acquirement of the liberal arts. Nor can I disconnect the lack of university training from the marked decline in the general bearing and conduct

of barristers, which has taken place of late years. It is a mistake to suppose that the interests of the public are here in no way involved. It is important to the public that the time of the Courts should not be wasted by unseemly squabbles between counsel and counsel on the one hand, and between counsel and judge on the other. Now, squabbling and wrangling are very likely to occur when one of the leading counsel engaged in a cause is not a gentleman; while if the opposing counsel are "Arcadians both," the case is hopeless. These remarks lose nothing of their importance when it is considered that the bench is recruited from the ranks of the bar.

A kindred topic is the absence in late years of that *esprit de corps* which used to be one of the leading features in forensic life. Formerly it was safe for an advocate to enter into an *honourable engagement* with an opponent. The chances were fifty to one that that opponent was a gentleman, and would keep his engagement. I will not undertake to say what are the chances now. But woe to the young counsel who ventures nowadays to enter into such an engagement with an unknown foe.

This means waste of precious public time. It means needless painful exposure of private affairs—no trivial matter in these days of "society" journals, the breath of whose life is scandal, and of an enterprising press which publishes treaties ere the high contracting parties have time to sign them.

The gradual and, of late years especially, the more than gradual deterioration in the quality of the raw material out of which barristers are manufactured has, then, if I am right, some detrimental effects upon the interests of the public. Now, while I regret these effects, I entirely repudiate the idea of legislative interference, that dangerous and destructive panacea to which Tory and Liberal alike resort with indiscriminate zeal and inevitable disaster. What, then, is my object in dwelling on the subject? To show the intending candidate that he must not expect that his days will be passed in learned argument, or polished passages of arms, as in the days when Erskine and Ellenborough hurled at each other's heads Virgilian quotations, and the judges understood them.

So much for the quality of the bar of to-day. If the quality has deteriorated, the quantity has increased. It has increased out of all proportion to the increase of the business which requires the barrister's services. In short, from various causes (one of which is the great and growing unpopularity of the Church, while another is the dulness and sterility of the army and navy in "piping times of peace"), and in spite of the various changes which have tended to shear the bar of

its dignity and its emoluments, there has grown up of late what may be called a mania for going to the bar. De Quincey, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," thus graphically describes the compulsion that drives the buffalo to the salt-licks, and the locust and the leeming along their mysterious paths. "They are deaf," says De Quincey, "to danger, deaf to the cry of battle, deaf to the trumpets of death. Let the sea cross their path, let armies with artillery bar the road, even these terrific powers can arrest only by destroying, and the most frightful abysses up to the last menace of engulfment, up to the very instant of absorption, have no power to alter or retard the line of their inexorable advance." Now let anyone take up this year's Law List, and look at the number of barristers. There are nearly 5,000 of them. It would really seem as if some inscrutable impulse, irresistible as that which De Quincey so powerfully depicts, had driven this herd of human beings to the "salt-licks" of Westminster and Lincoln's Inn. To one who is ignorant of the conditions of the profession these figures are nothing. To one who knows those conditions the figures are positively startling, eloquent of suffering; full, like the roll of the Prophet Ezekiel, "of lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

For, what is the wage fund which these labourers have to share? I see by the *Daily Telegraph* of September 11, 1878, that in the year 1871, when the last return upon the subject was made, the High Court at Westminster and on circuit throughout England (that is, England and Wales) recovered £347,000. Now, the year 1871 was a year of great prosperity, when the law courts would be in full activity (for money makes the legal mare as well as other mares to go); but we disregard that fact, and treat 1871 as a year of average activity, and we will allow £53,000 for the natural increase of business up to the year 1878—an extravagant allowance. We will assume that the other branch—the Equity or Chancery branch of the High Court—recovered, in the year 1878, £600,000—another extravagant allowance. Then we shall have for the year 1878, £1,000,000 sterling recovered in the High Court of Justice. Now, what would the costs of recovering £1,000,000 in the High Court of Justice amount to? Plaintiffs know too well that the costs frequently swallow up the damages or the estate, as the case may be, and make a hole in the plaintiff's purse besides. This, however, only happens where the amount recovered is small. It is dealing very liberally with the profession to allow cent. per cent., that is, that the £1,000,000 recovered, all go into the pockets of the lawyers. I waive the obvious fact that a large amount of the costs are incurred in paying witnesses. But then I shall be told that the £1,000,000 recovered does not

represent the whole litigation in which the bar is employed. It does not, and therefore we must allow for costs in cases in which the *defendant* is successful. But it is well known that, in cases which are fought out, defendants are rarely successful, or, in other words, that in the large majority of cases the plaintiff's case is good. Yet we will allow that the amount claimed in cases won by defendants in 1878 was £250,000—a fifth of the whole amount claimed; and again, we will allow that the amount of costs pocketed by the profession in these cases also equalled the amount claimed; two most liberal concessions. Thus we arrive at a total of £1,250,000 costs pocketed by the lawyers in 1878. We will make no deduction on account of those cases in which judgment went by default, but we will add another £250,000 for costs in appealed cases (and this is assuming that about one decision in six is made the subject of an appeal). Then we will allow another £250,000 for costs in cases decided by such courts as the Lord Mayor's Court in London, the Court of Passage at Liverpool, &c. &c.—another most liberal allowance. This gives a total of £1,750,000 for costs in civil cases tried or otherwise decided throughout England and Wales in the year 1878. Now for the criminal cases, including the appeal cases at Quarter Sessions. It is notorious that costs in criminal cases are comparatively small. A certain well-known firm of London attorneys takes them at an average of five guineas each case. We will allow ten guineas as a fair average, at the risk of incurring the charge so frequently levelled at Conservative administrations—that of being persistently extravagant in our estimates. Now, the Central Criminal Court sits twelve times a year, and tries on an average (say) 100 cases at each sitting. This gives a total of £12,000 costs at the Central Criminal Court. Allow as much for the Middlesex Sessions, and an equal amount for the Surrey Sessions throughout the year, and then allow for the Assize Courts and the other Courts of Quarter Sessions (including the Recorders' Courts) twenty times that sum (which will be seen by anyone who knows anything of the amount of business transacted in those courts, and the number of times they sit, to be a most liberal estimate), and we get a sum total of £816,000 for costs in criminal and quasi-criminal cases. Now allow an equal sum for costs incurred in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Divisions of the High Court, and we have a grand total of £3,382,000. Now, of this, how much finds its way into the pockets of counsel? About one-tenth, taking a very liberal estimate. If anyone doubts its liberality, let him seize the opportunity of looking at the next attorney's bill he can get hold of, and observe how small

is the amount of counsel's fees. The fees are larger in themselves than the individual *6s. 8d.* and *13s. 4d.*; but look at the number of the latter items and their aggregate amount. That estimate gives a sum of £338,200 to be divided, or an average sum of £68 per barrister.

Now, I have made no allowance for fees in non-contentious business, such as conveyancing, proving of wills, &c. &c., and I have said nothing about the County Courts under this heading. But, in the first place, almost all the conveyancing business, and all such business as the proving of wills, &c. &c., is monopolised by the solicitors; and, of the conveyancing business not so monopolised, a large portion is absorbed by the certificated conveyancers. If we allow £50,000 to be paid in fees to counsel for non-contentious business, we shall err on the side of liberality; and we can distribute another £10 per annum amongst our hungry crew, thus bringing each man's income up to the princely total of £78 per annum!

As to the county courts, the solicitors have almost entirely monopolised them. Not content with the right to compete with counsel in those courts, the solicitors went so far as to attempt to insert in the original County Courts Bill a clause to the effect that in no case should a barrister be permitted to appear in a county court unless instructed by an attorney. This was asking more protection than they had even in the superior courts, and the legislature rejected the clause, thus tacitly giving its consent to barristers appearing in county courts uninstructed by attorneys. Nevertheless, counsel rarely, if ever, exercise the legal right which they undoubtedly possess; and if they did, they would probably be insulted in the exercise of the right by some attorney-advocate, a hybrid who has grown up and flourishes in the atmosphere of county courts, in defiance of an Act of Parliament.

Practically, counsel do not appear in county courts. But I will assume, contrary to the fact, that they are employed in one out of every ten cases tried in those courts. Now, in the year 1871 the sum recovered by county courts all over the country was £1,324,156. Allowing an increase of about one-sixth, say that the sum recovered in county courts in 1878 was, in round numbers, £1,550,000. But it is well known that the vast majority of county court cases are settled without the intervention of any professional man, attorney or barrister, so that to assume that a barrister is employed in one-tenth of the whole number of cases is a most liberal assumption. Again, it is well known that the costs of county court litigation are small as compared with those in the superior courts, so that if we allow 50 per cent. for costs, it will be a most liberal allowance. Now, 50 per

cent. on £1,550,000 gives £775,000, and that divided by ten gives £77,500 for the amount of costs in cases in which counsel appear. But since only one-tenth of these costs finds its way into the pockets of counsel, £7,750 is the whole amount of county court fees to be distributed among the 5,000 members of the bar. That is an average sum of £1. 15s. per head per annum. To the princely total of £78 add £1. 15s., and you get the more princely total of £79. 15s. per barrister per annum.

But I have made no allowance for Indian, Colonial, and Scotch appeals, nor for the fees paid by law-students to barristers for tuition. I will allow £50,000 a year for the appeal cases, and £26,250 for tuition fees, taking the annual entries at 250 students, each of whom pays 100 guineas to his tutor. This gives an additional £76,250, say, in round numbers, £80,000. This, again, divided among our 5,000 barristers, gives an average of £16 per head; which, added to our £79. 15s., gives an average income of £95. 15s., say, in round numbers, £100 for every barrister.

Now, no one will contend that an income of £100 is a very rosy prospect for the barrister. But rosy or not, it is founded on a most favourable estimate, for I have throughout made large admissions that tell against my argument. Result—a *gross* average income of £100 a year on the most liberal estimate.

But what is the barrister's average net income? By sharing chambers with two or three others he may possibly reduce his rent to £25 a year. To share chambers with two or three men whose tastes and dispositions are thoroughly at variance with his own, involves grave discomfort and inconvenience to a man whose nerves and sensibilities are not of the strongest and bluntest. But, waiving all such considerations, I proceed. If my average barrister goes circuit and sessions, as he must to be an average barrister, and take his average share of the wage fund, he will have to live for about three months at the rate of £6 per week; that is, he will spend £72 on circuit and sessions alone. He may possibly recruit his library at the rate of £10 per annum. This gives a total of £107 inevitable expenditure in order to gain £100 a year. Net result—an average income of minus £7 a year. And observe that my average barrister must *live* in some way or other through the nine months during which he is *not* on circuit or at sessions. Well might Lord Chelmsford, after trying first the navy and then the bar, exclaim that to be a midshipman meant nothing a year and keep yourself, but to be a barrister meant nothing a year and keep yourself and clerk.

Say that our average barrister contrives to live on £2 a week,

including house rent (for his £25 for chambers will scarcely provide him with a sleeping apartment), during the nine months which are not covered by circuit and sessions—say forty weeks—and there will be an annual deficit of $£80 + £7 = £87$. And this, be it remarked, is (subject to the qualifications with which I shall wind up) the result of the most favourable view which can be taken of the bar as a profession. I have cut down the expenses to their very lowest figure, I have grossly exaggerated the wage fund of the bar, and I have assumed that all fees earned will be paid, whereas it is notorious that not more than two-thirds of them are paid. Ask a young solicitor calculating his resources at starting, and you will find he will put down counsel's fees as an item of capital. He receives them, and they can be paid to counsel at any time—which frequently means never.

And now, what must the barrister do to put himself in a position to earn a minus sum of £87 per annum?

He must first contrive to exist until he is 21 years of age, for till then he cannot be called. He must contrive to pick up some sort of education, for a barrister cannot, even in the present day, entirely dispense with *that*. We will assume that, up to the time of his call, he earns his own living. Yet keeping terms, call to the bar, tutor's fee of 100 guineas, the merest nucleus of a law library, and wig and gown, must cost him £300; for if the 100 guineas fee is to be saved, then so much must be deducted from our wage fund for each law-student who evades the payment of that fee. The return, then, for our law student's expenditure of £300, is exactly minus £87 per annum. As an average barrister, that is all he earns; *that*, by the invincible logic of arithmetic, is all he *can* earn; his time, his capital, his labour combined, produce the average barrister exactly minus £87 a year.

But I shall be asked, when this result, taking the average, is certain, what is the bait that lures men to the bar? what is the cause of this mania (as I have termed it) for going to the bar? I am not bound, according to my plan, to answer the question. I merely undertook to point out the danger of going to the bar, to warn parents and guardians from sending to the bar those in whose welfare they are interested. But nevertheless, in aid and furtherance of my plan, and to make, if possible, the warning more impressive, I *will* answer the question to the best of my ability. Roughly stated, there are two causes—ignorance, and the spirit of speculation; ignorance of the extent of the risk, combined with a determination to face it.

For, strange as it may appear to one who has been behind the scenes, there is a widespread and profound ignorance of the pro-

spects which the bar holds out to its members. People admit that the bar is a lottery, that the prospect is possible—nay, probable—penury; but they do not realise to what extent the bar is a lottery, nor the certainty and the depth of the penury which awaits the vast majority of barristers. It is the old fallacy; “The gaining of a high prize is no uncommon occurrence” (*to some one or other, suppressed*); “therefore it is not unlikely that I” (*one of 5,000 forgotten*) “shall gain a high prize.”

And here I must turn aside for one moment to animadvert upon the conduct of certain members of the bar, who, like actors, with a view to exaggerating their merits and importance, misrepresent the amount of their earnings. It is possible that this manoeuvre may now and then impose on a solicitor; it is certain that it deludes the ignorant and the unreasoning to their grievous disappointment. There is something both foolish and criminal in the conduct of a barrister who thus, *invites competitors to certain disappointment*. Assuming that he does not consider the effect of his conduct, it is foolish; assuming that he does, it is criminal. Yet I have known barristers who, some by bragging and concealing advantages which not one in a hundred candidates possesses, some by downright lying, have deluded the unwary. The Press, again, is to a certain extent to blame. Press men, who ought to know better, swallow with avidity the lies which are crammed down their throats by barristers' clerks, and seem careless of correcting their crude impressions by reference to better sources of information, even where these are easy of access. The truth is, that the impecuniosity of the bar is (as a writer in the *Law Magazine* some years since pointed out) quite appalling. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate it.

Now, what are the prizes which tempt people to invest youth, health, strength, energy, intellect, and money in this great lottery? First there is the glittering coronet of the Chancellor. And what is the Lord Chancellor? “The Lord Chancellor,” as the son of a cabinet minister once remarked to me, “is no longer a great man.” The days of the Clarendons, the Somerses, and the Eldons are gone by. The Lord Chancellor of to-day is an Equity judge, with a salary of £10,000 a year. He is no longer an influential minister of the Crown, not even when, like the present Chancellor, he is a man of the highest character and the most consummate ability as a lawyer and a rhetorician. His presence in or absence from a cabinet is of no great importance. His support or defection cannot greatly affect the fate of a ministry. “In order to be a great lawyer,” said Vivian Grey, “I must give up my chance of being a great man.”

Clear-sighted Vivian Grey! And accordingly the author of "Vivian Grey" dispenses with the services of the expectant ex-Chancellor Chelmsford, and puts his own nominee into the post of the veteran.

The Lord Chancellor of England is no longer a wealthy man. The salary of the chancellor was cut down first to £15,000 and then to £10,000 a year, at which figure it still remains. So that the Lord Chancellor of to-day has £5,000 a year less than the Archbishop of Canterbury, and has to find his own house into the bargain. The present Archbishop of York, whose income is the same as that of the chancellor, has, I am given to understand, complained of its insufficiency to provide him a fitting town house. When we consider that the Lord Chancellor has to endow a peerage for his eldest son out of his savings at the bar and his salary, it will be seen at once that, so far from being a wealthy man, the Lord Chancellor may, in this age of millionaires, be not inaptly described as little better than a titled pauper.

Now, in 1810-11 the revenues of the chancellorship netted £22,730; in 1809-10, £19,200; figures which show a very appreciable difference between 1810 (when the sovereign went a good deal farther than it does now) and 1878.

The remarks which we have just made apply with considerable force to the Lord Chief Justiceship of England—that other great prize of the legal profession. The salary of this office is now £8,000 a year; yet the late Lord Ellenborough received by way of commuted pension, in lieu of the fees of an office conferred on him by his father as Chief Justice, an annuity of £7,700, that is, within £300 of the present income of the chief. Lord Campbell, in his *Life of Lord Mansfield*, represents the noble earl to have left behind him £30,000 a year from money invested on mortgage alone. Contrast this statement with the present income of the Lord Chief Justice, and compare the influence which Lord Mansfield, ere he was raised to the bench, and Lord Ellenborough when he was on the bench, possessed as politicians and ministers, with the political insignificance of the successful lawyer of to-day; and note how greatly the Chief Justiceship has declined in influence and emolument.

The present salary of the Attorney-General is, I believe, £7,000, and that of the Solicitor-General £6,000 a year; yet such is the influence of tradition upon the incautious and the ignorant, that I have heard a gentleman, who ranks high in the journalistic profession, assert in all sober seriousness that the present law officers of the Crown realised incomes of from £30,000 to £40,000 a year.

Stupid rodomontade of this description has caused, and will continue to cause, the misery of many a promising young man, who might lead a useful, prosperous, and happy life in some less ambitious career. I have here rather indicated, than exactly shown, how the bar has been shorn of its traditional splendour. Those who care to pursue the subject will find ample information in Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices and Chancellors*, in the pages of the *Law Magazine and Review*, and in the Parliamentary history of the last forty or fifty years. Those who do not care to pursue it will perhaps take from me, without offence, this piece of advice which is offered in all humility—give up listening to those who have not studied this matter, and lend an ear to those who have.

If the reader has gone thus far with me, and will condescend to take me a little farther as his guide, we will now consider to what extent my estimate of the prospects of the average barrister ought in fairness to be modified by including the prizes of the profession. We have seen that as a working barrister he has, being a bachelor with a taste for rigid economy, a chance of not being out of pocket more than £87 per annum. Waiving the consideration of the dignity attached to any given post, which evidently cannot be estimated in money, let us now take the prizes of the profession, and distribute them upon the average system just as we distributed the wage fund of the bar.

The Lord Chancellor receives £10,000 a year; the Chief Justice of England £8,000; the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas Division £7,000; the Chief Baron of the Exchequer Division £6,000; this gives us £21,000 a year.

I will assume, for the sake of brevity, what is very nearly true, that there are twenty other judges receiving £6,000 a year each. This gives a total of £141,000 per annum.

The salaries of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, of the County Court judges and stipendiary magistrates, amount in all to about £150,000 a year. Colonial appointments, revising barristerships and recorderships cannot be deemed to produce more than £150,000 per annum. The money value of the prizes of the legal profession, then, is about £441,000, but we will take it at £500,000 a year. This yields an additional £100 a year per barrister; so that the minus income of £87 is converted into a plus income of £13. But since I have somewhat under-estimated the inevitable expenditure, and over-estimated the inexorable wage fund of the bar (for I protest in the name of political economy against any ingenious attempts to prove *that* to be other than a fixed and approximately

ascertainable quantity), this £13 should be regarded as the gross rather than the net income of the average barrister; and since that hypothetical person, instead of spending only £300 in getting to the bar, does probably spend at least £600, it follows that he does in fact receive a dividend of less than 2 per cent. upon his capital. So that we are very nearly brought back to the point from which, had we listened to Adam Smith, we should have started, viz., that the chances are forty to one against the success of any particular individual, and that the success of the successful does not counter-balance the expenditure of the rest. He must be a bold man who, in the face of such facts as I have quoted, can venture to say of any particular person, "He could have succeeded if he would." Yet have I heard not one man only assert, but a number of men join in the chorus, "He could have succeeded if he would." Such men are not amenable to argument. In their eyes half the silk-robed mediocrities who throng the inner bar are making incomes which Sir Samuel Romilly would have envied; which would not have been disdained by Erskine—the brilliant Erskine, who was taller by the head and shoulders than any leader in these degenerate days; the Erskine of whom Lord Campbell wrote, that even he, in all his glory, never reached £10,000 a year.

There remains to be drawn from what I have said one practical conclusion. Since the bar is on the whole a losing concern, it will be well for those who unwisely embark in it themselves, or send their sons or wards into it as a commercial speculation, to take heed that not a single unnecessary shilling should be embarked in the sorry enterprise. Money spent on a university education, or in providing more than the bare necessities of existence, is, from a mere *£ s. d.* point of view, entirely thrown away. And it seems very certain that, considering the large influx of competitors who crowd the ranks of the bar with anxious paupers, he who would secure his fair chance of success must not scruple to employ every device to which others resort. If he be so unfortunate as to have imbibed any punctilioes as to the observance of the decaying traditions of the bar, he should in fairness to himself at once get rid of them. The praise bestowed upon successful roguery at the bar, as well as in other walks of life, should teach him that success is its own justification. Succeed, and not one in a thousand will inquire how you succeeded; fail, and not one in a thousand will exempt you from blame. Exalt yourself, therefore, O aspiring junior, at the expense of those who are better, whom you know to be better, than yourself; disparage rising merit; take briefs for half fees, or without any fees

at all ; sign for fees which you have not received in order to assist the attorney, who patronises you, in obtaining money from his client under false pretences ; bribe attorneys, if they will take a bribe—if not, at least bribe their clerks ; traduce your bosom friend to his best client, if you have an opportunity ; lament his nascent tendencies to dissipation, his irregular attendance at chambers or in court ; if the opportunity does not present itself, create it ; for you can do all these things, and yet retain the outward appearance of smug propriety and strict integrity. I do not mean to say that these arts are all that is necessary to success at the bar. It is impossible for a fool or a sluggard to succeed. Nor do I mean to say that they are essential to success. I have known men who were neither fools nor sluggards, who have tried all these arts and failed ; I have known men who have tried none of them and succeeded ; but then these latter have had advantages altogether exceptional.

To sum up this latter branch of my subject : men who are altogether independent may go to the bar as they might go on a yachting expedition ; shrewd, smart, pushing, unscrupulous men, without private means, may find the game of heads-I-win-and-tails-you-lose as profitable in this as in any other branch of speculation. For men who do not come within either of these two classes, going to the bar is sheer insanity.

PHILIP KENT.

WILLIAM MULREADY.

WILLIAM MULREADY is characterised by Wornum in his Catalogue of the National Gallery as "the most distinguished of British *genre* painters since Sir David Wilkie," and perhaps this defines as nearly as may be the place he occupies in English art. In some respects, indeed, his art is superior to that of Wilkie; his knowledge of drawing is more masterly, and his colour at times more subtle in its harmonies; but he lacks that entire sympathy with his subject Wilkie ever felt, and that more than anything else has contributed to make his works so popular. Mulready's works are, of course, popular too, but they do not, like Wilkie's, touch the heart; they only please the taste, or displease it, as the case may be. They are also much more limited in their range than Wilkie's; and so, in spite of their consummate art, we are fain to rank those of the hearty, sympathetic Scotch painter above them.

William Mulready was Irish by birth, born at Ennis, in the county of Clare, on the 1st or 30th of April (authorities differ as to the exact date), in the year 1786; but when he was only five years old his father, who was a leather breeches maker by trade, came to London and settled in Soho, where he appears to have got work, but only as a journeyman, whereas he had been a master workman in Ireland. The Mulready family were at this time evidently very poor, but the worthy father appears to have attended more than might be expected to his son's education.

The little William was earlier even than most heaven-born artists in making known the direction of his genius. In after years he used to relate with much humour the manner in which his taste for the fine arts was first discovered. One day, when the father (and mother also, we suppose) went to work, the child was locked for safety into the single room they tenanted. When his father returned, William was nowhere to be seen; but on searching farther, "a pair of rosy sturdy legs were seen protruding from beneath the bedstead," and on dragging them out it was found that the young rascal to whom they belonged was busily employed in making a copy with a bit of common chalk of an old engraving of St. Paul's which hung in the

room, and that he had selected as a suitable panel for the purpose the bare boards under the bedstead. This work, according to "The Looking Glass," was achieved before the family left Ireland; and when he came over to England, at the age of five years and a half, he immediately recognised the cathedral from the copy he had made. In drawing it he began, it is stated, at the cross, descended to the dome, imitating all the different mouldings and cornices as he went, and so on to the bottom of the building.

The floor has always been a favourite sketching-ground for youthful artists. Wilkie, it will be remembered, drew pictures of "bonnie ladies" and other subjects on the floor of the nursery in the old Scotch manse; Etty sketched on the boards in his father's mill; but Mulready, it must be admitted, beat both of them in ingenuity in discovering the utility of that bare patch beneath the bedstead.

The history of Mulready's child-life is related pretty faithfully in an old and now very rare story-book for children, published in London in 1805, called "The Looking Glass: A Mirror in which every Good little boy and girl may see what He or She is; and those who are not yet quite good, may find what they ought to be;" or, as the titlepage has it—"A True History of the Early Years of an Artist, calculated to awaken the emulation of YOUNG PERSONS of both sexes in the pursuit of every laudable attainment, particularly in the cultivation of the Fine Arts."

This quaint little 12mo volume was written (under the *nom de plume* of "Theophilus Marcliffe") by William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," who is supposed to have composed it from information supplied to him by Mulready, or else to have taken it from Mulready's conversations about his boyish attempts. In any case, the young artist of the book whose adventures are related is undoubtedly William Mulready; and though he sometimes pretended that the work was published without his knowledge, it is evident that he must have been interested in it, for the little outline drawings which illustrate the text of the story are by him—facsimiles, no doubt, of some of his earliest efforts. The book is now extremely rare; in fact, can scarcely be met with except at the British Museum. It is a wonder it has not been republished, for, although written in the old-fashioned moral strain of that day, it is not uninteresting. Some of the drawings given are stated to have been done at three, five, and six years old, and no doubt truthfully, for they are not more remarkable than many clever children produce at those ages. The frontispiece, an achievement of his ninth year, represents a boy going through the broadsword exercise, with his hat stuck on his left

arm by way of shield; while other designs depict a hare, a grampus, and wooden soldiers exercising.

The education that the young Mulready received while he was thus teaching himself to draw was somewhat irregular, but does not seem to have been deficient. On his parents' first settling in London, in Old Compton Street, Soho, he went to a school in the neighbourhood kept by a Wesleyan minister named Underwood. Here he remained until he was ten, when he was sent to a Roman Catholic school in Castle Street, Long Acre, to be brought up in the "old faith," as he was fond of calling it. After this he passed nearly two years with an Irish chaplain, and then some time with one or two other Roman Catholic priests, who appear to have taught him the usual amount of Latin, and perhaps a little Greek. But, what was more important to him than this school training, he quickly developed a great love for reading. He used to study at the old book-stalls on his way backwards and forwards to school, and would often make little geometrical drawings of the kind called "Turks' caps" and sell them for pence to his playfellows, in order to be able to purchase some coveted volume. He first read Pope's "Homer," according to "The Looking Glass," standing at a stall in Covent Garden, where his handsome, intelligent face so struck the proprietor that he often afterwards lent him books to take home, and advised him to try his hand in colouring prints, then a very usual occupation with young artists; but Mulready, it seems, made a mess of it.

His taste for drawing was, however, unmistakable, and several persons, noticing the boy's undoubted talent, encouraged him to persevere. Among these was an artist named Graham, who, says Godwin, first perceived the boy chalking letters on a wall in the street after the manner of the advertisements of those days. He did this so firmly and cleverly, while at the same time he held forth to an admiring group of urchins on the proper treatment of the letters, that Graham's attention was excited, and he asked the little lad if he would not like to come and sit to him for a picture he was then painting of Solomon receiving the blessing of his father David. Mulready was, of course, delighted, and the sittings took place; the youthful Solomon being placed, as he ever afterwards remembered, "kneeling before his royal father, his face raised reverently to his parent, and one hand extended towards him." A piece of yellow satin was thrown over his shoulder for the purpose of reflecting a strong light upon his chin, an arrangement which first set our young artist a-thinking on the mysteries of light and shade. His jealousy during these sittings was, it is true, somewhat excited

by the artist's introducing the flowing yellow locks of another boy—a playmate named Jack—to add to the beauty of his Solomon; but the head was in the main a portrait of the boy Mulready, and he no doubt learnt a great deal from seeing it painted. Unfortunately, Graham went to Scotland shortly after painting this picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1797, and Mulready saw no more of him for some years. His example and encouragement had, however, quite confirmed the boy in his desire to be an artist. "It was now," writes Godwin, "that the idea seems first to have suggested itself to him of improving his rude outline of the figure by a study after nature. His father was a tall, strong, muscular, well-made man of six feet high. He had often heard his father's leg celebrated as the model of what a leg ought to be, and he now began to copy after it, and in his bounty to give it to the figure of "my uncle." He first remarked that it was larger in the middle than at either extremity. He accordingly gave a swell to the legs of his figure; but he made them swell equally on both sides. These legs were ridiculed by his father and his visitors, who called them "Cockney's legs." This taught him to examine his model afresh, and he then found that the leg, if seen in profile, had only one outline swelling and the other comparatively *straight*. He corrected his copy accordingly. This was his own discovery; for though his critics ridiculed his performance, they never told him where the fault lay, and it may be had no clear idea of it themselves.

Mulready's parents seem to have been quite aware of the talent of their clever son, only they had not the means of giving him any regular training in art, and so were obliged to leave him to his own devices, which was probably the best thing they could have done.

When about twelve years of age he was attracted to the theatre; and although he could not often afford to enter, he would wait about the doors for hours for the chance of seeing Kemble come forth. He used to draw portraits of Kemble in all his favourite characters, and once also he drew a harlequin with such happy skill that it attracted the notice of another painter, a young Irishman named Neill, who, seeing the portrait in the boy's hand as he stood at Aldrich's stall, spoke to him and recommended him to go to a certain Mr. Baynes—a drawing master—for instruction. Baynes confirmed Neill's opinion of Mulready's talent, though, being simply a landscape painter, he refused to receive him as a pupil. A Mr. John Corbet, a gentleman of artistic tastes, who kept a puppet-show in the Strand, was next applied to, for the reason, as it would seem, that Mulready's uncle made his boots, and he kindly lent the boy various drawings to

copy and a cast from the Apollo, in order that he might study "the round." This had always been a difficulty to him, and especially how to draw three-quarter faces in correct proportion; but Corbet directed him to Walker's "Anatomy," which was eagerly mastered, his favourite place of study for this and other works being in a chapel near Buckingham Gate, adjoining the house of his schoolmaster. Here he used to ensconce himself under the altar and work away free from interruption from his schoolfellows.

His progress was so rapid that Corbet was astonished, and for some reason or other—probably because his name stood first in the list of Academicians—he advised him to apply to the sculptor Thomas Banks for instruction. A more unlikely man to help him could scarcely have been hit upon; but Mulready, now a boy of thirteen years and one month old, presented himself one day before the sculptor, in a great state of agitation—with a drawing from the Apollo in his hand. Strange to say, Banks took him in hand, and, after sending him to a drawing school in Furnival's Inn Court for a time, allowed him to work in his own studio. Here he drew diligently for nearly twelve months, and at the end of the time was admitted as student in the Royal Academy. This was in 1800, when he was only fourteen years old; but he had already made drawings from the antique, and a drawing from a statue by Michelangelo was the work by which he gained his admission as probationer in the Academy.

This much-desired point being achieved, his progress was sufficiently rapid. A drawing from the antique group of "The Bathers," exhibited with his other drawings at South Kensington, and dated 1800, is written upon, in a boy's round hand: "For permission to draw from the living model in the Royal Academy." So it would seem that even thus early he sought admission to the Life School; and shortly after, when he was only sixteen, he gained the silver palette of the Society of Arts for his skill in painting.

It is at this point that Godwin's account of his early years ceases. The boy-artist was now, in his own estimation, at all events, a man, and able to work for himself. From the age of fifteen he was determined to be no longer any burden on his parents, and indeed by various means managed to make his own living from this time; though sometimes it must have been a somewhat shifty one.

It was at about this age that Mulready became acquainted with John Varley, the genial water-colour painter, astrologer, pugilist, friend of Blake, and popular drawing master, in whose school so many of our painters who afterwards rose to eminence were educated. Varley appears to have quickly recognised Mulready's talent, and

also his teaching capabilities, for he took him into his house, where he helped in giving instruction to his clever band of pupils, among whom might be reckoned at that time such men as David Cox, Copley Fielding, John Linnell, W. Turner (of Oxford), and William Hunt, who entered the school at a very early age—a sickly boy with a big head—and was placed under Mulready's especial care.

But Mulready, unfortunately, did not confine his attentions solely to Varley's pupils. The water-colour painter had two sisters living with him, with one of whom Mulready fell in love, marrying her, with true Irish improvidence, when he was only eighteen years of age, and at a time when, if he could support himself, it was at all events as much as he could do. At four-and-twenty he was the father of four children. "I remember the time," he once said, "when I had a wife, four children, nothing to do, and was six hundred pounds in debt." He appears, indeed, to have endured all the bitterness of poverty at this period of his career, and without even love to sweeten the cup, for his marriage proved a very unhappy one, and he and his wife were separated after a few years. She likewise was an artist, and has exhibited pictures at the Royal Academy; but little is said of her in Mulready's life, except that she caused "much of the trouble of it." She lived to be an old woman, surviving her husband, from whom she had been wholly separated for nearly fifty years, by a few months.

"It would be a matter of great interest," say Messrs. Redgrave, "when we consider the art of his later years, if we could trace, subject by subject, the works which young Mulready was obliged to undertake to enable him to live and to support the family which began so early to arise around him; but to this at present we have no clue." Certain it is that his labours were of the most varied description. "He had tried his hand at everything," he used to say, "from a miniature to a panorama," and this would seem to have been literally true, for it is believed that he was employed by Sir Robert Ker Porter on a panorama representing the Storming of Seringapatam, exhibited in 1800, when Mulready was only fourteen years old; and Mr. Stephens thinks it probable that a large battle-piece by Sir R. K. Porter, painted a few years later, and now in the Guildhall, was also partly painted by this bold youth.

But at the time of his marriage it was probably by teaching drawing—a profession which he followed nearly all through his life—that the greater part of his income was derived. Like Crome and several other masters, Mulready was from first to last a teacher; and though he did not, like Crome, found a distinctive school, his influence and example as a careful draughtsman were powerful over much of the art

of his time. He himself, indeed, is recorded to have said "that he was a drawing-master all his life, with superfluous time for painting." From the moment when he entered Banks's studio, a boy of fourteen, to the time when, as an old man, he took his turn, to the joy of the students, as Visitor in the Life School of the Academy, and drew the outline of the model with the accuracy and rapidity of constant practice, he never allowed himself to perform any careless or weak work. "I have drawn all my life," he said, "as if I were drawing for a prize." This vigour of purpose, shown in other things as well, and contrary to the usual facility of an Irish nature, stood him in good stead and preserved him, no doubt, amidst the difficulties of his early life.

Book illustration was another means by which he made a little money. A whole series of the children's books of that day—books that are for the most part unknown to the children of the present time—were illustrated by him. Of these S. Redgrave enumerates in his dictionary the popular "Butterfly's Ball, or Grasshopper's Feast," sold even then for one penny; "The Lion's Masquerade," "The Peacock at Home," "The Elephant's Ball," "The Lobster's Voyage to the Brazils," "The Cats' Concert," "The Lioness's Ball," "The Fishes' Grand Gala," "Madame Grimalkin's Party," "The Jackdaw at Home," "The Lion's Parliament," "The Water King's Levée," and "Think before you Speak."¹ To these little books, which some readers may remember as having given them pleasure in their childhood, may no doubt be added others now quite forgotten. Many of those mentioned have, indeed, become exceedingly rare, and are only to be found at the British Museum.

With regard to painting, he probably began, like most ambitious Academy students of that time, with aspirations towards High Art; at least, so it would seem by the high-sounding titles of his first pictures: "Ulysses and Polyphemus," "The Disobedient Prophet," a large cartoon of "The Judgment of Solomon," and a small painting on millboard of "The Supper at Emmaus." None of these works, it is said, gave any great evidence of talent; and, strange to say, it was as a landscape painter that he made his first appearance at the Academy. In 1804, the year of his marriage, he exhibited three pictures, two being views of Kirkstall Abbey, in Yorkshire, and the other a "Cottage at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire." The subjects give evidence of a trip to Yorkshire—probably undertaken with Varley, whose

¹ I find also under his name, in the British Museum Catalogue, "The King and Queen of Hearts," "Nong Tong Paw," "Gaffer Gray," "The Sullen Woman," "The Jackdaw at Home." Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" are also supposed to have been illustrated by him.

example, we may infer, led him to try this branch of art. In 1805 he also exhibited three landscapes; in 1806 three more; in 1807 figures were introduced, notably in "Old Kaspar," of "Battle of Blenheim" fame—a small picture, carefully finished, but not as yet showing any original genius. This was followed, in 1808, by a little work called "The Rattle," exhibited at the British Institution; and the "Dead Hare" and a "Girl at Work," at the Academy. In 1809 he sent to the Academy "Returning from the Alehouse," since called "Fair-time;"¹ and to the British Institution his first work of any importance, "The Carpenter's Shop," being influenced, no doubt, in sending it there by the prize of fifty guineas offered by the Directors, which would have been extremely useful to him, no doubt, at that time. He did not get it, however, for it was awarded to a feeble but somewhat popular painter named Sharp, for *genre*; and to *Master Linnell*, now our esteemed veteran, Linnell, Sen., for *landscape*; although Sir George Beaumont declared to Wilkie that he liked Mulready's work much the best.

After "The Carpenter's Shop," which was a simple domestic scene, with no reference to sacred history, this line of art was finally adopted by Mulready, who was, probably, stimulated in it by the success that Wilkie had just achieved with his "Blind Fiddler." Wilkie's influence may, indeed, be seen in several of Mulready's works at this period—most noticeably, perhaps, in "The Barber's Shop," exhibited in 1811, wherein a red-headed lout of a boy is clipped by the village barber, to the evident satisfaction of his old grandmother, who stands by and thinks that her darling only needs the barber's skill to make him a perfect Adonis.

In his subsequent pictures, though dealing with the same class of subjects, his treatment differs wholly from that of Wilkie; so that it would be impossible even for the untrained to mistake the work of the one painter for the other. His mode of work also was unlike Wilkie's; for whereas the Scotch painter made but few sketches, and generally worked direct from the life, the Irish drawing-master made numerous studies for every work and every portion of every work—studies in chalk, studies in pen-and-ink, and studies in oil—as we can see by the charming collection of these interesting records gathered together at South Kensington. In many of these sketches he seems to be thinking out an idea, as it were, with pencil or chalk in hand; and we see the consummate mastery of the artist even more, perhaps,

¹ The picture in the National Gallery of two tipsy men returning from a fair. The present background was added in 1840, when it was exhibited for the second time at the Royal Academy and bought by Mr. Vernon.

in such works as these than in his elaborately-finished paintings. Not but that many of his drawings are elaborately finished also, for he often prepared these so carefully that they really contain little less work than the picture for which they were meant as studies. Even for such a comparatively unimportant picture as the portrait of Mr. Sheepshanks with his servant in his library, there are at South Kensington two preliminary water-colour drawings of beautiful finish, and differing very slightly in detail. One can scarcely understand why so much work was bestowed on the architectural details of the room, the quaint frills of the servant's cap, the tray and cup and saucer that in one of them she holds in her hand ; but this was Mulready's mode of procedure—he thought out everything in sketches before he painted the final picture.

In 1813 Mulready exhibited at the Royal Academy his picture of "Punch," the first in which his distinctive style as an artist was made prominently apparent. This achieved a certain success that was continued in 1815 by "Idle Boys," a picture which gained for him the distinction of being elected as Associate ; and in the February of the following year, with a rapidity almost unprecedented, and of which, according to Messrs. Redgrave, there is no subsequent instance, he received the full honours of Academician, before even he had exhibited another picture ; so that his name never appeared as Associate in the Academy Catalogue. Certainly the picture he exhibited in 1816, the year of his election, fully justified the judgment of the Academy with respect to the talent of their young painter. It was the well-known "Fight Interrupted," now in the Kensington Museum, in which the village schoolmaster effectually separates the two young combatants by holding one by the ear while he listens deprecatingly to the eager account of the fight given by an excited young spectator.

Mulready's position as a painter was now fully assured ; yet he still continued to make his chief income from giving drawing lessons, painting pictures only in what he called his superfluous time. There now followed in quick succession such well-known works as "Lending a Bite," exhibited in 1818 ; "The Wolf and the Lamb," 1820 ; "The Careless Messenger Detected," 1821 ; "The Convalescent from Waterloo," 1822 ; "The Widow," 1824 ; "The Travelling Druggist," 1825 ; "Origin of a Painter," 1826 ; "The Cannon," 1827 ; "Interior of an English Cottage," 1828 ; "Returning from the Hustings," 1830 ; "Dogs of Two Minds," 1830 ; "A Sailing Match," 1831 ; "Scene from St. Ronan's Well," 1832 ; "The Forgotten Word," 1832 ; "The First Voyage," 1833 ; "The Last In," 1835 ;

"Giving a Bite," 1836; "A Toy Seller," the first design for the picture left unfinished by the artist; "The Brother and Sister" (first design for the beautiful picture afterwards painted for Mr. Vernon), 1837; "The Seven Ages," 1838; "Bob Cherry," 1839; "The Sonnet," 1839; and "First Love," 1840.

In these two last-named pictures Mulready's art reached its highest perfection. Nothing can well be more masterly in its way than the perfectly simple and graceful design and rich harmonious colour of these two works. In the "First Love" the warm glow of sunset sheds a splendour of colour over the whole scene which has scarcely been surpassed by any of our greatest colourists, while the tender grace of the girl who carries her young brother in her arms, and the dawning of sentiment in the face of the young man who watches her with sweet and yet sad emotion, form a poem that is merely expressed on canvas instead of in verse. The same may be said of "The Sonnet," a work aptly so named, for not only does the title fit the subject of the picture, but the whole composition evinces the exquisitely balanced power of the greatest sonnet-writers. It is a passionate love-poem such as Shakespeare might have addressed to the "master-mistress of his passion," yet all we see is the bending figure and back of the head of the young lover, and the upper part of the face of the girl, who holds a somewhat too large hand up to her mouth, apparently biting it, to conceal her confusion and perhaps her secret amusement at being addressed in such a style. Nothing but this and a few stems of trees for background, and a distant landscape as a duly subordinate setting for the figures, and yet the painter's thought is conveyed with the fullest effect. We feel that anything added or withdrawn would have marred the harmony of the whole.

There are only very few other of his pictures of which so much can be said. In many of them we are jarred by a certain want of refinement which makes itself evident both in the colour and the composition; in others, instead of the rich lustrous colour which was Mulready's especial forte, we have a somewhat thin coat of colour and pale though transparent and brilliant tones. This is seen especially in his large painting of the "Seven Ages," at South Kensington; but it is only fair to state that he never regarded this picture as finished, but wished to work upon it again after it was bequeathed by Mr. Sheepshanks to the nation. No subsequent working, however, would ever have given it the strength of some of his other works. Though the most ambitious, it is, perhaps, the least successful of his pictures. Space will not permit of criticism of the other works mentioned; and, as they are so well known, description is not

necessary. Scarcely any master is better represented at South Kensington.

In 1840 Mulready, returning once more to book illustration, published a series of designs to the "Vicar of Wakefield;" and finding in that delightful tale a rich vein of subject-matter for his art, he afterwards painted three pictures from it which now rank among his most popular works. The "Whistonian Controversy" was the first of these, exhibited in 1844, and then followed "Choosing the Wedding Gown," in 1846; and "Sophia and Burchell Haymaking," in 1847.

"Choosing the Wedding Gown" is, perhaps, the most universally admired of all Mulready's works. Everyone knows the sweetly critical look of the future Mrs. Primrose as she holds up the stuff she is buying to the light to test its quality, and the slyly observant and somewhat amused look of the young divine who is deducing a moral from her conduct; but no one who has not seen the original of this oft-reproduced painting, and given it careful study, can appreciate the full richness of its colour, the admirable manner in which every detail is made to contribute to the general sense of comfort and satisfaction, and the wellnigh perfect execution of the whole. Messrs. Redgrave, writing of this and the "Whistonian Controversy" from a technical point of view, remark that, while "an autumnal tone pervades the 'Controversy,' 'Choosing the Wedding Gown' is fresher and more springlike in colour, agreeing with the opening life of the young Vicar and his fair and notable wife. In this picture the full force of the palette is given—the brightest vermilion, the richest green, the purest ultramarine; yet all are thoroughly harmonised. Some of the colours are obtained by rich glazings; some by painting the semi-solid pigments directly over the pure white ground of the panel: and the Venetian methods have been better understood than by any painter of the school. The discrimination of the textures, also, as seen in these two pictures, is well worthy careful study: the parchment books and table-cover in the first, the rich stuffs at the foot of the tradesman's counter in the second; while the end of the counter itself is curious, and shows that it is an imitation of imitative mahogany. What a nice distinction to achieve in its pictorial reproduction!" How admirably expressed is also the silky soft coat of the luxurious little spaniel who curls himself in snug content and warmth against this wonderfully painted counter! Mulready was always fond of introducing dogs into his pictures, and drew them with great skill, seizing the salient points of their characters with humorous appreciation. The grave old dog, for instance, in "Train up a child in the way he should go," is *thoroughly expressive of cautious distrust. He does not bark at*

the ugly Lascars, or sniff round them to find out whether they are worthy of his attention, but simply regards them with suspicious observance, no doubt deeming that his young master's display of generosity is not worth much and is slightly misplaced.

This picture, as well as "Crossing the Ford," in the National Gallery, was exhibited before the "Vicar of Wakefield" series. It was considered by Mulready himself to be his finest work, and many critics also reckon it as the one in which he arrived at the highest point of excellence. But although the execution is undoubtedly very fine, the situation is theatrical and repellent, the whole attention being absorbed by the boy, while no pity is evoked for the unfortunate Lascars. The dog, to my mind, is the only wise person in the picture. It was painted for Mr. Baring, in whose collection it still remains, but was greatly injured by fire soon after it first came into his possession, and was sent back to Mulready for restoration, who, it is said, brought it to its present richness of tone by careful and patient repainting. Possibly it was because he had spent so much time upon it that he esteemed it his best work.

"The Butt: Shooting a Cherry," exhibited in 1848, comes next in order among Mulready's best-painted works; but the vulgarity of its types detracts somewhat from the pleasure felt in the excellence of its execution. Here again the dog is admirable, being of exactly the same character as his human companions.

After this date Mulready's art appears to have declined, his two next pictures of "Women Bathing" and "The Bathers," both in the Baring collection, not being in any way equal, it is said, to his previous works. I have not seen either of these, so cannot speak from personal knowledge. His larger version of the "Young Brother," painted for Mr. Vernon, and now in the National Gallery, cannot be said to show any great falling off in power.

This was the last picture of any importance that Mulready achieved, for his "Mother Teaching her Child to Pray," exhibited in 1859, is a feeble, spiritless performance; and his "Negro Toy Seller," also at South Kensington, was left unfinished at his death. Messrs. Redgrave speak of it as "an evidence of labour wrongly applied." His health was, in fact, greatly impaired during the time when he was painting his last pictures, though he continued to work with unabated energy, taking more especially to drawing from the life, as he had done in his student days, and labouring away at works of life-size, which, with a delusion generally got over in youth, he now in his old age imagined he had a mission to paint. It is recorded of him that "when over seventy-five years of age he set himself to practise drawing hands and heads rapidly in pen-and-ink, at the little"

school held by the painters of the neighbourhood at Kensington." "I had lost somewhat of my power in that way," he said, "but I have got it up again. It won't do to let these things go."

He seems to have been a pleasant man in society, full of humour, and, according to Mr. Stephens, who knew him well, of great kindness of heart, evinced by his considerate attention to the wants of others and helpful hand to those in need. Children loved him and called him "a nice old gentleman;" and he would delight the mothers by his appreciation of the fine points of their babies. He could even keep these babies quiet and amused, while he was painting them, by the charm of his manner and conversation to them. Yet for all his geniality he lived a solitary life, and one overshadowed, it is to be feared, by domestic trouble. His biography reveals nothing of his inner thoughts, nor do his friends appear to have had any insight into the real heart of the man, for, though a pleasant companion, he was not one to be effusive in his intimacies, and seems to have had a great dislike to writing letters. None, at all events, are to be found in his biography, nor can I hear of any friends with whom he corresponded. Like Etty, he was a constant attendant at the Life School of the Academy, and was always a diligent Visitor when his time came round to fill this office. He was also an extremely useful member of the Council of the Academy, for he never expressed his views without due consideration, and when he did they generally carried weight.

His attention to Academy affairs was, indeed, unremitting, and called forth at one time an acknowledgment in the shape of a large silver goblet presented to him by seventy-three of his brother artists. It is related of him that during the complimentary speeches made on this occasion he occupied himself with drawing the portraits of the speechmakers on little scraps of paper lying about, some of which drawings turned out such excellent likenesses that they were afterwards engraved by Pye for his "*Patronage of British Art.*"

Among his clever works in design may also be mentioned the first penny postage envelope, which was issued by Rowland Hill in 1840, and adorned by Mulready with a charming design emblematical of Britannia sending forth her winged messengers to all parts of the globe, and various countries receiving them with delight.

The death of Mr. Sheepshanks must have been a great blow to Mulready, for Mr. Sheepshanks had not only been a munificent and constant purchaser, but likewise a kind and attached friend; and it was at his house, at Blackheath Park, that Mulready, it is said, by those who knew both host and guest, shone in his pleasantest and brightest light. He was a frequent visitor at Blackheath

and has left a record of his visits in the view he painted in 1852 from one of the windows—a view now in the Kensington Museum, with the rest of the large collection amassed by Mr. Sheepshanks.

This collection Mulready had the pleasure of seeing bestowed on the nation, and of arranging it to a great extent according to his own views in the gallery at South Kensington. He was always very particular about the hanging of his pictures, and when on the Hanging Committee of the Academy equally particular about the hanging of other people's, making plans and taking an immense amount of trouble in order to do the utmost justice possible to every work.

Besides his friendship with Mr. Sheepshanks, Mulready had a warm friend in Sir John Swinburne, who was also the purchaser of many of his pictures. He sometimes stayed with the Swinburne family at their seat at Capheaton, near Newcastle; but besides his journeys hither and, early in life, as we have seen, into Yorkshire, he does not appear to have travelled much, or ever to have crossed the Channel.

He resided chiefly at Kensington and Bayswater, and during the latter years of his life at No. 1 Linden Grove, where he built a large painting-room and formed plans for making it an ideal home for a painter to live in. From some cause or other, however, none of these plans were carried out, and the house and garden, in which he at first took great delight, remained neglected and bare—with skeletons, probably, shut in its cupboards, and ghosts of former days haunting its gloomy paths. One of his sons lived with him here, and must have been a great comfort to him; but the rest of his family appear to have been scattered; and it is hinted that they, as well as the mother, gave him constant vexation.

He had been for some time subject to attacks of heart complaint, but remained active to the last, fighting with resolute will against the disease he knew to be creeping upon him. Redgrave, who knew him well, records that on the night he died he walked away with him from a Committee meeting at the Royal Academy, but that Mulready thought it right to see Hardwicke, who was also there, home; Hardwicke being, he said, "such an invalid." Redgrave therefore left him to fulfil this friendly office. The next morning he heard that he had died during the night. This was on the 7th of July, 1863, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

There are several portraits of Mulready painted by his artist-friends, but none better, perhaps, than that in Wilkie's picture of "Duncan Gray," he having sat to Wilkie for the downcast lover in that well-known work.

WHALES & THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

THE medical student who, in answer to an examiner anxious to ascertain the exact amount of the lad's knowledge concerning fishes, replied, that "he knew them all from the limpet to the whale," must indeed be credited with a larger share of candour than of zoological science. The limpet is a shell "fish" by courtesy at the best, but the whale, public opinion notwithstanding, is not a fish in any sense of the term. The most that can be said of the whale in this respect is that it is fish-like; and, admitting that appearances in zoological study are as deceptive as in ordinary existence, it behoves us to be cautious in accepting outward resemblances as indicative of real and veritable affinity. A popular lesson in natural history, then, teaches us that a whale is a quadruped—that is, apart from the mere etymology of the word, it belongs to the quadruped-class. It possesses but two legs, or rather "arms," it is true, and these members do not resemble limbs. But it is a quadruped notwithstanding its deficiencies in this respect; and it agrees in all the characters which are found to distinguish the class to which man himself belongs, that of the Mammalia. These characters it may be advantageous very briefly to detail, by way of preliminary to the general study of whales and their nearest relations. Thus, firstly, they are warm-blooded animals, a statement which must be taken as meaning that their blood is of a temperature considerably higher than that of the medium in which they live. The fish, on the other hand, is a cold-blooded creature. Its temperature is only slightly higher than that of the surrounding water, and in this respect it agrees with all invertebrate animals and with the frogs and reptiles of its own sub-kingdom. Next in order, may be noticed the agreement of the whale with the quadruped in the matter of body-covering. The covering of the latter consists of hairs. Although the body of the whale cannot be described, by any stretch of the imagination, as having hair, the presence of a few bristles around the mouth-extremity sufficiently indicates the nature of its outer garment; whilst, before birth, the body-covering in some whales is tolerably plentiful, but is soon *shed*, leaving the hide thick, shining, and hair-

less. The microscopist might inform us that the blood of the whale presents the same characters as that of other mammals, and possesses red corpuscles or coloured bodies, which, unlike those of the fish, reptile, and bird, have no central particle or "nucleus." And whilst the heart of the fish is a comparatively simple engine of propulsion, consisting of two contractile chambers or cavities, the whale's heart will be found like that of man and other quadrupeds in all essential details of its structure. It is thus a four-chambered organ doing double duty, in that it sends blood not only through the system, but also to the lungs for purification.

The mention of lungs, as the breathing organs of whales, at once introduces us to a new field of inquiry concerning the habits and life of the aquatic monsters. A popular notion exists that of necessity a water-living animal must be a *water-breather*. The idea of fish-existence and of the manner in which fishes breathe evidently reigns paramount in the present case. That an animal may be completely aquatic in its habits, and yet breathe air directly from the atmosphere, and after a like procedure to that witnessed in human respiration, is a notable fact. A water-newt, despite its aquatic habits, ascends periodically to the surface of the water to breathe, and seals, walruses, and whales agree in that they are truly lung-breathers, and possess gills at no period of their existence. True, a gill differs from a lung only in that it is capable of exposing the blood circulating through it to the air which is entangled or mechanically suspended in the water. Atmospheric air containing the vitalising oxygen for the renewal and purification of the blood is the great *desideratum* on the part of all animals, high and low alike. And the gill and lung, therefore, differ simply in the manner and method in which the blood in each is brought in contact with the air, and not in the essential details of their work. The whales are known to "blow," and the act of "blowing" is simply the act of breathing—to be more particularly noticed hereafter. Thus a whale or seal would be drowned, as certainly as an ordinary quadruped would be asphyxiated, were its periodical access to the atmosphere prevented; and the curious fact may here be mentioned that there are also certain abnormal living fishes—notably the Climbing Perch and *Ophiocephali* of India—which, to use the words of a writer, are as easily drowned as dogs when denied access to the air. There is little need to particularise any of the remaining characters which demonstrate the whale's relationship to mammals, and its difference in structural points from the fishes. The young whale is thus not merely born alive, but is nourished by means of the milk-secretion of the parent,

and this last evidence of direct connection with higher animals might of itself be deemed a crucial test of the place and rank of the whales in the animal series.

But, granting that in the whales we meet with true quadrupeds, it may be well to indicate the chief points in which they differ from their mammalian brethren at large. It may be admitted, at the outset, that they present us with a very distinct modification of the quadruped-type. Their adaptation to a water life is so complete, in truth, that it has destroyed to a large extent the outward and visible signs of their relationship with mammals. The body is thoroughly fish-like and tapers towards the tail, where we meet with a tail-fin, which, however, is set right across the body, and not vertically as in the fishes. This latter difference, indeed, is a very prominent feature in whale-structure. The limbs, as already remarked, are represented by the two fore-limbs alone. No trace of hinder-extremities is to be perceived externally, and the anatomical investigation of the skeleton reveals at the best the merest rudiments of haunch-bones and of hind limbs in certain whales, of which the well-known Greenland Whale may be cited as an example. A distinct character of the whales has been found by naturalists of all periods in the "blowholes," or apertures through which the whale is popularly supposed to "spout." Thus we find on the upper surface of the head of a Greenland Whale a couple of these "blowholes," or "spiracles," as they are also called. These apertures exist on the front of the snout in the Sperm Whales, whilst in the Porpoises, Dolphins, and their neighbours the blow-hole is single, of crescentic shape, and placed on the top of the head. It requires but little exercise of anatomical skill to identify the "blowholes" of the whales with the nostrils of other animals; and it becomes an interesting matter to trace the adaptation of the nostrils to the aquatic life and breathing habits of these animals.

There are natural-history text-books still extant in which a very familiar error regarding the "blowing" of the whales is propagated—an error which, like many other delusions of popular kind, has become so fossilised, so to speak, that it is difficult to convince believers of its falsity. A manual of natural history, of no ancient date, lies before me as I write, and when I turn to the section which treats of the whales, I find an illustration of a Greenland Whale, which is represented as lying high and dry on the beach, but which, despite its stranded state, appears in the act of vigorously puffing streams of water from the blowholes on the top of its head. To say the least of it, such an illustration is simply fictitious, and might

safely be discarded as of purely inventive kind, were it only from the fact of its supposing a whale to be provided with some mysterious reservoir of water from which it could eject copious streams, even when removed from the sea. The common notion regarding the "blowing" of the whale appears to be that which credits the animal with inhaling large quantities of water into its mouth, presumably in the act of nutrition. This water was then said to escape into the nostrils and to be ejected therefrom in the act of blowing. The behaviour of a whale in the open sea, at first sight favours this apparently simple explanation. Careering along in the full exercise of its mighty powers, the huge body is seen to dive and to reappear some distance off at the surface, discharging from its nostrils a shower of water and spray. The observation is correct enough as it stands, but the interpretation of the phenomena is erroneous. Apart from the anatomical difficulties in the way of explaining how water from the mouth could escape in such large quantities, and so persistently into the nostrils, there is not merely an utter want of purpose in this view of the act of "spouting," but we have also to consider that this act would materially interfere with the breathing of the animal. Hence a more rational explanation of what is implied in the "blowing" of the whales rests on the simple assertion that the water and spray do not in reality proceed from the blowhole, but consist of water forced upwards into the air by the expiratory effort of the animal. The whale begins the expiratory or "breathing-out" action of its lungs just before reaching the surface of the water, and the warm expired air therefore carries up with it the water lying above the head and blowholes of the ascending animal. That this view is correct is rendered highly probable, not merely by the observation of the breathing of young whales and porpoises kept in confinement, but also by the fact that the last portion of the "blow" consists of a white silvery spray or vapour, formed by the rapid condensation of the warm air from the lungs as it comes in contact with the colder atmosphere. The water received into the mouth escapes at the sides of the mouth, and does not enter the nostrils at all.

The furnishings of the mouth of the whales include sundry remarkable structures peculiar to a certain family circle of these animals. Such are the "whalebone"-plates, furnishing a substance familiarly spoken of by everybody, but exemplifying at the same time a kind of material regarding the origin of which a tacit ignorance, sanctioned by the stolid indifference of many years' standing, commonly prevails. Whalebone, or "baleen," is a commodity occurring in one group of these animals only, this group

being that of the whalebone whales (*Balenida*), of which the Greenland or Right Whale (*Balæna mysticetus*) is the most noteworthy example. From this whale the whalebone of commerce is derived; other and nearly related species—such as the Rorquals and Furrowed Whales—possessing the whalebone plates in a comparatively rudimentary state. The baleen occurs in the mouth of these whales, and is disposed in a curious fashion. It exists in the form of flat plates of triangular shape, each plate being fixed by its base in the palate. The inner side, or that next the centre of the mouth, is strongly fringed by frayed-out whalebone fibres, the outer edge of each plate being straight. A double row of these triangular plates of baleen depends in the form of two great fringes from the palate of the whale; and it would appear that each baleen-plate is in reality a compound structure, being composed of several smaller plates closely united. The largest plates lie to the outer side of the series, and in a full-grown whale may measure from eight to fourteen feet in length, and as many as 250 or 300 plates may exist on each side of the palate.

The nature of these curious organs forms an appropriate subject of inquiry. It is exceedingly rare in nature to find an animal provided with organs or structures which have no affinity with organs in other and related animals. On the contrary, the principle of likeness or "homology" teaches us that the most unwonted and curious structures in animal existence are for the most part modifications of common organs, or at any rate of parts which are represented under varying forms and guises in other animals. By aid of such a principle we discover that the fore-limb of a horse, the wing of a bird, and the paddle of a whale, are essentially similar in fundamental structure, and in turn agree in all necessary details with the arm of man. Through the deductions of this science of tracing likenesses and correspondences between the organs of different animals, the zoologist has been taught that the "air-bladder" or "sound" of the fish is the forerunner of the lung of higher animals—an inference proved by the fact that in some fishes, such as the curious *Lepidosirens*, or "mud-fishes" of Africa and South America, the air-bladder actually becomes lung-like, not merely in form but in function also. By means of this useful guide to the mysteries of animal structure we note that the bony box in which the body of the tortoise or turtle is contained, is formed by no new elements or parts, but consists chiefly of the greatly modified backbone and of the ribs and scales of these animals. To what conclusion, then, does this same principle lead us respecting the nature of the baleen-plates in the mouth of the Greenland Whale and its allies? To a sufficiently certain, but at

the same time startling thought, is the reply of the comparative anatomist.

If we examine the structure of the human mouth, or that of animals allied to man, we find that cavity to be lined by a delicate layer named *epithelium*. This epithelium consists really of a modification of the upper layer of the skin, and we see this modification familiarly in the difference between the skin of the face and the layer which is infolded to form the covering of the lips and the lining membrane of the mouth. No tissue is more familiar to the student of physiology than epithelium, composed, as it is, of *epithelial cells* or microscopic elements, which in one form or another are found in almost every important tissue of the body. The epithelium is a delicate tissue, as usually seen in man and vertebrate animals; but in some instances it becomes hardened by the development of horny matter, and may then appear as a tissue of tolerably solid consistence. In the mouth of a cow or sheep, the epithelium of part of the upper jaw is found hardened and callous, and there forms a horny pad against which the front teeth of the lower jaw may bite in the act of mastication. It is exactly this epithelial layer, then, which becomes enormously developed in the whalebone whales to form the baleen-plates just described. That this is actually the case is ascertained by the development of the baleen-plates, as well as by their situation and relations to the gum and palate. And the recital becomes the more astonishing when we consider that from cells of microscopic size in other animals, structures of enormous extent may be developed in the whales. The baleen-plates possess a highly important office. They constitute a kind of huge strainer or sieve, the possession of which enables the whale to obtain its food in a convenient fashion. Whether or not Biblical scholars and commentators agree in regarding the "great fish" which wrought calamity to the Prophet Jonah as a special creation, and as an entirely different animal from the whale of to-day, the plain fact remains that a whale has a gullet of relatively small size when compared with the bulk of the animal. Fortunately, however, the faith of rational mankind is not pinned to literal interpretation of the untoward incident chronicled in Jonah, and, whale or no whale, it is curious to learn that the largest of animals may in a manner be said to feed on some of the most diminutive of its fellows. In the far north, and in the surface-waters of the Arctic seas, myriads of minute organisms, closely allied to our whelks, and like molluscs, are found. Such are the "Sea-butterflies," or *Pteropoda* of the naturalist: little delicate creatures which paddle their way through the yielding waters by aid of the wing-like appendages springing from

the sides of the head and neck. These organisms are drawn into the mouth of the Greenland whale in veritable shoals, and as the literal flood of waters streams out at the sides of the mouth, the "sea-butterflies" are strained off therefrom, the savoury morsels being retained by the fringed edges of the baleen-plates, and thereafter duly swallowed as food.

An interesting speculation yet remains, however, regarding the origin and first development of these peculiar whalebone-structures. Advocates of the doctrine which assumes that animal forms and their belongings arise by gradual modifications of pre-existent animals, may be reasonably asked to explain the origin of the baleen-plates of the whales. Let us briefly hear what Mr. Darwin, as the spokesman of the party, has to say in reply to such an inquiry. Quoting a remark of an opponent regarding the whalebone, Mr. Darwin says, if the baleen "had once attained such a size and development as to be at all useful, then its preservation and augmentation within serviceable limits would be promoted by natural selection alone. But how to obtain the beginning of such useful development?" In answer," continues Mr. Darwin (in his own words), "it may be asked, why should not the early progenitors of the whales with baleen have possessed a mouth constructed something like the lamellated beak of a duck. Ducks, like whales, subsist by sifting the mud and water; and the family (of ducks) has sometimes been called *Criblatores*, or sifters." Mr. Darwin's reference to the duck's bill is peculiarly happy. The edges of the beak in these birds are fringed with a beautiful series of horny plates named *lamellæ*, which serve as a straining apparatus as the birds grope for their food amidst the mud of ponds and rivers. These plates are richly supplied with nervous filaments, and, doubtless, also some as organs of touch. Mr. Darwin is careful to add that he hopes he may not "be misconstrued into saying that the progenitors of whales did actually possess mouths lamellated like the beak of a duck. I only wish to show," he continues, "that this is not incredible, and that the immense plates of baleen in the Greenland whale might have been developed from such lamellæ by finely graduated steps, *each of service to its possessor.*"

In these last words, which we have italicised, lies the strength of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis. Nature will preserve and develop useful structures alone, and will leave the useless and unneeded to perish and decay. This, indeed, is the keynote of Natural Selection. Mr. Darwin next proceeds to examine in detail the plates and lamellæ in the bill of a shoveller duck. He describes the

horny plates, 188 in number, which "arise from the palate, and are attached by flexible membrane to the sides of the mandible." He further notes that these plates "in several respects resemble the plates of baleen in the mouth of a whale." If the head of a shoveller duck were made as long as the head of a species of whale in which the baleen-plates are only nine inches long, the duck's lamellæ would be six inches in length. The head of the shoveller is about one-eighteenth of the length of the head of such a whale, so that the difference in size between the duck's lamellæ and the imperfect baleen-plates of this whale is not markedly disproportionate after all. After the examination of the beaks of various species of swimming-birds, Mr. Darwin arrives at the conclusion that "a member of the duck family with a beak constructed like that of the common goose, and adapted solely for grazing, or even a member with a beak having less well-developed lamellæ, might be converted by small changes into a species like the Egyptian goose (which partly grazes and partly sifts mud)—this into one like the common duck,—and lastly, into one like the shoveller, provided with a beak almost exclusively adapted for sifting the water; for this bird could hardly use any part of its beak, except the hooked tip for seizing or tearing solid food. The beak of a goose, as I may add," says Mr. Darwin, "might also be converted by small changes into one provided with prominent recurved teeth, like those of the Merganser (a member of the same family), serving for the widely different purpose of securing live fish."

Mr. Darwin next endeavours to apply the moral of this interesting sketch of probable modification of the bills of ducks to the case of the whales. If the stages of modification in these animals are hypothetically so clear, may not the case of the whalebone-bearing whales be susceptible of like explanation? A certain whale (*Hyperoödon*) belonging to a small group known popularly as the "beaked whales," from the possession of a prominent beak or snout, has no true teeth, but bears rough, unequal knobs of horny nature in its palate. Here, therefore, is a beginning for the work of selection and development. Granted that these horny processes were useful to the animal in the prehension and tearing of food, then their subsequent development into more efficient organs is a warrantable inference if the order of living nature teaches us aright. From rudimentary knobs, a further stage of development would lead to an increase in which they may have attained the size of the lamellæ of an Egyptian goose, which, as already remarked, are adapted both for sifting mud and for seizing food. A stage beyond, and we reach the shoveller's condition, "in which the lamellæ would be two-thirds of the length of the plates of

baleen," in a species of whalebone whale (*Balænoptera*) possessing a slight development of these organs. And from this point, the further gradations leading onwards to the enormous developments seen in the Greenland whale itself, are easily enough traced. Hypothetically, therefore, the path of development is clear enough. Even if it be remarked that the matter is entirely one of theory, not likely to be ever partly verified, far less proved at all, we may retort that any other explanation of the development of the organs of living beings, and of living beings themselves, must also be theoretical in its nature and as insusceptible of direct proof as are Mr. Darwin's ideas. But the thoughtful mind must select a side, and choose between probabilities; and it is not too much to say that towards the side of the idea which advocates gradual modification and selection as the rule of life and nature, every unbiassed student of natural science will by sheer force of circumstances be led to turn.

The whalebone whales have no teeth, although the sperm whale possesses teeth in the lower jaw; but thereby—that is, as regards the teeth of whales at large—hangs a tale of some importance, and to which our attention may be briefly directed. Amongst the paradoxes of living nature, no circumstances present more curious features than those relating to the so-called "rudimentary organs" of animals and plants; the subject of these organs, and the lessons they are well calculated to teach, having been recently treated at some length in these pages. Now, the whales furnish several notable examples of the anomalies which apparently beset the pathways of development in animals. The adult whalebone whale is toothless, as has just been remarked; and this fact becomes more than usually interesting when taken in connection with another, namely, that the young whale before birth possesses teeth, which are shed or absorbed, and in consequence disappear before it is born. These teeth never "cut the gum," and the upper jaw of the sperm whale presents us with a like phenomenon for consideration. Nor are the whales peculiar in this respect. The upper jaw of ruminant animals has no front teeth—as may be seen by looking at the mouth of a cow or sheep—yet the calf may possess rudimentary teeth in this situation, these teeth also disappearing before birth. Now, what meaning, it may be asked, are we to attach to such phases of development? Will any considerations regarding the necessity for preserving the "symmetry," or "type," of the animal form aid us here; or will the old and over-strained argument from design enable us to comprehend why nature should provide a whale or a calf with teeth for which there is no conceivable use? The only satisfying explanation which may be given of such anomalies

may be 'couched' in Darwin's own words. The embryonic teeth of the whales have a reference "to a former state of things." They have been retained by the power of inheritance. They are the ignoble remnants and descendants of teeth which once were powerful enough, and of organs with which the mighty tenants of the seas and oceans of the past may have waged war on their neighbours. Again, the laws and ideas of development stand out in bold relief as supplying the key to the enigma. Adopt the theory that "things are now just as they always were," and what can we say of rudimentary teeth, save that Nature is a blunderer at best, and that she exhibits a lavish waste of power in supplying animals with useless structures? But choose the hypothesis of development, and we may see in the embryo-teeth the representatives of teeth which in the ancestors of our whales served all the purposes of such organs. Admit that through disuse they have become abortive and useless; and we may then, with some degree of satisfaction, explain their true nature. To use Darwin's simile, such rudiments are like letters in a word which have become obsolete in pronunciation, but which are retained in the spelling, and serve as a clue to the derivation of the word.

In the course of these remarks allusion has been made to more than one species of whale, and it may therefore form a study of some interest if we endeavour shortly to gain an idea of the general relationship and degrees of affinity of the various members of this curious family-circle. The whale order includes several of the divisions to which the zoologist applies the name of "families," indicating by this latter term a close affinity in form, structure, and habits between the members of each group. First in importance amongst these families comes that of the whalebone whales (*Balænidæ*). Here we find family characters in a head disproportionately large when compared with the body as a whole, whilst the muzzle is sloping, and of rounded conformation. Teeth are absent, as we have seen; whalebone-plates fringe the palate; and the "blowhole" is single, and exists on the top of the head. Such are the family characters in which the Greenland or Right Whale, and the still larger Rorqual participate along with the "Finner" whales and "Humpbacked" whales. There is no back fin in the Greenland whale, but the Rorquals and their neighbours possess this appendage. It need hardly be said that, commercially, the former animal is of most importance; whilst the Rorquals are famed as the largest of the whales. Specimens of the Rorqual have been captured exceeding 100 feet in length. One specimen, measuring 95 feet in length, weighed 245 tons. Next in importance to the Greenland Whale and

relatives may be mentioned the family (*Physeteridae*), of which the Sperm Whale is the representative form. Here, the head reaches really enormous proportions, and may make up fully one-third of the body. A blunt, square muzzle; a lower jaw armed with teeth; an absence of baleen-plates, and a front blowhole—such are the characteristics of the sperm whale, which gives sperm oil to the merchant, and musk and ambergris to the man of drugs. A whole host of "small fry" present themselves as near relations of the whales in the shape of the Dolphins, Porpoises, Grampus, "Bottle-noses," and other animals, including the famous Narwhal or sea-unicorn, possessing the longest tooth in the world in the shape of a spiral ivory tusk of some eight or ten feet in length. Here also the *Beluga catodon*, "white whale," finds a zoological home, this latter form being the species of which more than one specimen has been recently exhibited in London. The Beluga, being a member of the dolphin family, is called "whale" by courtesy only. Like the other members of this group, its blowhole is single and crescentic in shape, and both jaws are well provided with teeth. But the Beluga, unlike the dolphins and porpoises, has no back fin, and its muzzle is blunt. This animal, however, is still certainly "very like a whale" in its general shape and aspect. Its creamy white skin is certainly a peculiar feature; the broad, horizontal tail fin is well exemplified in this northern diver, whilst the breathing habits of its group may also be studied experimentally but satisfactorily on the specimen in question. The Beluga inhabits the North American coast, at the mouths of the rivers on the Labrador and Hudson's Bay coasts, whilst it is known to penetrate even to the Arctic regions. These whales are plentiful in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in spring and summer, and appear to migrate to the west coast of Greenland in October and November. The Esquimaux regard the Beluga as their special prize, and contrive, by the aptitude for design which the necessities of savage existence demand, to utilise well nigh every portion of its frame, even to the manufacture of a kind of animal-glass from its dried and transparent internal membranes.

But little space remains in which to treat of certain near relations and somewhat interesting allies of the whales. Such are the *Manatee*, or "sea-cows," and the Dugongs, collectively named *Sirenia*, in the category of zoologists. The origin of this latter name is attended with some degree of interest. It has been bestowed on these animals on their habit of assuming an upright or semi-erect posture in the water; their appearance in this position, and especially when viewed from a distance by the imaginative nautical mind, having doubtless

laid a foundation, in fact, for the tales of "sirens" and "mermaids" anxious to lure sailors to destruction by their amatory numbers. Anyone who has watched the countenance of a seal from a short distance must have been struck with the close resemblance to the human face which the countenance of these animals presents. Such a likeness is seen even to a greater degree in the sea-cows, which also possess the habit of folding their "flippers," or swimming paddles, across their chests, and, it is said, of holding the young to the breast in the act of nutrition by aid of the paddle-like fore limbs. If I mistake not, Captain Sowerby mentions, in an account of his voyages, that the surgeon of the ship on one occasion came to him in a state of excitement to announce that he had seen a man swimming in the water close at hand; the supposed human being proving to be a manatee, which had been, doubtless, merely exercising a natural curiosity regarding the ship and its tenants.

These animals are near relatives of the whales, but differ from them, not merely in habits, but in bodily structure and conformation. They live an estuarine existence, rarely venturing out to sea. The manatees occur in the shallow waters and at the mouths of the great rivers of the Atlantic coasts of America and Africa. The dugongs inhabit the shores of the Indian Ocean, and are common on certain parts of the Australian coasts. There are only two living genera—the manatees and dugongs—of these animals; a third, the *Rhytina Stelleri*, having, like the famous Dodo, become extinct through its wholesale slaughter by man in 1768—just twenty-seven years after it was first discovered by the voyager Behring on a small island lying off the Kamtschatkan coast. The *Rhytina* was a great unwieldy animal of some twenty-seven feet in length, and about twenty feet in circumference. It fell a ready prey to Behring and his crew, who were located on the island for several months, the work of extermination being duly completed by subsequent voyagers who visited the island. The manatees are no strangers to London, since in 1875 one of these animals was to be seen disporting itself in the seal tank in the gardens of the Zoological Society at Regent's Park. This specimen—a female of immature age—was brought from the Demerara coast, and was the first living specimen which had been brought to England, although attempts had been made in 1866 to procure these animals for the gardens at Regent's Park, one specimen, indeed, dying just before reaching Southampton. A member of the Manatee group, obtained from Trinidad, was recently exhibited in London, and the public, interested in the curious in zoology were thus enabled to interview a living member of the siren group—whilst comparative

anatomists, in their turn, have been afforded a rich treat from the fate which awaits rare and common specimens having, as we write, overtaken the illustrious visitor in question.

The manatees and dugongs possess bodies which, as regards their shape, may be described each as a great barrel "long drawn out." No hinder limbs are developed, this latter peculiarity distinguishing them from the seals, and relating them to the whales. The hide is very tough, sparsely covered with hair, and most nearly resembles that of the hippopotamus. The "flippers," or paddle-like limbs, are placed far forward on the body, and on the edge of the paddle rudimentary nails are developed; whilst concealed beneath the skin of the paddle we find the complete skeleton of an arm or fore-limb. The tail is broad, horizontally flattened, like that of the whales, and forms an effective propeller. These animals are vegetable feeders, the Zoological Society's specimen having exhibited a strong partiality for lettuce and vegetable-marrow. In a state of nature the sea-cows crop the marine vegetation which fringes their native shores. The remaining outward features of interest in these creatures may be summed up by saying that no back fins are developed; that the eyes are very small and inconspicuous; and that although the anterior nostrils are never used as "blowholes," they can be closed at will like the nostrils of the seals—a faculty of needful kind in aquatic animals. To the technical anatomist, the sea-cows present strong points of resemblance to some of the hooped quadrupeds. The anatomical examination of these animals has shown that their peculiarities are not limited to their outward appearance and habits. It is not generally known, for example, that the neck of the vast majority of mammals consists of seven vertebræ or segments of the spine. Man thus possesses this number in common with the giraffe, the elongation of whose neck is produced not by introduction of new vertebræ, but by the great development of the normal number, seven. The manatees, however, present a very remarkable exception to this most general of rules, in that they possess only six vertebræ in their necks. The only other exceptions to the rule of seven as the normal number of neck-vertebræ in quadrupeds, are found in one species of sloth which has six vertebræ like the manatee, and in another kind of sloth which possesses nine. Then, also, the manatees possess a heart of very curious conformation, its apex or tip being widely cleft or divided—a feature much more plainly marked in these animals than in the elephants and seals, whose hearts, anatomically speaking, are also divided. The manatees possess well-developed molars or grinding teeth, but have no

front teeth in the adult state. Like the whalebone whale, however, the young manatee has front teeth, these again disappearing before birth, and presenting us once more with examples of rudimentary organs which possess a reference "to a former state of things."

What evidence is at hand respecting the remote ancestors of the whales and their neighbours? is a question which may form a fitting conclusion to these brief details of the family history of the group. The geological evidence shows us that the whales are comparatively "recent" forms, speaking geologically, and dealing—notwithstanding the word "recent"—with very remote and immense periods of time. Amongst the oldest fossil whales we find one form in particular (*Zeuglodon*) which had teeth of larger kind than are possessed by any living whale, this creature being by some authorities regarded as linking the whales with the seals. The fossil remains of *Zeuglodon* and its neighbours first occur in Eocene rocks—that is, in the oldest formations of the Tertiary series, and in rocks of relatively "recent" nature. These remarkable creatures were as gigantic as their living representatives. One species is known to have attained a length of seventy feet. Their remains are of such frequent occurrence in the "Jackson Beds" of the United States, that Professor Dana remarks, "the large vertebræ, some of them a foot and a half long and a foot in diameter, were formerly so abundant over the country in Alabama, that they were used for making walls, or were burned to rid the fields of them." The teeth of this curious monster of the vasty Eocene deep were of two kinds, and included front teeth of conical shape, and grinders or molars; the latter exhibiting a striking peculiarity in that they were formed each of two halves, or teeth united by their crowns, but separated at their roots. *Zeuglodon* appears to connect the whales and their neighbours with the seals and walruses, and thus in one sense may be said to constitute, if not a "missing link," at least an intermediate form of anomalous kind, when viewed relatively to the existing cetaceans. According to the geological evidence at hand, we may assume that the modifications which have produced the existing whales and their neighbours are of comparatively recent date, and that their adaptation to an aquatic life is a thing but of yesterday, when compared with the duration of previous æons in the history of our globe.

ANDREW WILSON.

TABLE TALK.

IF Frenchmen had accuracy and completeness in proportion to their energy and insight, what books might we not derive from them! I have been glancing over the "Histoire du Théâtre Contemporain" of M. Alphonse Royer, a book in favour of which much may be said. The portion devoted to the English stage contains blunders enough to throw discredit on the entire work. I thus read of the Newmarket and Opera-Comic as among London theatres; am impressed that "Used Hup"—an orthography derived, I suppose, from oral communication rather than from print—is nothing else than "l'Homme Blasé" of Duvert and Lausanne; find among the company at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, which is said to be composed of *artistes de valeur*, who, without being precisely Kembles and Macreadys, are "*très-convenables dans leurs divers emplois*," Miss Marie Witton, Miss Lydia Foot, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Koney. "The Colleen Bawn," and "Not so a Fool as He Looks," are among English pieces of which M. Royer speaks, and Ritely in "Every Man in *this* Humour," and Sir Giles Averreach among the characters in the English drama. It is a little surprising, also, in reading of the actresses of this century to hear of a Miss Tates, who was often compared to Mrs. Siddons, and who was yet characterised by Dr. Johnson as a vulgar idiot.

FEW things are more remarkable than the readiness of charitable people to be gulled by those of whom they know nothing, accompanied, as it sometimes is, by something like callousness as to the sufferings of those with whom they are familiar. Circumstances that have recently occurred in connection with the detection of a pair of swindlers show that the appearance of an advertisement in the "agony column" of a newspaper was sufficient to draw from benevolent individuals some very handsome contributions, on the strength of which the advertiser lived for a time in comfort. A wag, recently dead, who was at the time an officer in full pay, inserted, in *pure joke*, in one of the London daily papers an announcement to

the effect that "a gentleman was anxious to be supported by voluntary contributions." Absurd as it may seem, he received several applications, demanding what were his claims to support and the like. If he had chosen to profit by such means, and had invented a plausible tale, he would doubtless have obtained money. That charity—a desire to alleviate the heavy burden under which some have to suffer—prompts those who answer such advertisements, I do not doubt. I am inclined to believe, however, that curiosity is an equally important factor, and that a desire to be behind the scenes of a drama of real life operates, unconsciously perhaps, in stimulating such impulsive and reckless generosity.

THAT large interest means small security is one of the most quoted maxims of the Great Duke, and it has lately received peculiar confirmation. A corn dealer at Alton had a cashbox containing a quantity of gold stolen from him four years ago, and now it has been sent back to him from the thief, with 15 per cent. per annum by way of compensation. Among the many agreeable considerations, however, which this fact suggests, there is the unpleasant one that this man's villany prospered with him. Indeed in a letter "written in a superior hand and in well chosen terms," he says that with the proceeds of the robbery he took passage to Australia, and "by a judicious use of the surplus and the exertion of honest industry" has acquired a competency. What becomes then of the proverb about "ill-gotten gains"?

WHILE we are busy at work inventing arms of precision, with a view of "conciliating" those of our black or dusky neighbours who are insensible to the advantages of Imperial policy, we forget that these means of destruction are likely to make as short work of certain forms of game as of the subjects of King Cetewayo or Yakoob Khan. When that instinct of slaughter which by a convenient euphemism we call love of sport, and when the commercial greed of the hunter are backed up by the possession of such weapons as are now provided, we may expect to hear of terrible havoc among certain animals, and indeed of the total extinction of some. It should "give us pause" when we hear that the demand for a close time for certain birds is beginning to be heard from our Australian Colonies. Just as the buffalo seems destined to disappear from the prairies, the emu appears likely to be destroyed in Australia. Wherever Englishmen go they carry with them that mania for the destruction of living beauty which, whether it is dignified as sport or

as science, is equally deplorable and inhuman. I am not sure that the man who, for the sake of putting the stuffed carcass into a museum, shoots every rare bird he can approach, is not on the whole a more objectionable being than his rival who shoots through mere wanton love of destruction. He is not seldom a species of Tartuffe of cruelty. It is a fact worth chronicling that in some German cities ladies who wear birds on their heads are flouted and derided by the populace, so strongly is public sentiment opposed to wanton destruction.

A YOUNG gentleman has been taken up in a ritualistic church for applauding the proceedings during week-day evening service, and his defence is perhaps the most curious that ever was made in a police court. He admits that he was under the influence of liquor, but protests he was also under the impression that he was witnessing the performance of some Japanese tumblers, who were exhibiting in the same town. The genuflexions of the priest, he took for acrobatic feats, and thought it only good nature to encourage him. The bench (who I suspect were not ritualistically disposed) went into fits over his evidence, and only fined him a small sum for being drunk.

IT is gratifying to see the success that has so far attended the establishment of village club-houses. In these will, I fancy, be found the best means at present available to counteract the attraction of the public-house. So long as those who aid in establishing these institutions do not expect the bucolic mind to display at once an extent of virtue and self-denial not elsewhere demanded, and are willing to make such haunts cheerful and attractive, and not—here's the rub—too "improving," some good must necessarily be done. To the institution of clubs I am disposed to attribute in part the increasing sobriety of middle-class life, and I see no reason to doubt that the same result will follow in the case of men of lower social station. That congeries of beings, a club, develops a set of social laws wholly different from those which prevail in taverns. What is of the first importance is to produce among working men a feeling already existing among gentlemen, that the moral sense of the vast majority looks upon drunkenness as degradation, and you will have made a great step in advance. Working men do not care much for your opinion as to their behaviour. They are, however, thoroughly sensitive to the opinion of their own class. At any rate, the experiment is worth trying, and is in course of being tried. I urge, how-

ever, the necessity of keeping away from such places the doctrinaire ; of allowing the men to make their own laws and provide the amusements they themselves think fitting, and of supplying a good deal of light and stimulating reading. The thing is to make men read at all before you begin to influence their choice of books. One class only, consisting of those who think a man ought always to be at home when he is not at work, oppose the establishment of clubs. I have a great respect for such convictions, but I cannot help believing that those who apply them too rigorously to the ordinary conduct of others are the strongest obstacles to improvement that have to be combated.

IT is curious that even Japan has its "despotism tempered with epigrams;" there is a *Punch* at Yokohama, which, however, has been suspended during the last twelve months for "making tory" of the Government. The letter-press of *Maru Maru Chimbun*, which is the native name of this periodical, is a little difficult to decipher to one, like myself, who am only acquainted with the English tongue ; but the illustrations are pretty intelligible. A young lady in a shop symbolises the Imperial Household Department, and indicates by a proverb written beneath her, that it is better to stick to the shop, and not meddle with outside affairs; which the I. H. D. has apparently been doing. This idea might be adopted by our own *Punch* just now, with considerable fitness.

The wrestlers, one fat and one a skeleton, typify currency and paper money, and the suggestion is made that the former is going to get the worst of it. Again, there is a picture of the ministry hauling in a fine fish from the reeds of foreign shores. They have all fishes' heads, but with long moustachios, which are peculiar to official lips. The hooked fish is in the form of Yetisa, the god who brings wealth, which is also the term applied to foreigners. Altogether, without making one's sides ache, *Maru Maru Chimbun* has evidently the most honourable intentions of doing so ; and it is not without significance that a periodical is tolerated at Yokohama, which would be forbidden at St. Petersburg, and even Berlin.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1879.

UNDER WHICH LORD?

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED.

IT is one thing to resolve to "speak about it," and another thing to do it, when that speaking involves the chance of placing oneself in a false position and doing more harm than good; as Ringrove confessed to himself when he thought on Monday morning how he should best tell Richard Fullerton of his last night's experience at Churchlands, and put into his hand this ugly end of a twisted and embarrassing clue. He felt sure that his friend did not know how things really stood between his own family and the Vicarage; and it was only right that he should be told. But it was a difficult thing to do, and might be a thankless task when done. Besides, no honourable man likes to go into a house as a guest and leave it as an informer; and yet the need for this small social treachery seemed to Ringrove to be imperative.

For very love's sake those dear women must be denounced to him who alone had power to stop their downward course. For their own good they must be hurt now that they might be saved from destruction hereafter; brought back to right reason and self-respect before they had committed themselves irrevocably to the degradation of fanatical submission to clerical despotism.

All the same, reason it out as he might, it was unpleasant; and no one could have more disliked the office which he had imposed on himself than did poor Ringrove, who, the soul of loyalty and honour, had yesterday consorted as one of themselves with Richard's enemies, and to-day was considering how to compass their defeat.

Riding along the road, he caught the outline of a well-known figure walking with an easy undulating movement, and at not too break-neck speed, between the frosty hawthorn hedges. It was pretty Bee Nesbitt, swathed in furs up to her dimpled chin, and acting as chaperon to two of her younger sisters, inasmuch as she was taking them out for their morning walk in default of Miss Laurie, the governess, who had gone home for the Christmas holidays. For Bee, as the eldest, was her mother's right hand and second self, and held capable of any amount of chaperonage and protection over the younger ones. And as she was a good, true-hearted girl, she justified her mother's expectations, and answered to all the demands made on her.

When Ringrove came up to her he dismounted, took the bridle on his arm, and joined the girl who, next to Virginia, seemed to him one of the sweetest of her kind, and who, if less his ideal, was more his companion. Of all the girls known to him he always said that he would have liked Bee Nesbitt best for his sister. She, on her side, always said that Ringrove Hardisty was just like one of her own brothers—her eldest brother, say; more to be trusted and less teasing than either Fred or Harry; and that she wished he had been in fact what he was in feeling. They were certainly great friends:—and they made a charming contrast together.

"Why, Ringrove, is that you?" said Bee, with affected surprise; arching so much of her eyebrows as could be seen for the tangle of curls and fluff of fur that came so low on her broad white forehead.

She meant to express the "mild surprise and gentle indignation" of her present state of mind; for news had come to them by break-fast time to-day of Ringrove Hardisty's appearance in Churchlands last night, and of how he was now accounted a member of the new school. No longer the sturdy defender of parochial liberties, the champion of the independence of the laity, he was to be henceforth ranked as a partisan of ecclesiastical domination; and might be expected to be soon seen carrying a "Mary" banner in the wake of Cuthbert Molyneux swinging his incense-burner. And though Beatrice knew that half of what they had been told this morning by their maid—who had heard it from the butcher, who had heard it from the Churchlands cook herself—was exaggeration; yet that other half? or even that other quarter? The smoke might be excessive but it argued some fire underneath; and with Ringrove Hardisty the Crossholme Samson of Erastianism and lay freedom, there should be neither smoke nor fire.

"Are you going to the Vicarage, or have you been to Maria's—"



"The sweetest of her kind."



You spell Mattins with two *t*'s in your school, do you not?" she asked, her not very profound sarcasm seeking to clothe itself in affected simplicity.

"The Vicarage? Mattins? No!" he answered, laughing and shaking hands with her cordially.

She was the person of all others whom he wished to see. He could always open his heart to her more freely than to anyone else; for she was one of those people who, without any distinct superiority of intellect, have yet a judgment cooler and more just than that which most possess; and at this moment he wanted to tell her all about last night and the unpleasant impressions which had been made on him.

"What makes you ask?" he added. "Why should I go either to the Vicarage or to Mattins, as you call it?"

"We heard that you had made it all up with the vicar, and become one of his penitents. I believe penitents is the right name?" said Beatrice demurely.

"Since when have you believed me mad, Miss Beatrice Nesbitt?" asked Ringrove, again laughing.

"Everyone is talking of it, so I thought there was something in it," was her not too direct reply.

"Talking of what? You must explain yourself. Conundrums were never much in my line."

"Of your being at Churchlands yesterday evening, at one of those famous Sunday suppers which scandalize the place so much. You have no idea what is said of those Sunday suppers, Ringrove! And now the last news is, that you were admitted a member last night—only I scarcely know what you are a member of at all—and that you are to be one of the vicar's most influential supporters."

"News flies fast and grows quickly at Crossholme," said Ringrove good-humouredly.

"Then you were not at Churchlands last evening?"

She asked this a little eagerly. How glad she would be if he should say No!

"Certainly I was there last evening," he answered. "Why not?"

"Oh!" said Beatrice.

She said only this; but this was eloquent.

"They asked me to go, and why should I have refused?" he went on to say.

"To a Sunday supper?" said Beatrice, arching her eyebrows.

"Well? and after? What about these Sunday suppers? Before

this moment I did not know that they existed as an institution at all. I only went because Mrs. Fullerton and Virginia said they wished me to accept, and offered to take me with them if I would go. But the whole thing was as new to me as are your conclusions."

"I thought everyone knew all about these suppers," said Beatrice; "and that going to Churchlands, or the Vicarage, on Sunday evenings meant more than an ordinary invitation."

"I did not," he returned.

"Well, you are set down now as one of them, for only the 'body' goes. The Fullertons are there every Sunday, for one; and it is really too bad of Mrs. Fullerton to leave that poor husband of hers as she does. Mamma is quite distressed about it, and says she does not know what to do. She longs to speak to her and Virginia, and yet she does not like to do so, as, of course, it is not our affair. I wish I was older! I am sure I would not mind then!" said this soft-voiced, large-eyed creature, sincerely believing that years would give her the pugnacity which nature had denied, and that at forty she would be able to fight with the strongest, when at twenty she could not stand against the weakest.

"I knew nothing of all this," said Ringrove, looking distressed.

"How should you? Men never do know anything of what goes on about them. It is only women who find out the truth," said Beatrice, with feminine advocacy. "And the truth here is, that Mrs. Fullerton is completely carried away by the vicar—taken off her feet, as nurse calls it—and she a married woman, too! and Virginia is just as bad. Mr. Lascelles and that horrid sister of his twist them round their little fingers, and do what they like with both."

"You must not speak of either Mrs. Fullerton or Virginia as bad," said Ringrove gravely.

"How can I call it good?" she remonstrated. "They go down to early service every morning, and to the communion before breakfast every Sunday; and Mrs. Fullerton confesses to Mr. Lascelles every week in the vestry; and is not all that bad and dreadful enough?"

"Are you sure, Beatrice?" asked Ringrove, with half pathetic, half angry eagerness. "I can scarcely believe that Mrs. Fullerton confesses to Mr. Lascelles—she, the wife of a man whose opinions are so well known!"

"Yes, I am perfectly sure. Why, she dates her letters now the Feast of S. Michael and the Vigil of S. Thomas! Such affectation!—it is not proper!" said Beatrice Nesbitt with disdain.

"There is nothing very improper in dating her letters the F—"

of S. Michael or the Vigil of S. Thomas," said Ringrove hastily. "And that does not prove that she confesses."

"Ringrove! I think it all detestable!" cried this pretty unconverted heathen, warmly. "It is bad all through, and any one can see what mischief it is working. Mrs. Fullerton used to be so sweet and nice, and now she has changed as entirely as if she were some one else. And how ill poor Mr. Fullerton is looking!—how sad and heartbroken!—and he used to be always so cheerful and bright. No wonder, poor fellow, that he is sad and ill, when his wife and daughter treat him as they do."

"But things get so much exaggerated in a small place like this," said Ringrove. "Mrs. Fullerton and Virginia could not be unkind to anyone."

"Not unkind?—when they neglect him as they do, and go their own way as if he did not exist? What would you say if mamma and I left poor papa to dine alone every Sunday, while we went off and enjoyed ourselves with his worst enemy? And after Mr. Lascelles behaved to Mr. Fullerton as he did at his own table! It is shameful from first to last!" said Beatrice indignantly, her indignation making her even less compact in speech and continuous in thought than usual. And she was never noted for logical sequence of ideas. She was a cowslip ball, not a steel blade—soft and fragrant, not trenchant and conclusive.

"It is all the fault of that smooth-faced hypocrite!" cried Ringrove, angry and unjust in consequence.

"It is as much the fault of those who worship him as they do, and let him do just as he likes with them," returned Beatrice, holding the balance even, and certainly condemning according to reason. "Look at that poor foolish Theresa! She is killing herself with fasting and penance, and going to church at all hours of the day and night. It is really too terrible! She washes all about the communion-table, kneeling on the floor and scrubbing like a housemaid, just to please Mr. Lascelles, and make him like her—for she is as much in love with him as she can be. And Virginia does the same kind of thing, too."

"No, no!" cried Ringrove, flinging up his head and involuntarily clenching his hands.

"She does, Ringrove! I assure you she does! I am awfully sorry to have it to tell you; but if you do not know, you ought. She cleans the candlesticks!—Virginia! who never did anything useful in her life; could not even sew on a button or mend her own gloves; and now she cleans those large heavy candlesticks with plate-powder

and wash-leather, just as our footman cleans the plate. So now you can understand why we were so sorry to hear of your being at Churchlands last evening, and what grief it would be to us if you were to lose your head as they have done, and give in to all this absurd and wicked nonsense."

Tears stood in Bee's beautiful brown eyes. She was as earnest for Ringrove's salvation in her own way as were Virginia and Hermione in theirs.

Ringrove did not speak. All this came upon him, if in some sense as a revelation, yet also as a painful confirmation of what he had seen last night; and more than ever he felt that Richard ought to be told how things were going, that he might exercise his authority as a husband and father and stem the torrent which was sweeping his beloved ones—where?

After a few moments' silence, not looking at Beatrice, but half turning away his face, he asked, in a low voice:—

"Does Virginia, as well as her mother, confess to Mr. Lascelles?"

Beatrice stole a look full of compassion at him.

"She does not go to the vestry," she said. "If she confesses at all, it is up at the Vicarage. All the rest go to the vestry, but not Virginia. She does confess, though. I feel sure of that from what she said to me; but there is a little mystery about her altogether, and no one quite understands it. Mrs. Fullerton is always with Mr. Lascelles, and Virginia is always with Sister Agnes—that dreadful woman!"

"Perhaps Virginia does not confess," said Ringrove, half as if speaking to himself.

"I do not know," she answered; "but evidently something is going on with her. No one knows what it is, but no one would be surprised whatever happened. If she went into one of those silly Orders, or took the veil, or preached to the people, I should not wonder. It is all horrible altogether," she cried, with an energy of reprobation rare in soft Bee Nesbitt.

"Mr. Lascelles is a scoundrel," cried Ringrove.

"And the Fullertons are weaker and blinder and sillier than I could have believed possible," said Bee.

He made an angry gesture. This gentle-mannered, sympathetic creature, who was so like a cowslip ball in his hand, rarely saw this look or roused this feeling in him.

"Don't be angry with me, Ringrove," she continued in a tender, pleading way. "I know all that you feel for Virginia, and you know how sincerely I have sympathized with you all through. But indeed

she has shown herself so silly of late that I cannot pretend to feel any more interest in her, or to have any respect for her judgment. And that is just the truth!"

"Not a word against Virginia," cried Ringrove, with a passionate burst. "All that she does is from the purest motives. If she has been carried away by these people, remember how young she is, and what a sweet saintly creature she is! She is the kind of girl of whom saints and martyrs are made, and who fulfil one's idea of angels," he added, in a lower voice.

"Yes, I know," said Beatrice. "I know how sweet and good she is; but that does not make her wise, Ringrove! It would be far better for her if she were more commonplace and less like an angel, as you call her—or at all events less like a thing you read of. Virginia is not like an ordinary girl; and really she and Theresa are too absurd with their fanaticism and excitement. For, after all, poor Theresa does as much as Virginia, and perhaps more. We ought not to forget that."

"Yes, but there is all the difference in the spirit," said Ringrove. "What Virginia does is from pure principle, and because she thinks it to be right; and, by your own showing, Theresa mixes up with her religion a personal feeling for Mr. Lascelles, which makes it another thing altogether."

"Poor Theresa!" repeated Beatrice compassionately. "She will kill herself if she does not take care. She looks in a consumption as it is; and that dreadful cough of hers!"

"And that scoundrel will be her murderer!" said Ringrove, looking straight into the sky. It was almost as if he was invoking vengeance on the vicar's handsome head. "He will be her murderer, as he has been the ruin of the happiest home in England," he repeated.

"I wish he could be taken up and put in prison," said unreasoning Bee Nesbitt; and then silence fell between them, and they walked on between the frosted hedgerows—the one gloomy and depressed by what he had heard, the other wondering if she had done right to tell him what she knew. She thought that she had; nevertheless she wondered and somewhat tormented herself in secret.

"I am desperately sorry at what you tell me, Bee," then said Ringrove, drawing a deep breath. "I wish I had known it all before; I would not have gone last night if I had. But naturally I did not understand the invitation as meaning more than any other would have done, or that I ran the risk of being counted amongst the vicar's partisans because I spent a few hours at Churchlands. The

only feeling that I had was about Mr. Fullerton. I scarcely liked to go because I knew that they had cut him; and yet—it seems better not to mix oneself up in local quarrels.”

“It will soon be known that the whole thing is a mistake, and that you have not been gained over,” said Beatrice. “No real harm will have been done. Papa said from the first that there must be some mistake, and that you could not possibly have changed so much and so suddenly; but mamma was a little frightened. She was afraid of Mrs. Fullerton’s influence, she said; but you see papa was right!” triumphantly.

“After all, it seems making a great deal of a very little matter, does it not?” said Ringrove, trying to smile.

“It would be a very little matter indeed with anyone else, but it is Mr. Lascelles himself who makes so much of everything,” Beatrice answered, sensibly enough. “He seems to lie in wait for one in such a strange manner!—and if he has the smallest chance, he pounces down on one as a cat pounces down on a mouse. Mamma and I would not think of going to the weekly services, for instance. I don’t mean those papist-like mattins, but the Wednesday and Friday morning services, which mamma says she would like to go to well enough. If we did, we should have Mr. Lascelles going about saying that we were Catholics, or some nonsense like that! So no wonder that they made a great account of you at one of their special institutions. By-the-by, how did you like it, Ringrove?” demurely.

“Not at all,” he answered. “The whole tone was intensely disagreeable to me.”

He did not say why.

“Poor Ringrove!” said Bee softly.

Their eyes met.

“How good you are to me!” said Ringrove, sighing.

If only Virginia would be as good to him as this sweet sister-friend! if only she were as sensible and—yes, let the word pass—as commonplace!

On which he shook hands with her, at once sorrowful and indignant, and rode off, more perplexed than he had ever been before. For if Richard knew all this, there was no use in telling him; and if he did not, it was not a pleasant tale to carry.

That evening Richard’s lecture was on the influence of the imagination, and how far its lawful functions extended; separating scientific prevision, based on the possible development of established conditions, from the assumptions of mere fancy which have no warranty in fact. To this he added a few words on authority; and

how far it was wise to trust to general opinion simply because general; and how far it was better to hold one's judgment in suspense, and to refuse to believe the unproved, even when one could not substitute a counter theory.

For him, he said, the mere consent of opinion had no weight as a ground of certainty. It expresses truly the mean distance to which thought has travelled, and the average of the knowledge that has been attained; but it is only temporary and local, it is not fixed nor final. The delusions of witchcraft, of which the finest minds two and a half centuries ago were convinced as of an absolute certainty—a reality confessed by the Word of God and diabolically conducted—was a case in point; and Richard very naturally made the most of it. Then he made the usual application of his principles against revelation, Christianity, the Church of England, and Mr. Lascelles; and exhorted his hearers to test and try before accepting or believing.

At this some among the men whispered together, and said that it was all very well for Mr. Fullerton to speak as he did, but if he looked a little nearer home it would be better; and if he wanted his words to be taken by outsiders, he should see that those of his own household did not go against them. The division of feeling in the Abbey had become by now the main subject of local conversation, and was doing mischief on both sides. Richard's views failed to obtain the respect which hitherto they had had, because of the public profession of ritualism made by his wife and daughter; and Mr. Lascelles was credited with more personal influence than was good for his reputation as a celibate priest, inasmuch as he had gained the women only and left the man's mind untouched. The whole condition of things was disastrous; and so everyone felt, to which side soever he might belong. The only excuse made for Mr. Fullerton by the men of the place was, that he could not possibly know how far his womankind had gone, and was therefore more to be pitied than blamed. Still to them, hard-headed, unemotional, and destitute of æsthetic delicacy, it was a matter of manly honour that a man should be master in his own house; and he who let his womenfolk have their heads was wanting in one of the first duties of his state, and was but a poor creature, take him how you would. They did not formulate among themselves the way in which this headship was to be held. They only said that they would let their "missis" see who was master in their house, and make the parson understand which way to look on Sundays; but they did not say whether they would beat their wives, or lock them up in Bluebeard's chambers, nor make it clear what they would do with them in any way if they

became rebellious and recalcitrant, and determined on walking apart in freedom when they were bound by nature and good living to be fettered and to follow. Want of a settled plan of action on their own side did not however prevent their blaming Richard in that he did not "do something;" for even good men are not ashamed of cheap methods of self-assertion:—and to blame another is only the negative form of praising oneself.

Ringrove came to the lecture, as usual. He was almost as constant an attendant at these Monday evening parliaments as was John Graves himself; and he was certainly one of the most appreciative of the audience. By the way, that audience was thinning noticeably. Every week saw some one wanting in his accustomed place; and by the defections here might be counted the vicar's successes. He had waited until he had established himself fairly well in the parish, before making withdrawal from the Institution imperative on all who would stand well with him or be admitted to the more sacred rites of the religion which some of them had neglected but not abandoned. And the numbers of members here were diminishing while the members of his own congregation increased. But he left the gentlemen who upheld the place alone. Sincere as he was, rank and riches had their modifying influence with him as with all other Englishmen; and if he did not believe, with that profane old sinner, that "God Almighty would think twice before he damned a person of quality," he did think that a priest should not treat a gentleman with the ecclesiastical *sans-façon* with which he might lawfully treat a boor.

Nothing pleased Ringrove more than the way in which Richard Fullerton went straight to the root of things in these lectures. It was delightful to him to know that one man at least held the standard of independent thought so high and with so firm a grasp, though he might flourish it at times a little defiantly in the faces of the orthodox. And to-night it seemed to cheer him with a personal application when Richard spoke out so strongly on the question of authority, and classed the spiritual claims of the Christian priest with those of an Indian medicine-man or a Buddhist bonze. It made what he had to say easier, if only the opportunity would come. But it did not, to-night. Richard was not walking back through the park as usual. His trap was waiting for him at the door; so was Ringrove's horse; and the two parted without any private talk having passed between them. As they shook hands, however, Richard said: "Of course you dine with us as usual on Christmas Day?" to which Ringrove answered "Yes;" neither of the men suspecting a hitch.

Hermione was in the drawing-room alone when Richard returned. She had miscalculated her chances of escape from her husband, and had remained too late, finishing a Christmas present for the vicar. Virginia had gone to bed. Richard came in, bringing the fresh scent of the frosty air with him, and suggesting the cold sharp night so vividly that the pretty woman shivered while she pricked her needle in and out the last leaves on the satin stole, and thought how beautiful it would look round Superior's holy neck on Christmas morning.

She glanced up once as her husband entered, truth to say, annoyed that he had come home so early; and when he said, "Well, my wife!" tenderly, she answered, "Yes?" in a voice of studied commonplace, as if he had asked a question.

"I suppose the child has gone to bed?" he asked, looking round the room.

He would not allow it to himself, but he found conversation with that beloved wife of his difficult of late. She gave him the impression of being always on her guard against him, and as if waiting for a cause of blame.

"Yes," said Hermione, still stitching in her leaves. "She has been working hard all the day, and is tired."

"Working hard—at what?" he asked.

"The Christmas decorations in the school-house," she answered.

"Does she not do too much of this kind of thing, wife?" he said gravely. "She is not strong, and seems to me to try herself too far. She has been looking thin and pale, and sadly depressed of late."

"Work is good for her," said Hermione.

"Not too much of it."

"She is carefully watched over," said Virginia's mother with the faintest little toss of her pretty head.

"I wish she could be watched over by one who had the right," said Richard with a sigh.

"She is," said Hermione, compressing her soft lips into a line like the vicar, and with an odd, half-defying look on her face.

"Not according to my ideas," he said.

"No; but according to mine," she returned quite quietly.

"And you will not accept my view?" he asked.

"I am her mother, and have the best right to judge for her," she said.

"I suppose you will be glad to have Ringrove to dinner on Christmas Day, as usual?" said Richard, not wishing to open dangerous ground to-night.

He knew that one day some tremendous moral earthquake would have to come ; but it was not on them yet.

"I am glad that he should come here for your sake," Hermione answered. "It will be pleasanter for you to have him than to be quite alone, as else you would be. Virginia and I shall be at the Vicarage."

Her hands, still busied on the vine-leaves of the white satin stole, trembled a little nervously as she said this ; but her voice was a capital imitation of indifference.

"On Christmas Day, my wife ?" he asked, with a slight start.

"I did not suppose that the day had either value or meaning for you," she answered, looking up with feigned surprise.

This once perfectly simple and transparent creature was profiting with strange rapidity by the lessons of "reticence," "reserve," "second intention," and all the other phases of deceit so diligently inculcated in confession. With Mr. Lascelles, as with all his class, the end sanctified the means ; and the end of Richard Fullerton's final discomfiture was of such vital importance to the cause of the Church and the rescue of men's souls at Crossholme, as to sanctify any means whatsoever.

"As the commemoration of the birth of Christ it has none, as you know," he said ; "but as a point of family union—a time of social pleasantness—I have the Englishman's natural regard for it, and I am sorry that you are leaving your own house for a stranger's on this day—so peculiarly the day of home life and home love !"

"The vicar and his dear sister are not strangers ; and both Virginia and I prefer to dine where this most blessed day of all the year has its spiritual value, its religious consolation," said Hermione, repeating as she had been taught. "Here it means simply plum-pudding seasoned with infidelity. At the Vicarage it will be sanctified, and we shall remember what act of Divine mercy it commemorates."

"My poor wife !" he said with pity. "How these thaumaturgists have bewildered you !"

"And how your evil heart of unbelief has blinded you !" returned Hermione with temper. "Before you pity me, Richard, be sure that you yourself are not an object for the deepest commiseration as a soul lost to all eternity !"

"Wife ! where is all this to end ?" cried Richard. "It is getting too painful to be borne ! It is as if a spell had fallen on our lives !"

"You can end it all as soon as you like, Richard," said his wife,

bending towards him with one of her sweet caressing movements, while she raised her blue eyes to his face and seemed to call him to her side as she used in the old days of irreligion and love. "Come over to the Church, make your peace with God, and there will not be a cloud between us! It lies with you, and you only."

"You might as well ask the river to run back to its source in the hills," cried Richard. "Wife! beloved! you know that I could not go back to a phase of thought which represents to me the grossest superstition and ignorance. Why do you urge me to become a Christian, knowing me as you do, and knowing, too, that what you mean by faith is not a mental state to be attained by voluntary effort? I could not believe in those old wives' fables which you call Scripture, even if I wished to do so. As soon could I accept a child's fairy tales for genuine history!"

"Then do not ask me to be what I was before I was converted," said Hermione, putting away her work hurriedly.

"Have I no influence over you by our long and faithful love?" he asked. "Do you not acknowledge my right of authority as your husband?"

She raised her deep blue eyes, full to the brim with tears, and looked straight into his face.

"How can you? You are an infidel and I am a Christian. What influence ought you to have over me? The Church and the Bible both forbid it."

She said this distinctly enough, but quietly. Soft-hearted, weak, and with those memories of tender love behind her, she could be harsh only through the pressure of irritability. When it came to cold and stony determination she always broke down, at least in part.

"Wife! for the love of all that you and I both hold sacred, let this fearful misunderstanding end!" he exclaimed, going up to her and taking her in his arms.

She flung hers round him, and kissed him with her old tender passion; then shaking herself free, he scarcely knew how, she glided from him, saying in a broken voice:—

"You have only yourself to blame, Richard, for all that has come or will come."

Before he knew that she was at the door, she had left the room— one deep and sudden sob marking her passage through the hall; while Richard stood as one struck and dazed, conscious only that in this little conflict between love and fanaticism the latter had been *victorious*.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DAY OF GOODWILL.

VIRGINIA, neither fathoming the undercurrent of things, nor suspecting what she did not see, knew nothing of Ringrove's feelings, nor how the attempt to bring him over had simply resulted in flinging him so much the farther off. She was so completely absorbed in her new life, so entirely impersonal in her thoughts and feelings, that she was as if blind and deaf to things as they were. She had but one desire—that of doing the will of God as declared by the Church; while her sole pleasures were those found in the religious life—in attendance on the services; in praying in her own room at stated times according to the directions of Father Truscott; in working for the church; in performing menial offices about the altar, such as cleaning the candlesticks and the like; in reading religious books, and gaining courage from the lives of the saints and martyrs for her own constancy in the step which she was meditating.

And if she had but one desire, she had but one sorrow—the lost condition of her father's soul and the doubtful state of Ringrove's. She prayed daily for both; performed vicarious penances for them, and made vows which she hoped might be carried to the good of their account with heaven; but the Fountain of Grace had as yet remained sealed, and both Father Truscott and Sister Agnes had begun to tell her that, so far as her father was concerned, to hope for a miracle might be, in certain circumstances, presumptuous; and that, if God had abandoned that obnoxious infidel to the tender mercies of Satan, to whose service he had bound himself, it was not for her to seek to change the Divine decree.

For the rest the girl was in a different sphere of thought and feeling altogether from that which the world about her held; one that only Sister Agnes and Father Truscott understood. Even Mr. Lascelles himself did not know all that was going on in that young enthusiastic mind; and the Father took care that he should not. The "reserve" practised by the whole school of the naughty world outside, not infrequently translates itself into double-dealing among themselves; and the elder communion has its emissaries in the heart of the body, which in fact proselytizes for that which it seems to repudiate. It was so with Father Truscott and Sister Agnes; and Virginia was only one of many whom they appeared to lead to one altar, while actually leading to another.

The Father had assumed the Direction of the girl by the consent

and even desire of Mr. Lascelles, who somehow did not care to make her his penitent together with her mother and Theresa Molyneux;—but having assumed it he kept his own counsel, and hers, and told no one but the Sister—who was an old confederate of his—which way things were tending. The next act in the clerical drama, as at present arranged, would be Virginia's "retreat" prior to her confirmation at Easter; but between this and then much would be done.

Among other things of secondary importance, the Fullertons were enjoined to bring Ringrove Hardisty with them to the Vicarage on Christmas Day, the vicar having sent him a formal invitation to dinner. And Virginia was again bidden to use her influence, for his soul's good, with the man who loved her, and for whom she prayed often and performed penance for the good of his account. So she did, with unmistakable tenderness, but always with that far-away look in her eyes which, if it made her like the child's dream of an angel, gave her the appearance of being only half in earnest on any subject outside religion. She did not think it necessary to be specially pressing, however tender she might be; for she did not imagine that Ringrove could be so ungrateful as to refuse what was, to her mind, the supreme privilege of present existence. Neither did she know of his engagement to dine here at the Abbey with her father; her mother had not yet spoken of it. And even if she had known it, she would have thought it lawful to break through that for the greater good of communion with "the body," at the Vicarage.

"You will come, of course?" she said sweetly, after he had read the vicar's note which she had been commissioned to give him.

"No! never again among that set, as last Sunday evening!" he answered firmly.

She opened her blue eyes on him with reproach and astonishment.

"Oh, Virginia, if you could but see it all as I do—as it is," he went on warmly, his colour rising. "Theresa's unwholesome excitement—Cuthbert's unmanly submission—your own state, Virginia, good and sweet as you are, as unwholesome as poor Theresa's—the horrible familiarity among you all—the degrading adulation that you pay to Mr. Lascelles—the unreasonable excess of every religious practice—it is heart-breaking to a man like myself, to whom the affectation of priests being different from other men is abhorrent, and who sees in the whole ritualistic movement just the selfish ambition of unscrupulous men trading on the best feelings of women, for their own purposes."

"Ringrove! I did not think you were so wicked as this!" cried Virginia, *shrinking back*.

"I am so sorry to hurt you!" he said affectionately, "but I must! How can you, a proud pure girl, submit yourself as you do! How can Mrs. Fullerton allow it, or suffer it for herself!—or Cuthbert endure it for a moment for his sister! It made my blood boil to see the place which was taken by Mr. Lascelles in another man's house—and it made me blush with anger and shame to see you and your mother give in to it—you two, whom I have worshipped all my life, as my very ideals of what women ought to be! Forgive me, dear, I were no true friend if I did not say what I feel and think in this matter."

"You know nothing of what you are saying, and so are to be forgiven as one sinning in ignorance," said Virginia gravely, but with a deep flush on her sweet face. "No outsider can understand the tie between a penitent and her confessor."

"Then you do confess!" interrupted Ringrove, speaking with agitation.

She raised her eyes.

"Of course," she said calmly. "Father Truscott is my Director, and my more than father. He is as if given me by God, and the very mouthpiece of God."

"Your own father would be a better director a hundred times over," said Ringrove hastily. "God did give him to you without an if!"

She sighed and turned away.

"My own is lost!" she said.

"Virginia! and they have taught you this!"

"Grace may work a miracle in his behalf," she went on to say, in a half dreamy manner. "But how can we expect that it will when he hardens himself in his pride as he does, and refuses to accept the means of salvation held out to him?"

"He is a better man than any of those whom you place so far before him," said Ringrove steadily. "He does not spend his strength in making silly girls like Theresa Molyneux in love with him, nor in breaking down the natural pride and self-respect of such a girl as yourself, by putting her to the degrading work which you do for the church."

"Can that work which is done for the glory and beautifying of the House of God degrade a poor sinful creature like me? Ringrove! are you a Christian at all, and yet can say this?"

"Were it work for any real good—if it helped the great cause of humanity in any way—no! But simply to consolidate the power

and gratify the whim of a man like Mr. Lascelles, I think it infinitely degrading!" said Ringrove passionately.

"To me it is infinite honour—infinite glory and consolation!" returned Virginia with a rapt look. "To kneel and pray while I do my work about the altar—what happiness! what sweetness! If I could do better by using my finest dress as a duster, by using my hair as a brush, I would, Ringrove!—I feel the glory of my work so deeply!"

"Oh, this is awful!" cried Ringrove with unspeakable distress. "No man with a man's heart in him could bear it! To see his wife or daughter or sister, or any woman whatsoever that he respected, brought to this point—with no self-respect, no pride left in her—no care for old friends or natural ties! It is frightful, Virginia! it is hideous!—maddening!"

His eyes flashed, his lips quivered, his whole frame seemed instinct with indignation, and he made a passionate movement with his hands. Virginia had never seen him so roused—had never seen that look before in his eyes. She sighed heavily. Here was another hope destroyed, and another human soul lost and sinking deep into that awful Pit!

"I cannot listen to all this," she said coldly, rather than sadly, and as one bearing faithful testimony. "If you will not hear the voice of truth, and will go over to the wrong side, we can only pray for you and be sorry. Superior has gone out of his way, and done all that he could to win you over; but if you will not be converted—if you will cling to your errors and harden your heart——" Tears came into her eyes, and her voice broke.

"It is not I who am in error!" said Ringrove, whom her pain half maddened. "Virginia, sweetest and dearest of all the earth to me, if I could but make you see this frightful fanaticism as it is—all its horror—all its danger!"

He took her two hands in his, but she drew them away.

"Thanks be to our Blessed Lord and the Holy Mother I have found the truth, which I will keep through my life, and defend with my life!" she said fervently. "It is all I care to live for!"

"And your home affections—your duty as a daughter—your old friends—your social obligations—are these nowhere with you now?"

"In comparison with religion? no!" she said. "Father Truscott himself absolves me."

"Father Truscott!—he absolves you!—and what the devil has he to do with you?" cried Ringrove, blazing out into sudden fierceness

of passion. He could not be angry with Virginia herself, but he turned upon the first name presented the wrath which the very vagueness and unconquerableness of her tenacity excited.

Virginia rose. She was very pale, and her lips trembled.

"Good-bye, Ringrove," she said softly. "Some day you will be sorry."

Some day! He had no need for the future:—he was sorry enough as things were in the present. He confessed this to himself bitterly, as he watched the girl's receding figure, and almost repeated Caligula's famous wish in favour of these enemies of the home who had crawled into this sweetest sanctuary of peace and love, and made it now a wreck.

They were obliged to content themselves with somewhat inadequate Christmas decorations this year at Crossholme. Service was held in the schoolroom now, the workmen having taken final possession of the church; and though all was done that could be done in the way of draperies and vestments, decorations and processions, still the effect was not so imposing as it would have been had the church been available—as it would be next year when the restoration should be completed and the triumph of ritualism assured. Still they did what they could; and Hermione's white stole played its part in the pageant and helped to make the vicar "lovely."

Ringrove was too much out of harmony with the whole thing to go to the service at all, "sidesman" as he was; and only drove into Crossholme when he went to the Abbey to dinner, and braced himself to the painful task of putting Richard on his guard by telling him what he knew.

What a dinner that was for the two poor fellows who ate it together!—what a mockery of Christmas festivity!—what a ghastly pretence of seasonable jollity! Both felt deserted and superseded; and each had the sense of the beloved woman's unfaithfulness. They talked of all subjects under the sun but the one which touched them nearest; and each tried to keep from the other the sorrow and shame of the wound from which both were smarting alike. Richard told Ringrove the latest discoveries in chemistry, in electricity, in biology; and the possible results on human life, as well as the changes sure to be wrought in human faith, from the new truths added to the store. And Ringrove told Richard this bit of local politics, and that report of probable events, chiefly relating to a forthcoming election at Starton, where the contest between the Liberal and Conservative candidates would be close. But both knew that all this glib conversation was a fence and a sham; and that, if they had not been ashamed for

sake of their manhood, they would have drawn together over the fire and bemoaned themselves aloud. As it was, the servants held them in due check ; and for natural pride they kept up the farce bravely and made a show of quiet pleasure which deceived no one but themselves. But when the last glass of wine was drunk the play came to an end, and the two adjourned into the study, where at least they felt more natural and at home. And here Ringrove told his friend all that he now knew, including the early daily services and the weekly confession of Hermione to Mr. Lascelles—with the less evident but as sure confession of Virginia to Father Truscott.

When he had told all this, he laid his hand on his friend's arm and said earnestly :

"You will not misjudge me, Fullerton? You know how much I love both Virginia and her mother ; but it is for their own good that I wish you to know what is going on, that you may stop it all before it is too late."

Richard held out his hand kindly.

"Thank you, my boy," he said in a low voice. "I know what this has cost you, and you can judge what I feel ; but thank you for the effort."

After which there was a long silence between them ; and then Richard, taking up a plaster model of the brain, spoke of the increase of the convolutions which some say is taking place, and the material conditions of thought.

Late in the evening Hermione and Virginia came home. They had hoped to find Ringrove gone and Richard too sleepy for much talk, when there would have been no meeting and no discussion ;—both of which, under present conditions and with Hermione's half-unconscious sense of treachery to her home, were awkward enough. There was no help for it however ; and if she did not wish to be cowardly she must face the embarrassment which she had created for herself. Mother and daughter came in a little flushed and excited beyond ordinary wont—fresh from the intoxication of their spiritual dram-drinking, where subtle love-making and romance made up the charm for the one—for the other religious exaltation and the first beginnings of a secret purpose. Hermione's dress of bright deep blue shone in the doorway like a strip of heaven, and Virginia's soft clinging robe of white was like a cloud lying against it. The men rose and went to greet these beloved women, glad that they had returned even at this late hour ; yet both felt embarrassed—Ringrove as if he had committed an act of treachery against them, Richard knowing that he would so soon have to be their accuser and their judge.

Hermione, wishing to be charitable on this Day of Goodwill, even to two outcasts like these, came forward smiling. She thought herself very good to have come into the study at all. It was like a Yezidi temple to her at all times; and at this moment, on this day, and as a contrast with what she had left, it was more diabolical than usual. But as she came forward she stopped suddenly, and gave a half frightened, half disgusted look around. On the table stood three skulls, with the plaster casts of the brains corresponding; the one was that of a chimpanzee, the other of a Bushman, the third of a European—evidently ranged there to illustrate some infidel point in comparative craniology. A book of anatomical plates was lying open—horrid things suggesting an endless series of monster worms to the pretty woman who thought that those portions of the living human clock-case which custom left uncovered were quite enough for an ordinary man's contemplation; and that to dive into the secrets of the works was abominable;—save when a man was going to make medicine his profession, and to receive money for his disagreeable knowledge. Specimens of rocks and fossils were scattered about among odd bones and more complete skeletons of fish and reptiles; the microscope was adjusted for use; the electric machine was uncovered; all the objectionable paraphernalia of this most objectionable seat of learning were in full display, and the very air seemed tainted with materialism and irreligion.

Ringrove had been smoking, as his contribution to the hatefulness of the local colour; and two tumblers of punch mingled their fumes with the smell of the smoke, of the Russia leather binding of the books, of the chemicals, and the earthy taint of the rocks and old bones.

Hermione and Virginia had come from a feast informed by high Christian art and æsthetics—from sacred music and tender hymns; from fervent picturesque prayer and sweet comparisons to earthly love, to give body as it were to spiritual aspirations; from secret talks and hidden purposes; from excitement and exaltation, and that kind of graceful and not too barren asceticism which charms a certain style of woman as a confession of her superiority and the reduction of the baser man's vile passions to the level of her own purer standard;—like proud flesh eaten down to the surface of the healthy skin. They came from all this into an atmosphere of the earth earthy—an atmosphere that spoke to them of all manner of coarseness and unregenerate wickedness in these two heathens, whose very love for them made them wince and shudder. Though Hermione wanted to be charitable on this day, and to hold out her hand over the gulf to her penitent husband, if for only one moment, her tolerance could

not quite compass this tremendous girth of sin. The fervid aspiration for the one, and the refined love-making for the other, with the graceful asceticism for both, that they had had at the Vicarage, seemed so much the better and sweeter thing to each!

Hermione's fair face, flushed already with that rose-leaf kind of colour which went so well with her dark blue eyes and golden hair, became a vivid crimson; Virginia turned deadly pale; and both men stopped midway in the room, restrained by the expression which came into the delicate faces looking at them with such evident abhorrence.

Also, what had those dear women done to themselves? Hermione's golden hair, which used to stand about her head in fluffy rings and enchanting little curls, like the head of a wool-clad *Ara-Cœli bambino*, was now braided plain and tight, without a fluff or a curl anywhere. Her dress of bright dark blue was made with studied plainness—a plainness so evident that even men must notice it; and she, who once used to hang herself about with chains and bracelets, beads and bands, like any Indian idol, had not one ornament save a large black cross that hung round her neck—the vicar's Christmas gift. Virginia was always simple; but even her simplicity had taken on itself a strain of severity which it had not had before; so that she looked truly nunlike as she stood in her plain and clinging white stuff dress, with the black girdle whence also hung a large black cross, round her waist. A thick white scarf folded wimplewise about her face completed that graceful but unwelcome likeness to a nun which struck both Richard and Ringrove at the same moment.

"Welcome home, wife," said Richard, with grave courtesy as he went to meet her, conquering the moment's hesitancy born of the expression on her face.

"Those horrid things! how can you have them about? They are not fit for Virginia to see!" she said.

Her impulse of good-will had vanished. The contrast was too great, and really Richard was so unpardonably wicked!

"These things are certainly not for you and our child," he answered, quietly closing the book of anatomical plates. "Let us go into the drawing-room. Come, Ringrove."

"No; you smell too strongly of smoke. I cannot have my drawing-room made so horrid," she answered with strange decision; and Richard noted the as strange emphasis which she laid on the "my." "How can you indulge in such a vulgar habit, Ringrove?"

"I am very sorry you caught me, Mrs. Fullerton," he answered

boyishly. "If I had thought of it I would not have smoked at all. You know I am no slave to the habit."

"You will become so, and to something else too, if you do not take care," said Hermione looking at the steaming tumblers of punch expressively.

"Oh, wife! Christmas-day, and we poor deserted creatures left to our own base devices!" said Richard, forcing an air of playfulness.

But Hermione was in no mood now for playfulness, forced or natural. She had come in charitably inclined; but the shock had been too strong, and she had drawn back her hand now and let the gulf widen without an effort to bridge it over.

"And all this is perhaps the reason why you were left," she said. "We have no sympathy here—what conscientious woman could have sympathy with such habits as these, such pursuits? No one can wonder at our dislike."

She spoke as if Ringrove and Richard were men who led a coarse, rude, tap-room life, and that she and Virginia had been forced to banish themselves from their own home by the very need of womanly delicacy and refinement.

"I am sorry it should vex you," said Richard, not attempting more playfulness, but grave and quiet even beyond his ordinary self. "But after all, wife, neither Ringrove's cigar nor our obnoxious punch is of such heinousness, or so unusual, as to justify your anger. I think it was only so late ago as last year when we had the traditional bowl in the dining-room, and when my wife's own hands helped in the brew."

"This year is not last, and I did a great many things then that I would not now," she said.

"Ah! more's the pity for the change!" he answered with a sigh.

"Well, good night!" said Hermione abruptly. "Come, Virginia, it is late. Good night, Ringrove. I am sorry——"

She stopped.

"Sorry for what, Mrs. Fullerton?" he asked, retaining her hand.

"For a great many things," she answered evasively.

He looked at Virginia; Virginia was looking mournfully at him. Her melancholy eyes and half-parted lips echoed her mother's words, and he seemed almost to hear her say too: "I am sorry."

He was sorry enough for himself at this present moment; but he had as little intention of making the rough things smooth by giving-in to the new *régime* as had Richard,—or as had they themselves by coming back to the old way.

"Many Happy Christmases and New Years to you, Virginia," he said, going up to her.

"Thank you," she answered softly; but she did not look as if she and happiness and Ringrove made a very harmonious triad. Her whole figure was shrinking, nervous, uncomfortable. She felt out of place in her father's house and with her own old friend; and she looked as she felt.

"Good night, Ringrove," then said Virginia; "good night, papa."

"Is my daughter going without a kiss to me?" said Richard, holding out his hand.

Virginia looked at her mother, but her mother looked at the wall over her head. She would not respond to this mute appeal for counsel and direction. Though she had her own personal dissatisfaction with her husband, by reason of his infidelity and her own religious fervour of which the groundwork was partly idleness and partly the vicar's powers of fascination, she was half sorry that Virginia had turned so entirely from her father. She had so far her sense of justice left untouched by the sophisms which had warped all the rest. The daughter was as much the father's as the mother's; and there was a duty owing by Virginia to Richard from which she herself as the wife, the owner of the property and therefore more than his equal, was freed.

Wherefore, when Virginia looked to her for help in a difficulty of this kind and because of her father's loving claims to which she had been forbidden to respond, her mother forbore to give it. She would not counsel her to open disobedience, and she could not uphold him, infidel as he was, in any of his desires. This was about the only thing in which Hermione disobeyed the vicar; but the voice of nature, as it is called, was stronger than even the artificial godliness which was doing its best to stifle it, and she could not force herself to give poor Richard this, as it seemed to her, unwarrantable pain.

"No? not a kiss on Christmas night?" said Richard with tender reproach.

Virginia advanced reluctantly. Her father as he was, and once so dearly loved, she would as soon have received the kiss of Judas. Indeed, it was not very unlike a kiss from Judas; for was not Richard Fullerton a renegade to his baptismal vows, and a betrayer of the faith of which he was a born defender?

Her father took her cold and nerveless hands, and looked into her face.

"Look at me, Virginia," he said mildly but with unmistakable authority. "Look at me, my daughter!"

She lifted her eyes, dark with a kind of dread, then dropped them instantly to the floor, as one who saw something that repelled her and nothing that she loved.

"Is your heart so turned against me that you decline even to kiss me, even to look me in the face steadily as you used to do?" he asked.

She did not answer.

"Speak, Virginia; tell me the truth," he said, grave to sternness.

"While you are at enmity with God, you are excommunicated by the Church," said Virginia's clear voice, lowered almost to a whisper, but fatally clear and audible still.

Her father let her hands fall, and Ringrove put his involuntarily before his eyes.

"My child!" said Richard; "do you think to please God by discarding all sentiment of love and duty to your father? By your own light has the fifth commandment no power over you, no significance for you?"

"He came to set the children against the father of those who believe and those who deny," said Virginia, still in that low clear voice, like one giving faithful evidence with the consciousness of death before her. "No one who loves the Church can love her enemy."

"Enough, my dear," he answered, "I know now what steps to take. Hermione," to his wife—it was years since he had called her by her name, since he had called her by anything but that which realized to him all human love and faith, the sacred name of wife—"you and I must have some serious talk to-morrow. It is too late now to enter on the matter that lies between us, but to-morrow both you and our child must listen to me."

Hermione bent her head, with a half-frightened look.

"It will do no good," she said, in a low voice, leaving the room with her daughter.

"Mamma!" cried Virginia, in a tone of terror and anguish, grasping her mother's arm in her slender hand that closed like a vice round the soft plump flesh; "you must help me with papa! you must get me away from home! I cannot bear it! and both Father Truscott and Sister Agnes say that it is my duty to go into retreat. Mamma! dear mamma, do help me!"

"I will do what I can," said Hermione soothingly; "but you know, Virginia, that it will be difficult. You know how strong your father is in his own views, and how much opposed to us. Meanwhile, my dear," coaxingly, "try not to hurt him more than you can

help. He has always been so fond of you, and he is your father after all; remember that, Virginia—he is your father," added the pretty woman softly, pleading with another for the morality which she herself did not practise.

"He is an Atheist," said Virginia, in a voice of horror, crossing herself as she spoke.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW COMMAND.

THE next morning a cloud brooded over the Abbey household as heavy as that which hung against the sky. Hermione and Virginia had wakened, each with a sense of coming difficulty, Richard with a sense of present pain; and all knew that the day was not to pass without a domestic cyclone of trouble and despair.

The snow had come down during the night and was falling fast now; but mother and daughter had gone to morning prayers as usual; though partly from disinclination to face the driving snow, and partly because of Richard, whom she did not wish to anger more than was absolutely necessary to please Mr. Lascelles, Hermione had taken the carriage. Virginia walked, as usual. This was a great concession to domestic peace on the part of the pretty woman whose daily penance of that cold early morning walk between the upper gate of the park and the church—or rather now the schoolhouse—was rendered sweet by the knowledge that Superior approved the effort, and took her self-sacrifice as an expression of personal attachment to himself, as well as the faithful performance of a religious duty. But to-day she wrapped herself in her furs and took her penance easily; knowing what her husband would think, and dreading what he might say if he found out to what lengths her devotion carried her. Had she been able, she would have persuaded Virginia to go with her; but boiling her peas did not come into the girl's religious programme, and personal discomfort made her prayers more fervent.

When "mattins" were over Hermione still lingered in the school-room, outstaying even Aunt Catherine who had brought a message from Theresa on some point of conscience which she wanted solved—the wafer in which she wrapped up her love.

"Let me speak with you alone," she said in an anxious voice to Mr. Lascelles. "Can you give me a moment?"

"Sixty," he replied gallantly; "twice sixty, if necessary! Come with me, dear child."

He led the way into the schoolmistress's private room which had been assigned him as a "sacristy" during the hours of service, and when he needed it as a confessional.

"My time of trial has come, Superior," said Hermione, with tears in her frightened eyes. "My husband knows something, and to-day is going, as he says, to talk to me—which means to oppose my present life and forbid Virginia's. What am I to do?"

"Be faithful to your creed," said Mr. Lascelles, a little sternly.

She looked down. He could see her hands tremble and her delicate lips twitch nervously. She was evidently desperately frightened at her position; and his exhortation to constancy, though what she had expected—and indeed though it was all that he could say—was hard to follow and full of unknown distress.

"I know how much you love your husband—how, in fact, you idolize and yield to him, and in a manner worship him," then said Mr. Lascelles, with the frankest appearance of simple good faith and sympathy; "but you must remember that to uphold your religious liberty is a higher duty than to obey your beloved husband; and whatever anguish it causes you to go against his desires, you must bravely turn the knife in your own wound and offer your bleeding heart as the sacrifice."

He spoke with extremest softness of mood—tender, confidential, understanding; ostentatiously effacing himself, and making her feel that he purposely ignored his own claims and their mutual relations for her sake, and to make things easier and plainer.

"I used to love him like this," said Hermione hesitatingly, falling into the trap.

Mr. Lascelles, whose eyes had closed to a narrow line with a glittering kind of pencil-mark between the edges, smiled compassionately.

"Ah, poor child!" he said; "if you only knew how much sorrow, sympathy, admiration I have for that passionate love of yours! To see such a sweet and lovely nature devoted to one so unworthy that supreme affection; to admire that affection, as I do, to my very heart, and to sigh over the object—you can hardly realize the mingled anguish and esteem of my feelings for you."

Hermione crimsoned. She shifted her pretty feet unasily, examined the seams of her gloves, found one finger misfitting, and smoothed the fur of her muff. Then, as if she had taken a sudden resolution, she looked up into the vicar's face.

"I used to love Richard like this," she said again in a low voice; "but I do not now."

Mr. Lascelles opened his glittering eyes wide and met hers full and straight. There was a look in his which made her drop her own, shamefaced, to the floor. The insolent triumph that blazed from them seemed almost to scorch her as she looked, and the cruelty that lay behind that burning triumph filled her for a moment with pity and dread. She did not love Richard as she used; granted; but she did not wish him to be hurt. If she desired to be freed from her obligations to him as a wife, and from his control over her as a husband, she did not want to deliver him into the vicar's hands as his victim; but she felt that she had done so, and for the moment repented her confession because afraid of its consequences.

Mr. Lascelles took her hands and drew her nearer to him. Gently but firmly he forced her to her knees, then bent over her and whispered something that made her blush and cower, turn pale and weep. Her trouble did not stir him.

"I command you," he said in a distinct voice. "You will be sinful and a castaway else."

"Oh! I am sinful now. I should not have confessed this!" said Hermione, natural morality and womanly affection conquering for a moment the artificiality of her present piety.

"Not confess? to me, your Director?" said Mr. Lascelles in a tone of surprise. "My poor child!" he added pityingly; "are you still so ill instructed in your duties after all the pains that I have taken with you?"

She heard his words and understood them clearly enough by her intelligence; but her heart was sore for the husband of her old-time love, from whom she had separated herself of her own act and motion, and she could not feel reconciled to herself—at least, not yet.

"Do not reproach yourself," then said Mr. Lascelles, reading her. "It is well, and what must needs have come! You could not go on loving that impenitent atheist without denying Christ and dishonouring the Church. You had to choose your master. Which was it to be—God or man?—the Church or your home?—your Saviour or your husband?—me as your director in the way of salvation or him as your leader into inevitable destruction? You have answered that question; proclaimed under which Lord you will take service, and, renouncing the devil, have bound yourself to God:—And now take comfort. This loss of love for your husband is the direct action of *Divine grace* on your heart; it comforts and rejoices me, and

makes your way clearer and your cross so much the easier to bear."

All the same the tears still fell from Hermione's blue eyes, and she dreaded the coming events of the day. She wished that she could have found out how to accomplish that impossible feat of serving God and Mammon at one and the same moment—blowing hot and cold with the same breath—pleasing Mr. Lascelles while not paining her husband—keeping all the privileges of her religious fidelity but bearing none of the penalties of her conjugal desertion. Steadfast opposition was so hard to her to keep up!—and the deception of silence and reserve had been so fatally pleasant and become so disastrously soothing to her easy-going, non-combatant temper! What a pity, she thought, that things had come to a crisis, and that she was called on to take her part and stick to it!—what a pity that she could not have carried on her life according to her desire, while her husband continued blind, as he had been! There was no help for it as things stood; and Hermione left the school-house in deep trouble and perplexity, fettered by her director's command to bear her testimony without wavering, but in mortal dread of the trial.

With Virginia it was somewhat different. Though so much younger than her mother, and though a father's commands are so much more imperative than a husband's—though her nature was as gentle as Hermione's was soft—the trial of faith and constancy which awaited her was less difficult to meet if quite as painful to bear. She had no weak lingering wish to conceal what she was by appearing what she was not. She was sorry to have to vex her father, but she would have been more sorry to have to deny her faith. Her religion was so far more genuine than her mother's in that it had no admixture of personal feeling beyond the filial affection which she felt for Sister Agnes and Father Truscott. But even their influence over her sprang from their religion; it was not her affection for them which made her religious. They were to her the direct messengers of God—sacred, and therefore loved—not sacred because they were loved. Wherefore the issue of the contest that had to come with her father, however severe, however regrettable, was already foredetermined; and had it to end even in such mild martyrdom as the most severe of our nineteenth century intolerance is permitted to inflict, her constancy was assured.

For some months now—long before her mother had taken to the practice, and long before her mother had even known that she had done so—it had been part of Virginia's daily life to walk down to

early morning prayers. Snow or shine, wind, rain, or hail, whether she had a headache and was weary, or was brisk and ready for exertion, she was ever at her post; and the walk, being so often uncomfortable to the natural man, was, as has been said, part of the religious exaltation in which she lived. She would have felt a backslider had she gone with her mother in the carriage to-day, though she had a bad cold coming on, which this was not the kind of weather to make better—which indeed it was just the day to make very much worse, and from a slight indisposition increase to a grave disorder. But when she came home, her dark dress white with snow, her hat encumbered, her feet soaked and sodden, her father met her in the hall. Ringrove's information had set him on the track of things hitherto unsuspected; and he was waiting for the return of his wife and daughter, as much in anxiety for them because of the weather, as wishing them to see that he knew of these practices which hitherto they had concealed, and that henceforth they had to oppose him openly, not to deceive him secretly.

"Where have you been, Virginia?" he asked, as she came in, shaking the snow from her dress and jacket at the door.

"To mattins, papa," she answered.

"Are you mad, my child, to go out such a morning as this, and when you are already indisposed?" he said, a little sternly.

"It does no one harm to go to church, and my cold is very slight," answered Virginia, by no means aggressively, only steadily and quietly.

"Hear me, Virginia; I forbid these morning prayers," he returned.

The girl turned pale, but she did not answer. This was only an outpost in the great battle of Armageddon to be fought to-day; and not worth the effort or the loss of even a skirmish. And as at this moment Hermione drove up to the door, while the servants flocked into the hall according to the duties of their several posts, the contest was postponed; and Richard contented himself by gravely handing his wife out of the carriage—both maintaining an ominous silence.

The breakfast passed in the same dead, dumb reserve; but when the last piece of toast had been eaten and the last cup of coffee drunk, Richard turned his face to his wife, sitting at the head of the table—a protest against the old love, a witness of the new command in her very appearance. In obedience to Superior, she had put away all her curls and fluffs and jewels and ornaments, as so many circumstances of the unregenerate life with which she had

no more to do. Her golden hair was braided as smoothly round her head as its natural frizziness would allow it to lie; and her dress, of deep dark "Mary" blue, was as plain in its cut and style as Sister Agnes could desire or Aunt Catherine imitate.

"I have a word to say to you this morning about our child," began Richard, whom this change in his wife's appearance pained like a personal affront. "What we may speak of together will come best when we are alone. I find that much has been going on with our Virginia of which I have had neither cognisance nor even suspicion—and of which I distinctly disapprove and as distinctly forbid."

He stopped. Hermione, balancing her teaspoon on the edge of her cup, did not look up.

"What do you disapprove of?" she asked, knowing that she had to say something.

"This early daily church-going for one thing, and the child's having what I think you call a director, and plain people a confessor."

"Papa!" said Virginia, "I cannot give up mattins! Even if we had daily prayers at home I should feel it a loss to give up the dear service in the church; but without even this, it would be wicked! I could not, indeed I could not, papa!"

"Your duty is to obey me, my child," he said. "I am your father, and the best director you can have, because the natural one."

"No, papa, my duty is to obey God and the Church," she said.

"I do not think you will induce Virginia to give up her religious privileges," said Hermione in an unsteady voice. "Life has been a different thing to her since, led by Sister Agnes, she entered into holiness under Father Truscott's direction."

"This may be; nevertheless I forbid it all—with my whole authority as a father. No confessor shall stand between me and my daughter—me and my wife."

Hermione flushed, and Virginia looked across the table to her father, as if he had pronounced her sentence of death.

"Papa!" she said in a voice of almost agony; "you do not know what you are doing!"

"I know too well, my child," he answered. "I am protecting you from your own ignorance and the knavery of unscrupulous men—men who are neither more nor less than spiritual mountebanks, pretending to powers beyond nature and against all known laws. They, forsooth, can forgive sins and insure the reception into heaven of

the soul!—they can transmute a bit of bread and glass of wine into so much flesh and blood!—from their hands comes some kind of divine emanation which carries on the trick and confers the same thaumaturgical powers to the remotest generation! This is the knavish nonsense, my child, that I wish to protect you from, and from all that it includes."

"Richard!" cried Hermione, revolted; "you have neither shame nor grace left in you!"

Virginia rose from her place with a bewildered air.

"Papa! it is a sin to listen to you," she said.

"Stay, Virginia," said her father sternly. "Keep your seat till I give you leave to go."

"Are you suddenly becoming a tyrant?" cried Hermione passionately.

"If you like to call me so—yes; a tyrant," he said. "At all events I am minded to use my power as the master of the household, the guardian of the family, to check these disorders which have crept into it. I wish you both to understand me—both you my wife, and you my child—I forbid this early church-going, and I forbid this weekly confession. I lay it on you, Virginia, as the duty you owe to me, your father, to obey my command; on you, Hermione, to enforce that obedience."

"I owe a higher duty still," said Virginia in a low voice. "And what the saints and martyrs of old did that must I do too. They had to suffer for their faith; and so must I, if you choose to make me, papa."

"You mean that you will disobey me, Virginia?" he asked.

Virginia looked down. She touched the crucifix within her bosom; murmured a prayer; then raised her clear blue eyes, not defiantly, only with the sorrowful constancy of one of those ideal virgin martyrs whose traditions she seemed to carry on into present life.

"You set yourself against the Church, and are accursed," she said. "I must disobey God or you:—but God is greater even than a father."

"Now go, my child," he said, after a few moments' pause. "Your answer is given—and my command."

He was taken aback, and did not then know how to bear himself. The girl's testimony to her faith was so clear and unwavering—so impersonal, and placed on such high grounds, that he felt it useless to contend with it; and as difficult as useless. He could not make himself a tyrant—shut her up in her own room and treat her as a

criminal or a prisoner. If she chose to defy him, how could he prevent it? Failing an appeal to her reason, to her love, to her duty, what remained? Fear?—physical inability to resist personal coercion? But he was hardly the man to use coarse personal threats or to coerce by force where he could not control by reason.

There remained however Hermione; and she, who had ever proved so plastic, might still be found amenable.

"Wife," he said when they were alone, "you must help me with our child. You must come back from all this folly, sweetheart, into which you have perhaps very pardonably fallen, and once more take your old place as my fitting wife and rational helpmate. The child's excitement can well be conquered and overlooked. She is but a child yet; and if you, her mother, take her in hand, all will come right."

"I cannot," said Hermione. "Virginia is right to live her religious life out to the end; and Father Truscott is a good and wise director for her."

"My wife! I wish to be neither harsh nor unjust," he said; "but how is it possible that you can give in to this revolting practice of confession, for yourself or for your daughter! What has such a girl as that to confess! and what ought you to say to any man in secret—you who have a husband in whom you can confide all your thoughts and feelings!"

"All my thoughts and feelings in *you*?" said Hermione. "Can I confess to you my adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—my hope in the Divine Mother's intercession? Richard! the very idea is blasphemous!"

"You mean your practices are absurd," he said contemptuously. "Your adoration of a bit of bread—your belief in the intercession of a person dead more than eighteen hundred years, if indeed she ever lived!"

"You are too revolting!" said Hermione with anger. "It curdles my blood to hear you! I only wish that both Virginia and I could leave the house, at least till you got into a better frame of mind and did not insult us with your horrible infidelity."

"Is that to be the next move?" asked Richard, suddenly awakened into suspicion.

"It would be better for Virginia, if I am obliged unfortunately to remain," she answered. "Sister Agnes wishes her to go for a short time with her to C——. It will be a change for her, poor child; and as she is to be confirmed at Easter, a little time of study and preparation would be of infinite service."

"She shall not go with Miss Lascelles!" he said; "and I will have no mummerly of confirmation or the like in my family."

"Then you are really going to be a tyrant over your daughter? With your principles of individual rights and liberties, it is strange!"

She gave a short laugh.

"It is not tyranny to prevent a child from going to ruin, even if such prevention is against her will," he said. "Individual liberty does not include leave to commit worse than moral and intellectual suicide."

"That is your way of looking at it," said Hermione. "Ours is that we are living a higher life than what you and your materialism can give us; that faith is superior to reason, and that we should deny our Lord if we obeyed you. I go with Virginia, and you cannot shake either of us."

"And I, the husband and father, have no influence?"

"None," said Hermione, thinking of Mr. Lascelles and gathering strength by the thought. "You are an infidel."

"Has your love gone from me, wife?"

He was very pale when he asked this question, standing up as one expecting the word of command.

Hermione was profoundly agitated. It was a hard thing to have to answer that question put so straightly, so uncompromisingly; but again she remembered Mr. Lascelles, and seemed to summon his spirit to help her.

"I do not love you so much as I did," she said in a low voice. "Your infidelity distresses and disgusts me too much."

"And the religion which rends asunder the holiest ties—which has broken up the happiest home in England, seems to you a good and holy thing?—and the man who leads you to this practical abandonment of your marriage bond seems a wise and noble leader? To me not! and you yourself would acknowledge that by 'their fruits ye shall know them' is a pregnant saying."

"Scripture from your mouth is too painful to me to listen to," said Hermione; "and for one such text as this I could bring forward twenty that would justify us and condemn you. We must serve God rather than man, and Divine Love is to be preferred to any form of human affection."

Always the same thing!—always the same vague but impenetrable barrier, and the circle turning round on itself, beginning where it ended, and ending where it had begun! What was to be done? The world had suddenly become like an enchanted wood to Richard

Fullerton, where was neither path nor issue, and where every footstep only entangled him the more.

"You tell me this calmly, my wife," he said, steadying his voice as best he could, but it shook and broke in spite of all his efforts. "Your love for me was once as certain in my mind as that to-morrow's sun would shine—mine for you as enduring as life itself. And now you have let this new man—a stranger here six months ago—come in between us and take you from me. You confess to him—you obey him—you believe in him—you strengthen his hands against me in the governance of our child. If you do not love him as no wife should love any man but her husband, it is because you are too good and pure to entertain an unholy passion; but you give to him all the essential treasures of your love—all that redeems marriage from vulgar sensuality; and you have despoiled me that you may make him rich. You see him with eyes blinded by a new excitement—dazzled by a strange fanaticism. The new ritual, the new order of things, has carried you away as it has carried away the child; but, before it is too late, hear me!—hear your husband, your friend, your lover, your protector! Come back to me, wife!—come back to your trust and your duty, to your happiness and your love. Wife! my wife! beloved! come back to me! Be your true sweet self once more, before you have broken my heart and fallen from your own purity!"

He went up to her and took her to him, laying one hand on her forehead while the other was round her neck.

"Wife!" he pleaded; "look into my eyes as honestly as you used!—let your heart speak for me before it has been too far warped!"

But she lowered her eyes, took his hands from her neck—from her forehead—and trembling visibly drew herself gently away.

"It is too late now," she said, in a broken voice. "You are the enemy of the Church, and it would be a sin in me were I to love you as I did, or be to you what I was!"

She hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. He took her to him again, and kissed her with the old boyish tenderness—kissed her head and neck and face and hands; but the sweet caresses in which she had once found all her joy filled her now with dread and horror, and again she turned away from him shuddering.

"No!" she said, flinging out her hands as if to ward him off; "we can never be the same to each other that we were. I have confessed to you to-day that I no longer love you as I did, and our whole lives must now be different."

Richard did not speak. The man's natural dignity came to his aid and checked the passion of sorrow else that would have overwhelmed him. He walked to the window and stood there for a while, looking out on the fast-falling snow and the grey dull sky. Then he turned back to his wife.

"Tell me," he said suddenly; "and tell me with your old candour—you were never yet a double-dealer, Hermione; and your new religion has scarcely, I imagine, sanctified falsehood—is this separation of our lives of your own proper motion, or has it been suggested to you—perhaps commanded?"

Hermione looked away, sorely tried and embarrassed. The doctrine of reserve had in truth eaten into her former candour so that she was less honest than she used to be; but she was bound to be faithful now. Raising her heavy eyes by one supreme effort, she looked into her husband's face.

"My Director forbids me," she said.

"Mr. Lascelles?"

"Yes: Superior."

"Thank you," said Richard, in a strange voice. "Now I know where I stand."

Again he went to the window looking out on the dreary landscape before him, his head leaning on his hand as he rested his elbow in the woodwork of the frame; and again he came back to her whose love had once made his happiness as her defection now made his despair.

"Do not be afraid, old love," he said gently; "I will not trouble you again with a fondness that has grown unwelcome to you. Only believe and know that I am the same to you as I was in the beginning, and have been all through. When you want me you will find me."

He held out his hand and pressed hers tenderly, looking into her face with a long long look as one bidding an eternal farewell. Then he left the room hurriedly, and in a few moments was out in the driving snow, ploughing his way—whither?

(To be continued.)

A FRAGMENT FROM KEATS.

A POEM consists of all the purest and most beautiful elements in the poet's nature, crystallised into the aptest and most exquisite language, and adorned with all the outer embellishment of musical cadence or dainty rhyme. Hence it presents us with the highest and noblest product of the æsthetic faculty, embracing as it does in their ideal forms the separate beauties of all its sister arts. Whatever loveliness in face or feature, in hill or stream or ocean, the painter can place before us on his breathing canvas, that loveliness the poet can body forth in his verse, with the superadded touches of his vivid imagination. Whatever glorious floods of sound the singer can pour out from his ever-welling fountain of liquid treble and thundering bass, that glory the poet can reproduce for us in his graphic delineation of all things seen or heard. Even more than this the poet can do. For while painting can only portray for us the forms and colours of the human face or of external nature, with at best some pregnant suggestion of the passions and emotions at work within it—while music can only play upon our inner chords by dim hints and half-comprehended touches, "telling us of things we have not seen, of things we shall not see"—the supreme art of all can utter in clear and definite language every feeling, external or internal, which makes up the sum of human life. Besides the beauty of summer flowers, and green English meadows, and Alpine snows, and the maiden's pensive face; besides the beauty of every mingled harmony that swells from deep-toned organ-pipes or trills from modulated lips; besides its word-pictures and its music, poetry can tell us also of every love, or fear, or hope that throbs within the heart of man. Therefore we all feel that this art is the first and greatest of all arts, the art which sums up and comprehends within itself the separate excellence of all the rest.

Yet, when one sees the careless and hasty manner in which most readers treat the masterpieces of the highest poetical artists, one is tempted to wonder whether they really care for poetry at all. Here is some perfect lyrical gem, some cameo of marvellous workmanship, at which the poet laboured long and earnestly, beginning with the

bare skeleton of an idea, and slowly working it up into form and comeliness. Every line has been thought out with artistic care; every rhyme has been wooed with eager assiduity. The missing word has been sought for days without effect, and then has flashed suddenly upon him like an inspiration as he lay awake in the night watches. The weak epithets, the faultily musical verses, have weighed on his brain like an incubus, till some happy *heureka* has suggested an apter version. Even when the work seems to an ordinary observer complete, the poet lingers lovingly over its smallest details; adds here a little polish and there a little force; debates, ponders, alters, reverts again, and finally settles his text to the satisfaction of his own highest taste and his own most unsparing criticism. And after all this prodigality of pains, after this lavish expenditure of thought and time, the world takes up the volume in a stray afternoon, reads through twenty pages in an hour, and gives the beautiful lyric, the spoiled child of its creator, just three minutes' consideration. If we wish to enjoy poetry, if we wish to put ourselves into sympathy with the poet, this is not the way in which we must treat the highest of the arts.

Above every other form of writing, poetry requires to be studied, and to be studied both with knowledge and with care. All the circumstances of its composition tend to make its meaning at first sight obscure and difficult of comprehension. The necessity for rhythmical form, and in many cases for rhyme, renders the structure of the sentences different from that of ordinary prose; and this difference is often intentionally exaggerated in imitation of earlier poets or of classical idioms. Then, the very smoothness and softness with which the verses run leads us naturally to pay less heed to the meaning they convey. Again, in order to produce a higher æsthetic effect, the language differs studiously from that of everyday life. It is either more antiquated, or more special, or more personified, or in some other way more sublime. Things are of set purpose called by unfamiliar names. Horses reappear as palfreys, steeds, or chargers; cows are changed into kine, beeves, and neats; ships are argosies, and inns are hostels. But besides these initial difficulties, which the student soon learns to overcome, there are the deeper ones of involved thought and fathomless emotional abysses, striving to express themselves under all the trammels of artificial versification and still more artificial rhyme. Without these things poetry would not be poetry; it is the union of the most perfect æsthetic thinking with the most perfect æsthetic expression that makes it what it actually is; but the necessity for compelling the one to unite with the other, for bending

the idea into conformity with the mould, inevitably renders obscure what, in its own nature, was originally profound. And if we wish not merely just to understand our poet, but also to sympathise with him, to enter into the full meaning of his every touch, we must throw ourselves earnestly into his work, and look for all its little beauties as the art-critic looks into a Raphael or a Murillo.

It is curious that in an age which has brought forth such minute artistic investigations as those of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Pater, no similar attempt should have been made to account for the peculiar effects which poetry produces upon our æsthetic sensibility. It may, perhaps, be worth while to test a single short passage from an English poet in the same manner as the great critic of the Renaissance painters tests a Madonna or a St. Sebastian. Mr. Pater sets himself before a particular canvas as a psychological æsthetician, and asks himself the definite question, What are the peculiar qualities of this picture and of this artist, that rouse in me the special feeling of admiration with which I regard it? Let us take in the same way a single famous stanza from Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," and ask ourselves in like manner, What are the peculiar qualities which give it a distinctive poetical character?

The lines themselves every reader knows by heart. Nevertheless, for the sake of putting our text plainly before us, we will quote them once more:—

He from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince and plum and gourd,
With jellies, smoother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties every one
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

Now, in seeking to discover the secret which gives æsthetic impressiveness to this passage, we must, of course, take for granted all those primitive elements which give the æsthetic character to all poetry alike, just as an art-critic takes for granted the simple effect of colour and curved form in a painting, confining himself to those further effects which are comparatively peculiar to the special work under review. Such primitive elements in the case of a poem are the rhythm, which is the specific distinguishing mark of verse generally; and the rhyme, which is an æsthetic device of most modern European verse, as well as of the present passage. But though we pass by these generic elements, as being either universal to all poetry, or else common to a large section of poetry, it must not be supposed that they play an unimportant part in the total effect. On

the contrary, it is these universal elements which differentiate the form of poetry from the form of prose : and to such merely sensuous pleasure of rhythmical sound, a large part of our complex gratification in verse composition is always due. Yet when we set ourselves to examine the special effectiveness of a particular passage, we may fairly leave out of consideration those factors in its effectiveness which it shares with verse as a whole.

Passing on to the more peculiar features of Keats's lines, we may notice first of all the *form*. This is that of the Spenserian stanza, which itself includes much matter for æsthetic analysis. To begin with, the stanza in its mere technical arrangement of verses and rhymes possesses many notable beauties of its own, whether we find it in the hands of Spenser himself, or of Shenstone, Thomson, Byron, Præd, or Tennyson. Nay, even the frigidity of Beattie's 'Minstrel' cannot entirely chill us to the exquisite modulation of that majestic system. When we try to analyse the beauty of the metre, we find that it depends partly upon the apt disposition of rhymes, and partly upon the grand and impressive close which is given to every stanza by its termination in a long rolling Alexandrine. If the rhymes were simply alternated, as in the *ottava rima*, we should feel that much of the peculiar charm of Spenser's verse was gone : the measure would become comparatively wooden and commonplace. But what gives it its extraordinary power is the dainty way in which the rhyme is relieved, and prevented from becoming monotonous, by skilful conformity to a very varied though inflexible mould. The only other disposition of rhymes which at all equals it in this peculiarity is that of the true sonnet : and anyone who compares Milton's sonnets, built upon the pure Italian model, with Shakespeare's or Shelley's debased types, will see at once that, so far as mere form is concerned, there can be no question as to which is the most admirable. Gray's odes stand second, perhaps, among English measures, to these two supreme systems, in beauty of arrangement : but while Gray depends much upon an excessive complexity and almost capricious artificiality, the Spenserian stanza and the true sonnet combine the two high artistic merits of due variety and perfect simplicity.

The disposition of the rhymes, however, gives us only half the secret of Spenser's stanza. The terminal Alexandrine gives us the other half. If the reader will glance back at our text, and in reading it over will omit the epithet "silken" in the last line, he will be able to judge how much the Spenserian stanza owes to its resounding close. Without that full-mouthed final note, it would fall flat and

disappointing upon our ears, which would feel themselves cheated of the expected ending. Even if we had never heard a Spenserian verse before, we should look upon it as weak and insufficient if all the lines were of equal length. Spenser hit upon the happy combination which united the best arrangement of rhymes with the fullest and most satisfying termination : and a hundred poets since his time have justified his choice, both by direct encomium, and by that "sincerest form of flattery," imitation.

Of course it is quite possible that a dozen other stanzas of equal beauty might be constructed out of the ordinary English verse of five iambs, with the aid of the Alexandrine or some similar variant. I do not mean to claim for the Spenserian model any abstract or objective excellence above all other conceivable types : I merely intend to assert that it has successfully attained the object of its inventor. But though other stanzas might now perhaps be arranged of equal beauty, so far as mere sensuous effectiveness is concerned, the stanza before us would still retain one extra claim upon our affections, at which the new models could never arrive. In one word, it is Spenserian. When we read a poem in that particular measure, we recognise it at once as such ; and some dim memories of the "Faerie Queene" must necessarily cling about our æsthetic appreciation of its form. The verse which was used by "the poet's poet" in his greatest work must always be dear to every lover of poetry. Naturally, if the stanza is attempted by an unskilful hand, the desecration is therefore all the greater : but if it is employed with even moderate success, we love the poem all the better for the familiar and exquisite mould in which it is cast. Hence, when an artist such as Keats, himself saturated with the influences of Elizabethan verse, pours forth his voice in that well-known form, with all the skill and grace of the second Renaissance in which he moved, the product is a perfect masterpiece of rhythmical music, appealing directly to our metrical ear, and indirectly to our older poetical associations.

So much for the generic peculiarities of the Spenserian stanza. One more specific beauty belongs to the particular specimen before us. Besides the obvious alliterations, and the delicate alternation between the hard palatal and the sibilant, to which the passage owes much of its varied music, the last line has a peculiar charm in its weak rhyme, "Lebanon." Read it over once more, carefully and daintily, and see how that weak rhyme rolls on the palate like the fragrance left by a wine of perfect bouquet after the body has passed away from the tongue. Only a master of musical cadence could ever produce such a delicious effect.

But the *matter* of poetry is far more important than the mere form. Exquisite sound is nothing without æsthetic beauty of idea. Some of Mr. Swinburne's imitators have given us lines as delicately modulated as their teacher's; but none of them has given us another Dolores. Let us look next at the material part of Keats's picture.

For it is a picture, and nothing more. There is none of that kind of beauty which is derived from pure loveliness of conception, as in Shelley's best lyrics, or in the Laureate's highest inspirations. Nothing like "One word is too often profaned," or the best sections in "Maud" and "In Memoriam." But there is wonderful beauty of another sort, easier perhaps to analyse than in these higher cases, and so all the better for our present purpose. As a simple artistic *tour de force*, the stanza before us is absolutely unequalled in its own line.

First of all, it is distinctly a *tour de force*. Merely the description of a supper: as commonplace and unpoetical a subject, apparently, as mind can well conceive. But what a supper! What wealth of form and colour and perfume! What grouping of lovely sights and scents and flavours! What imaginative additions of the dreamily distant and the mysteriously vague! No solid human meal served in this worky-day world of ours, but a poet's feast, which even a painter could not portray with all his skill in multitudinous shapes and pigments. For though he might possibly give us the candied apple, quince and plum and gourd, the jellies and the dates, the lucent syrups and the spiced dainties, how could he ever give us the argosy and the manna, the silken Samarcand and cedared Lebanon? Even the tastes and the perfumes are beyond his utmost art; how much more, then, the poetical suggestion of all those clustered associations which group themselves by the hundred about every line of Keats's marvellous word-painting. This is the point which strikes us most on a general glance over the whole picture. The technical difficulties of the situation were overwhelming, and they have been overcome without an effort by the master-touch of a supreme artist.

Every object in the whole composition is pictorial in the highest degree. We see them all as parts of a painting, not as physical things to eat and drink. They are beautiful to look at, candied apples, and purple plums, and golden jellies, and lucent syrups. Actually seen in real life, the suggestion of edibility partially spoils their æsthetic effect. Represented in a picture, the suggestion becomes remoter, and the ideal element stands forward more prominently into view. But, as factors of poetry, all the grossness of the actuality is cleared away, and the pure ideal pleasure alone remains.

Note, too, that the poet's feast consists of no coarse or common

dishes, no vulgar meats or breads, but of those daintier foods which recall whatever is most æsthetic in our sense of taste. The jellies, besides their golden beauty, are smoother upon the palate than the creamy curd. The lucent syrups, besides their clear transparency, are tinct with cinnamon to please and sate the curious taste. The fruits, lovely in shape and hue, are also soft to the touch and sweet to the lips. Nothing harsh, or gritty, or coarse; nothing fatty, or oily, or meaty; everything smooth and sweet and spiced—a poet's feast in the actuality, transferred in all its loveliest features to the ideal.

Nor is this all. Observe, again, how carefully every word is chosen to prevent any jar of vulgar feeling in the midst of this idealised banquet. What *curiosa felicitas* of language! How different from the ordinary terminology of everyday life! *Gourd* and *manna*, delicious in their indefiniteness, are perfect also in their musical fitness. *Lucent syrups tinct* with cinnamon deserve the italics which Leigh Hunt bestowed upon them in his selection of picked passages. But above all other cunning devices of artistic workmanship, admire that final syllable in *spiced*. The modern English *spiced* would have grated on our ears like a discord in the midst of a glorious sonata: but the almost imperceptible difference of the antiquated form turns into enchanted poetry what had otherwise sunk into irretrievable bathos. Spiced dainties carry us back at once from the cold realities of to-day to the idealised past of the "Faerie Queene" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

So far, the picture is beautiful enough, in form and colour, in choice of language for its vehicle and of objects for its composition. But the last remark leads on to the higher imaginative platform of the final lines. Poetry consists in part of sweet tastes, soft touches, harmonious sounds, graceful shapes, and lovely colours, combined in the ideal form, and clothed in the most fitting language; but it also consists in part of appeals to our higher emotions, and amongst others in great measure to the emotion of the sublime. This higher emotional aspect of our text we must now consider.

Look first at that one word, *argosy*. Who can tell what wealth of poetical association is bound up in those three little syllables? It is not probable that Keats troubled himself much with the various derivations offered for the word, from *Ragosie*, a ship of Ragusa, to the classical *Argo* or base Latin *argis*; but some dim echo of Jason and his Argonauts must always ring about the very sound of the word, in spite of all the expostulations of scientific philology. Then an *argosy* was a mediæval ship, a ship of the half-forgotten past, belonging to the storied age of Chaucer and Petrarch and Boccaccio.

It was not a ship of our northern seas, but a Mediterranean galley, trading between the famous ports of Greece and Sicily and Spain, or laden with dates and manna from some mysterious Paynim land like that Fez of which we only know that it sounds strange and musical. What the real Fez of Arab merchants may be like we do not care to ask: our argosy comes from the distant Fez of mediæval fancy, which belongs to no earthly land, but exists only in the idealist geography of the poet's mind. Then, too, *argosy* has whole hosts of poetical associations with earlier authors. The "Merchant of Venice" has his mind tossing on the ocean, where

His argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

We may be sure that some half-conscious recollection of these lines, and of many another from the *Canterbury Tales*, or the old dramatists whom he loved, must have thrilled through Keats's mind as he penned that one word. And we as we read, though we do not definitely think of all these elements in the beauty of the choice expression, yet vaguely feel their influence, and are thrown by it into that indefinite æsthetic state which we know as the poetical glamour.

But Fez and the manna and the dates and the argosy only lead us up to that still vaguer, dimmer, and more mysterious distance and antiquity which finish off the picture in its concluding Alexandrine. What the last line of a perfect sonnet is to the whole, that is this exquisite verse to the stanza which it closes with such perfect skill. Here we are transplanted unresistingly into the very midst of mediæval romance and ancient Hebrew poetry. Who knows what and where is Samarcand? A city of mystery and fable, the easternmost of all those cities which bear the mighty name of Alexander; a city resonant with memories of the "Arabian Nights," and redolent with perfumes of oriental song. All these associations run rapidly through our minds as we hear the name, made sacred in poetry before among those towns—

Of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul.

Nor does the other geographical name lack fit precedent in the same sonorous lines, where we also find—

The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez, and Sus,
Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen.

But the mere name of the distant oriental town would be of far less poetical avail without its suggestive epithet of "silken Samarcand." The word means and implies more than a whole page would adequately express. Besides, if you definitely unfold the whole import, you lose the beauty of its uncertainty and fanciful implications. Silk is rich, and soft, and glossy, and costly: it forms the state dress of lovely women and courtly men; it comes to us from the cradle of romance, the East; it figures a thousand times on the canvas of the painter and in the tales of the poet. And when we read of silken Samarcand we think, in an undercurrent of thought, about all these things; and, more than that, we picture to ourselves unconsciously the busy bazaars of the fancied oriental city—for to the Samarcand of travellers Keats and his readers have nothing to say—with its laden camels setting down and taking up their costly bales; with its turbaned merchants displaying in the market-place their many-coloured fabrics; with its domes and minarets rising up in the background, glistening in an eastern sun, like the Bagdad of our youthful fancy, of Haroun-al-Raschid and the "Arabian Nights." All these confused ideas are brought up together into the mind's eye by that single epithet of silken Samarcand.

As to cedared Lebanon, its associations are too manifold for the boldest analyst to unravel. The trees, the wood itself, the perfume, the colour, the old Biblical memories of Solomon's temple, built of "cedar-trees, fir-trees, and algum-trees, out of Lebanon," ceiled with beams overlaid with "fine gold of Parvaim," and "garnished with precious stones for beauty"—all these jostle strangely in our minds with later but not less poetical recollections of Crusaders and Saracens, of Godfrey of Bouillon and Guy of Lusignan. We may be sure that every one of them was floating hazily before the eyes of Keats as he wrought out the concluding Alexandrine of his beautiful picture.

One more element in our critical pleasure remains to be considered, and that is our appreciation of the stanza as the work of its particular artist. The connoisseur admires the merest sketch of Rembrandt, because he finds in it something Rembrandtesque. So this mere fragment of a poem by Keats, even when viewed apart from the noble narrative an episode of which it adorns, contains in it a flavour essentially Keatsian. Those of us who know and love the

poet, find the verses all the lovelier by their reflection of his singular and subtle individuality. Besides the modulated verse, besides the beautiful picture, besides the appeal to our imagination and our poetical sympathies, there is the special pleasure of the piece as a characteristic exemplar of its artist's handicraft.

Strongly sensuous, yet never sensual ; of this earth, yet only of its fairest side ; lacking perhaps the highest spirituality like that of Shelley, but steeped through and through with the sense of æsthetic beauty ; Keats never wrote anything more perfectly his own than this fragment of a stanza. Only one other passage can claim to rank beside it as the fullest outcome of the author's personality—the second verse of the "Ode to a Nightingale"—

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purpled-stainèd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

This almost studied artistic sensuousness, toned down though it is by the native purity of a beautiful soul, may perhaps seem to austere critics a fault. But, even if it be a fault, it is Keats, and that is why it attracts us so strongly. A German professor once endeavoured to show that Turner, in his later days, suffered from a disease of vision which made him see external nature under abnormal colours ; and, if I mistake not, he also proved that a person with normally-constituted eyesight could produce the same effect upon himself by an over-dose of *santonin*. But, even if this be ever so true, we should none the less admire the dreamy golden haze which hangs over Turner's later works, because we recognise it as a part of his manner, to whatever cause it may be due ; and if an optician were to invent some arrangement of lenses by which the colours should appear in their truer tints, we should not care for the picture half so well. We want to see the real or imaginary world as Keats and Turner saw it, to look for a while with their artistic eyes, and to revel awhile in their æsthetic emotions.

Perhaps only literary epicures like Leigh Hunt or Charles Lamb can fully appreciate such special masterpieces of technical skill as this stanza. It appeals more to the artistic side of poetical feeling than to its philosophical side. In it one sees the poet as a painter,

not as a thinker, a teacher, or a prophet. Mr. Morris and Mr. Rossetti might read more in it than a man of science or a metaphysician would read. But everyone must find much that is lovely: everyone must feel the delicacy of touch, the metrical mastery, the imaginative wealth, the splendid richness of diction. The analysis I have endeavoured to sketch out here must be regarded as a mere outline, to be filled in by the reader for himself in its details. Adequately to disentangle the whole complex strand would require that we should know every labyrinthine recess of the human brain, every intricate maze of the human emotions. But enough, perhaps, has been said to suggest a means by which an analytical or positive method of criticism should supplement the purely appreciative or estimatory method now in vogue. The more we try to realise what it is that pleases us in a poem, the more shall we love and admire it for what we find it to contain.

GRANT ALLEN.

HEALTH AND RECREATION FOR THE YOUNG.

THE study of the recreations of those who are in their early years brings up one of the most pressing questions of modern social life. There is so much diversity of opinion and of practice on this subject that no kind of system can be said to prevail in relation to it in any class of society except the poorest, in which necessity rather than choice enforces a gloomy and sad uniformity. If there be any rule at all it is, perhaps, that parents and those who have charge of the young give to them those kinds of recreations which they themselves were taught to enjoy. There is much haphazard about the matter at the best ; and, may I be allowed to say, there is much that is called recreation which has no reference to health, and which therefore is not recreative, although it pretends to be.

On the other hand, many recreations which may be healthful to the young become hurtful, owing to the times and modes of carrying them out, and from no other causes. The holding of children's parties at late hours in winter time is one of the most dangerous examples of this kind, as it is one also of the most foolish of modern devices. The children's party is now often called for seven or even eight o'clock at night, and young children, for three or four hours after they ought to have been in bed and fast asleep, are kept up in the midst of a feverish excitement, which will not cool down for two or three succeeding days. In this excitement they are frequently fed with foods and drinks of the most indigestible character ; and from the excitement, the dyspepsia which results, and the colds which are engendered from the exposure to cold air late at night and when the strength is exhausted, there is set up, almost of necessity, temporary derangement of the body, and in some cases fatal disease.

There is a fact to be ever borne in mind in respect to exposure of the body during these inclement seasons ; and the fact is this : at these seasons the body is undergoing a natural process of waste or consumption—a veritable loss of weight, which is a cause of exhaustion, and which is increased by every additional exposure. This

waste is in progress during all the winter months, from November to April, and affects the whole of the community. Thus the danger increases as the winter months progress, and attains its maximum in the fatal months of early spring, when so many of the enfeebled of all ages pass away.

There is another and indirect danger connected with children's parties which I must here incidentally notice, although it lies a little apart from my subject. I name it because of its immense importance. In the cold seasons, when the body is at its lowest working power, the epidemic diseases are often most rife, and are always most dangerous. The diseases are also at these times communicated more easily from one person to another, the poison which produces them being brought into a company, not in the open space, but in the close room. Thus the winter children's party becomes not unfrequently the centre from which an epidemic takes fresh root, and is, in fact, a focus of spreading disease. There is much thoughtlessness on the part of grown-up people, who have little people in their charge, in this particular. I knew, lately, an instance in which some young children who were recovering from scarlet fever, and who could not leave their rooms, were allowed, as a pastime, to make the dolls' clothes and the decorations for a Christmas tree, which dolls' clothes and decorations were to pass a few hours later into the hands of a large party of juveniles, to the certain infection of some, who in going there to play would be going possibly to death.

Dr. Whitmore, the admirable medical officer of health for Marylebone, has most forcibly called the attention of the public to this source of danger, and has illustrated the fact of danger from the clearest evidences of mortality. But, in spite of all, the imprudence still goes on, and you must pardon me for one minute of irrelevancy in having once more referred to it.

To return to our subject proper. The next series of dangers in the recreations of the young are contracted by over-competition and by the equality of effort enforced alike on children and youths of different build and constitution. Nothing can be more absurd, nothing, indeed, more cruel, than the inflictions which, in the name of recreations, are perpetrated in the manner named. Let me give one illustration.

I was at a swimming bath, where some twenty boys, all under twelve years of age, were swimming or learning to swim. There was no comparison between these lads in matter of physical outline. One, a short lad, had a narrow and pointed chest, a fragile form, an almost transparent skin, a chilly surface of body, and a blue lip;

another, a tall, broad-shouldered, broad-chested youth, had a full and ruddy complexion, a warm surface, and a firm muscular build. The others varied between these two standards. Such were the physical conditions of the swimmers, and so constructed physically they commenced their recreation. Swimming is a healthful recreation, when properly carried out, as well as useful and necessary. But here was the mischief from it in the case of the boys in question : there was no discrimination in the amount of the recreation. The boy with the pigeon chest and blue lip had quite as much of it as was safe for him at the end of five minutes ; but, to keep him up to the same standard as the swimmer with the broad chest, who had such buoyant lungs that he could hardly sink even if he tried, the boy was encouraged and almost driven to go on and keep on until he had passed through the same ordeal as his more favoured comrade. The result was that the weak boy came out of the water blue all over, an hour later was as blue as a bilberry in the lips and cheeks, and was cold, shivering, feeble, and sleepy. I could see those boys as plainly as if I had followed them going back to school and at the afternoon work. I could be as sure as I could be of any physiological fact that it would require six hours, under the most favourable of circumstances in relation to food, rest, and warmth, to fully revitalise that feeble boy up to his own imperfect standard, while no number of hours would ever bring his vitality up to the standard of his more fortunate fellow-student.

Look now at the error, at the long series of errors, committed by this mode of recreation on the feeble boy. His animal warmth had been robbed unduly, and he was therefore languid and unhappy. His blood was aerated less freely than it should be, and he was therefore circulating blood more slowly than he ought, and breathing with excess of labour. He was more susceptible to every depressing influence, and his nervous system was dulled in the same manner as it would be from sitting in a close and badly ventilated room. He would be drowsy, and perhaps the master of his school would say idle or apathetic. For this he would be rated at his lessons, compared with other boys who got on better, and, if not punished corporeally, made irritable and anxious in mind, which is another form of punishment. This nervous lad, never over-strong, would be again unduly taxed. And now, what else must follow as results? When the nervous system is low and depressed, the digestive power is enfeebled. When the digestive power is enfeebled, the nutrition of the body is degraded in every part. Then the vital organs, on which life depends, and in which the activity of nutritive changes ought to

be most rapid and regular, are the first to suffer, while even such passive parts as those which make up the skeleton do not escape scot-free. See, then, what a modification of healthy life may be easily effected by one apparently trifling error of recreation. Let that error be repeated many times, or let some equivalent error be performed and repeated many times, and what is the almost necessary result? The almost necessary result is the institution in that feeble body, in active form, of the phenomena of disease towards which it had a proclivity, on which the feebleness depended.

It will possibly be urged by some that the process of making these feeble boys compete with stronger boys is intended to invigorate the feeble. For a similar reason, these same naturally enfeebled children are often sent out of doors in cold weather "to *harden* them." The ignorance is beyond pardon. As you cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles, so you cannot out of a weak animal frame extract strength except by taking it out of the bank of life, to the premature shortening of the inherited store of life—a store which, *ceteris paribus*, may be fairly calculated from the mean value of life in the two latest generations of the stock from whence it has been derived.¹

By care in training we may make this life extend to its full term, or a little over, but only by careful conservation. There is no

¹ The calculation may be cast as follows, after an actual calculation in which the estimated value of the last life referred to proved correct within less than one year :—

Paternal grandfather's <i>actual</i> life	80 years.
Paternal grandmother's <i>actual</i> life	64 ..
	2)144
<i>Estimated</i> value of father's life	72 ..
Maternal grandfather's <i>actual</i> life	68 ..
Maternal grandmother's <i>actual</i> life	72 ..
	2)140
<i>Estimated</i> value of mother's life	70 ..
<i>Actual</i> value of father's life	71 ..
<i>Actual</i> value of mother's life	71 ..
	2)142
<i>Estimated</i> value of last life	71 ..
<i>Actual</i> value of last life, 72 years less one month.	

In these calculations, deaths from accidents and from accidental diseases have to be excluded, and much labour, therefore, is required for collecting as many data as would form a basis for a positive rule. I have collected sufficient to indicate that, allowing a range of five years of estimated value on either side, the method above stated affords a fair temporary basis for a general rule of calculation of the hereditary value of human life in this stage of our knowledge of the means for preserving and maintaining life.

making up for what is once positively lost in the matter of life. Life is the reflex of the dying earth in this respect. "There are three things," said the Caliph Omar, "which come not back—the sped arrow, the revengeful thought, and the spoken word." He would have added a fourth had he been a vital physicist, viz. the stroke of the heart.

It is of no use opposing these natural facts; we might as well buffet rocks with our hands. In training up the child towards his natural standard we must in everything thoughtfully conserve; we may use up power to its bearable limit,—that is, exercise in the true sense, and that is necessary,—but to do more is to destroy. To get a stronger, and longer-lived, and finer model of human kind, we must change through progenies, not through individuals. We must alter the factors, then the figures will come.

Mothers know these facts better than fathers, and mothers are often laughed at because their knowledge is the knowledge of love, and passion, and anxiety rather than of cold, calculating, reasonable—I had almost said, commercial—expectation. But the mothers are none the less right, and, indeed, men know better when they are dealing with lives that have to be bought and sold. The great breeders of flocks and herds do not try to harden or over-tax the young lower animal they want to perfect. They use a wise discretion, and they succeed in what they do. At the same time they are often indiscriminate about their own children. A country surgeon, whom I much esteemed for his quick insight, once brought to me for consultation a feeble boy with a consumptive tendency, in order to settle the question whether the mother's fostering or the father's hardening system should prevail. "The father," said my friend, "is a clever man; he is most successful in the management of cattle, and if he would be only half as clever in the rearing of his children all would be well. But he is very hasty on this point, and the other day—a day bitterly cold—he did two of the most inconsistent things I ever knew a man to do. He quarrelled like a fury with his poor wife for sending Charlie to skate with his legs in warm stockings, and five minutes later dismissed his groom for taking a colt out for exercise without clothing it in a horse-cloth."

The instance adduced of the swimming is all I can afford time for in illustration of excessive physical recreation. The example is one of fifty or more in which errors of a similar kind are perpetrated in the management of the young. Yet is there one more I dare not let pass by, because of its great importance. It relates to the plan of forcing recreation on children by surprises, or by mere force or insistence, against their courage rather than against their will.

A child during some recreative exercise is told to do something he would do if he could, but which he dare not do. He is told to go into the water ; he is told to jump over a fence or a wide gap ; he is told to mount a horse or to get on the bar at the gymnasium. The child hesitates, and then, too often, comes the risk of danger in direction. The child hesitates, and thereupon he is admonished or he is bidden not to wait, or he is even made to do what he is bidden ; or, worst of all, he is tricked into the act, under the impression that once he gets through the ordeal he will care for it no more, hesitate never again.

This is disastrous work, beyond any measure of comparison. Little seeds of evil are sown in the mind by these proceedings, which grow into the most terrible consequences. Distrusts are engendered, and doubts as to the good faith of the nearest and dearest, and therefore of everyone. So there is developed a distrustful mind, which is of all minds the most pitied for its own sake and for everybody's sake that has to do with it.

And when we come to analysis of facts in relation to causes, we find again that the practice which leads to these sad distrusts is as foolish as it is hurtful. Courage is not a quality that can be infused into a child by threat, and trick, and force ; it is a quality men and women are born with, and its centre is the heart, not the head. No one can make a person with a physically feeble heart courageous. We say of men or children who are strong and courageous, they are lion-hearted ; we say of those who are opposite, they are chicken-hearted ; and the terms express the facts. But as we cannot by the most consummate skill transform a chicken into a lion, so we cannot make a chicken-heart a lion-heart. We can encourage, set example, explain the freedom from danger, explain how to do the thing that looks dangerous without much exposure to risk ; and so we can train even a faint-heart to become morally, if not physically, brave. But to try to give physical courage to a body that is weak at its centre ; to try to force courage out of such a body ; to try to call forth what is not there ; to make it an opprobrium to be weak-hearted ; and, under the name of coward, to hound shamefully a poor, fluttering, gentle, loving, trustful nature, as is commonly done, is one of the wickedest pieces of ignorance with which I am conversant. It never makes a man brave, but it makes many assume bravery, and by the means of assumption generates a race of cowardly hypocrites who are the very curses of social life.

I have touched on one or two of the most deadly errors connected with the recreative exercises of children. I might pass now to the consideration of those modes of recreation which promise to be most

conducive to national as well as to individual health. In this task I might cast back on the different classes in the reverse manner to that I have hitherto followed, beginning with the younger and proceeding to the older members of the community.

Before, however, I enter into details of this character, I would like to clear the way by referring to certain often styled recreative pursuits or pleasures, which, as I think, ought to be removed altogether from that position.

There are four classes of so-called recreations which deserve to be placed under the condemnation I have named. The exercises included in these different classes may be called pastimes, or games, or accomplishments, or amusements, or anything else. My argument is not with them in that sense; my argument is that they are not recreative, and therefore are not healthy.

Firstly, then, whatever calls forth the passion of expectation for the sake of self-interest is not recreation but destruction. I mean by this, that whatever so individualises a human being that in the pursuit of it all thought concentrates in himself and his own selfish expectations and hopes for success, exposes that human being to a risk greater, perchance, than the risk he is speculating upon. The risk means anxiety or worry; the anxiety means a sense of fulness and oppression within the chest, and that sense of oppression means an undue pressure and load upon the heart. In course of time,—sometimes prolonged, at other times instantaneous,—the motion of the heart, under the excitement, loses its nervous balance, and then there is set up a truly physical condition of broken heart—a condition in which the heart intermits in its movements, or beats out of rhythm, without respect to time. This is, in fact, a broken heart—a heart no longer steady, no longer ready to meet emergency or carry its owner comfortably into the vale of a long life.

The exclusion of such influences on life as those to which I now refer throws out of the order of recreation all games in which what are called *stakes* are played; or it would be more correct to say, all resort to games in which the game is used for the purpose of play for high stakes. The games may in themselves be innocent enough, and even recreative, when they are merely intended for simple exercise of skill. In this sense a game at whist, or other games at cards, or a game at billiards, bagatelle, chess, or the like may be purely recreative and useful; but when stakes come into the play in such manner as to excite great anxiety and expectation, then comes the danger. Winning then and losing then is in either case bad. Winning elates; losing depresses; both destroy.

I know of little that has been a worse physical scourge to the human race, in civilised life, than this system of using recreation for the purpose of winning or losing, or, as it is called, staking. I say nothing of the moral injuries at all ; they are not in my province. I speak of the physical ; they are in my province. And of this I am certain : that no man, woman, or child can indulge long in any chance game for more than trivial stakes, and remain in health. Health and chance are incompatibles. Whoever tries the indulgence, has ceased to find recreation, and may say most truly with the worst of adventurers:—

“ For I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.”

To the young, whatever partakes of a tendency to indulgence in games of chance should never be taught, and the desire for it should ever be suppressed or diverted by some more wholesome recreation. To the older members of the community the temptation to the same presumed recreative pleasure should equally be withheld by all wise and prudent monitors. It is a good sign of our times that the taste for games of chance is steadily passing away, and I think our present Government has never, since its existence, done a wiser, a more healthful, a more national, a more rational act than when with firm and unhesitating voice it forbade the mad project to establish a public lottery for the presumed relief of the sufferers from the Glasgow Bank failure. There are doubtless many broken hearts—hearts physically broken—from that sad calamity ; but the number is a bagatelle compared with the number that might have been reckoned had that appalling scheme for the promotion of national degradation been allowed to run its ruinous course and to set up its ruinous example.

Secondly, whatever calls forth a craving or fixed and overpowering desire, for the repetition of any particular pleasure or gratification is not a recreation, but a destruction. In craving, as in gambling, individuality overcomes the better judgment. The organic or vegetative part of the nature of man conquers the reasoning, and a self-possession is attained, which in its extreme form leads to the maddest of crimes—robbery, forgery, falsehood, lust, suicide, murder. Whoever craves unduly for anything is, strictly speaking, unbalanced in mind, and is practically insane. Whatever, therefore, ministers to the animal part of man so entrancingly that it leads to intense desire for repetition, or craving, is not recreation, but destruction.

The growing intensity of craving for a pleasure is the most solemn danger connected with it, and, what is worse, it is in most instances a danger which, once trifled with, is long endured. The wisest cannot

escape it, nor the strongest, nor the best, when it is once established, without an almost mortal conflict. One of the wisest, one of the strongest of minds, one of the best, the great Sir Humphry Davy, discovered, in his scientific researches, a singular fascination, which with him passed into what some would call a recreation, in the breathing of laughing gas. In this process he became absorbed and lost in such luxurious dreams that all the universe seemed to him to consist of nothing but thoughts. He revelled in dreams that at times reached ecstasy. At last the craving for this false, this factitious existence became to him so extreme that he could not watch a person breathing, could not look at a gasholder, without experiencing the intense desire to be once more indulging in his aërial nectar. This was an exceptional delight, to which he alone became accustomed, but it is only typical of many that are more common and equally dangerous, which, acquired in early life, are the after-penalties of some part of life, and which, acquired even late in life, are not free from their evil consequences.

Such kinds of so-called pleasures are not recreations; they are destructions: the body is not recreated upon them nor by them. They kill time, and time is life; and so they kill life, for they shorten its days. Drinking strong drinks; taking into the body narcotics and narcotic fumes, as the smoke of tobacco; eating too much of the assumed good, but really bad, things of this life: these are the luxuries which beget the fatal cravings that are most injurious. I will not venture to offend by putting in strong terms the denunciation of such forms of pretended recreative pleasures. I will let the matured who recreate after this fashion remain as the scapegoats of the immatured, and I will simply enforce that the cravings to which I have specially alluded, and all others that might be referred to, ought not to be cultivated between the period of birth and the attainment of the majority of any child born in this era of civilisation.

Thirdly, whatever in the way of a pleasure or delight shortens the hours of natural repose is not a recreation but a destruction. If it break repose outright by the circumstance that it keeps its victim out of the way of going to rest at proper hours, it is not recreative; if it allows its victim to go to bed at proper times, but keeps him awake in thought, and restlessly striving for sleep, it is not recreative; if it permits him so far to sleep as to let him lose his consciousness of external things, but forces him to dream, it is not recreative. Almost all recreations, as they are believed to be, which introduce strife, or competition, or chance, produce this effect. They are not recreations at all. They do not re-create; they destroy.

One illustration of this form of injury occurs to me here as very practical, and as important because it relates to a comparatively new and increasing danger. I refer to an exercise that is day by day becoming more and more popular amongst our young and untrained population, that of indulging in fiery and systematic debate on the most solemn and abstruse questions. It does not matter in these debates whether or not a debater should show carefully studied knowledge; the point to be gained is to secure a victorious contest, to win at all hazards. It is not even necessary that the debater be consistent in the course that he takes, for it may be that his reputation rests on the fact that he can, with equal skill, discuss the subject successfully on the opposing sides of it. No; what has to be cultivated is perception, finesse, the trick of catching up from an opponent some point on which to found an adverse argument; to throw at one time fire and at another time water on the heads of opponents. These are the seductive arts which govern the young debater, and which set up cross vibrations in the fibres of his as yet growing and unformed brain.

For my part, I think there is far too much of debating amongst the educated classes in all periods of life. I never see a man of culture, who possesses the qualities necessary to become a teacher, enter the arena for mere showy debate, without a pang at seeing what energy is thrown away, that might be expended on thousands of ignorant outsiders whom to teach would be a national blessing. The sight presents to me the picture of a number of well-fed citizens going into a ring and throwing their rich viands at each others' heads, and immensely disfiguring themselves, while a vast multitude outside is howling for the mere necessaries of existence.

But when we come to the young debaters, then we come to the crisis. Then is the time to see the pelting heart, the flushed brain, the straining expression after what is not known, the heated declaration often of what the speaker would afterwards give anything to withdraw, the fierceness of expectation, the flush of conquest, the pallor of defeat, the babble of discord, the succeeding restlessness, the weariness without repose, and the resolves and schemes for the future:—then, I say, is the time to see these things and to consider what they will bring forth.

This is not recreation, but destruction. If I dared to lift the professional veil and show the mental havoc which I, as one only, have witnessed from this form of contest, you, my readers, who are not learnedly conversant with the facts, would wonder little at my earnestness. It is the saddest part of this subject that those men or youths

whose minds are most excitable, least reasoning, most impulsive, least absorbent, are the youths who are most given to wish for the contest, and are most liable to suffer physically and mentally from its results. If they fight through the early ordeal without injury they are fortunate, and even then are not benefited; for, when they are young they acquire a debating, controversial disposition, when they are old they do not depart from it, and, according to their relative power, they bore to its very vitals the comfort of a family, a town, a corporation, or it may be a nation, until they create a wholesale rebellion against themselves, in which at last their very friends join, and they are left to the inevitable fate of being easily beaten by cooler and keener, though perchance less endowed, intellectual opponents. To conclude this head, nothing is recreative that does not naturally lead to repose. That is a simple rule to remember, and still simpler to act upon. When anyone feels, by a few observations, that anything he does, be it ever so pleasant, interferes with his natural repose, let him be assured that, whatever pig he may have caught by the ear, that pig's name is neither Health nor Recreation.

Fourthly, whatever is rendered automatic in mind or act is not recreative and is not conducive to health. Automatism long continued becomes, in fact, a form of slavery, makes the mind fretful until the automatic process is carried out in due time and order, and thereby makes both body and mind fidgety, so that rest is not obtained in a regular and systematic way. For aged persons automatic amusements are, it is true, less harmful than for the young, but I have no doubt that even the aged are far more benefited by the pleasures of changing recreations than by any orderly and systematic recurrence of one particular pleasure. Variation prevents undue pressure and wear on a single centre or set of nervous centres; it also prevents the sense of periodical restlessness until something to be done is done, and so it conserves the life.

Some nominal recreations of a physical kind are, under all conditions, so extreme that they ought to be tabooed by all sensible and civilised people at all periods of life. At the top of the list of these bad physical exercises I place football. This game, in some modes of playing it, is the cause of more physical mischief than I can describe. To say nothing of the immediate injuries that occur from it by falls, sprains, kicks and concussions, broken bones, dislocations, broken shins, and other visible accidents, there are others of a less obvious kind, which are sometimes still more disastrous. Hernia, or rupture, is one of these disasters; varicose veins is another; and disease of the heart from pure over-strain is a third.

One of the finest built youths I have ever seen, who came directly under my own observation, was for two years entirely disabled owing to the excessive action of the heart induced by his becoming a champion at football, and he escaped well to recover at all. The weak often do not recover perfectly at any time.

This is not recreation, but destruction ; and how it is that in the present day of enlightenment there can be found masters of schools who encourage the worst forms of such a savage, damaging, right-down insane pastime is one of the wonders of the day.

Middle-aged men and men past that period do not, as a rule, play at football, but lately they have taken, in vacation time, to a recreation which is to them almost as bad, and that is climbing. At home a man may find the second flight of stairs up to bed as much as he cares to do in the way of ascending ; but in autumn, after ten or eleven months' hard work, he thinks he must invigorate himself by climbing a mountain that has become celebrated for its difficulty. He thereupon buys an "alpenstock"—I think that is the right word—and up the mountain he goes as far as he can blow. Perhaps he does what he wished to do and gets down again, and then he wonders why he is worse for the effort ! why his breathing is so embarrassed, and why he should feel so much older ; while his friends wonder that he, who was climbing Swiss mountains a few months ago, should have died so suddenly—such a healthy-looking man, so active, and only, after all, in his prime. His friends would not wonder if they knew the strain which he, already inelastic and incapable of strain, had passed through in his great effort.

Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have etched on a window-pane,—

Fain would I climb, but fear lest I should fall ;

and his queen is said to have added,—

If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all.

It would not be bad practice for every middle-aged man who is ambitious to climb a mountain before he dies to ask his physician whether, if he climbed at all, his heart would fail him or let him down low beyond recall.

In my previous essay I referred to the fact that amusements such as chess, which call for mental effort, cease to be recreative so soon as they degenerate into hard mental labour and leave impressions firmly fixed on the mind. I named chess because I believe that of all games it calls forth the largest share of mental labour, and that it easily ceases to become a recreation. At the same time, I have nothing but good to say of it when it is resorted to on occasion

without imposing upon the player any great tension or mental strain. I think it is, in moderate taste of it, a very fine mental exercise, which mixes well both with physical and mental work, and which is thus, in the purest sense of the term, recreative. And so of other similar mental sports which involve no chance or stake.

Nay, in games of chance themselves, such as cards, I see nothing but good recreation when the stake, which is their sting, is extracted from them. Whist, as a study of proportion in numbers, is a fine mental exercise,—a mental kaleidoscope full of pleasant surprise and wonder,—while those games which depend partly upon chance and partly upon skill, such as billiards, combine in their legitimate application a mixture of mental and physical exercise, which is excellently recreative and healthy when healthily pursued. The only objection to these games that can be raised against them is their easy degeneration from recreation and health into labour, and worry, and weariness, and disease.

Let me pass from these considerations to those which relate to the amusements that are demanded in our present modes of life. I see by the public comments on my last paper that an inference is being drawn that I am unfavourable to all recreation. Nothing could be more incorrect. True recreation is, in my opinion, one of the grand necessities for health during every stage of rational life. It is part of my experience, indeed, that whenever anyone cannot indulge in recreation,—when anyone is so busy with work that recreation seems to be a bore, or so depressed or dull that recreation becomes a penalty,—then any man, woman, youth, or child, is in danger. It is, in all such examples, ten chances to one that the person so circumstanced is suffering from some physical malady, which is in turn affecting and enfeebling the mental powers.

My objections are all directed against false notions of recreation, against prodigal expenditure of time and labour in assumed pleasures or pastimes which wear out the body and mind instead of recreating the one and refreshing the other.

So I am led to ask, What are true and natural recreations? What is absolutely necessary in the way of recreation for persons of different ages, different stations, and different modes of life?

Let us first consider the subject in relation to the early periods of life.

In England now the whole of the youth of the kingdom is under educational control. The institution of universal education a few years ago marks an epoch in the national history. Magna Charta was not a nobler page. In the Board schools the minds of the

young of all the masses are turned towards what is good or bad, and as in them the example of the high-class voluntary schools will probably be largely followed, we may fairly assume that we have, through the young, the recreation as well as the learning of the nation fairly in hand, and with this realisation of power we should assume that recreation ought, in fact, to become a real part of the educational programme.

We ought, in other words, to make the subject of recreation a scientific study, so that natural recreative delights might be put on the proper line for serving health.

Viewing the subject in this sense of it, I should place music as the primitive of recreative pleasures. It proves itself first by its spontaneity. We mark that our children are well and happy when they can sing. We see men and women gathered together, and find the height of mirth and happiness when somebody gives a song or a tune. In the most refined society music is the joy of life; in the lowest dens, men hardly above animals, when they meet to be amused, sing. It may be that in all these positions the music is very bad, but it is there, and it extends through creation.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.

In a word, this music is an element of nature. It fills the universe; it fills the microcosm of the universe—the human soul.

Here, therefore, is the first recreation to be scientifically studied. Make a nation a musical nation, and think how you have harmonised it socially, morally, healthfully. We cannot begin to teach this recreation too early or too soundly.

We ought to begin by making the learning of notes in succession—the scale of musical sounds—coincident with the learning of the alphabet. The one could be taught just as easily as the other, and would be retained as readily, perhaps more agreeably. Next, the intervals should be taught in a simple but careful way, so that melody may be acquired and the art of sight-singing laid. From this elementary basis should follow the simplest forms of time, after which a plain melody could be read with as much ease as the reading of the first story-book. Simple part songs, leading to endless delight, would succeed in exercise, and a true and natural language in sweet sounds would be the property, in one generation, of all the nation.

The system of teaching the very young useful information from the study of natural objects, in the midst of recreative enjoyments,—not in fixed attitudes on hard seats for hours at a time,—is another blending of recreation and work which would tend in the most excellent manner to that equalisation of work and play which would be the

summum bonum of happiness. The *Kindergarten* is an admirable blending of this kind, and is worthy, in our English life, of general imitation. I am myself no slavish admirer of German acquirements; I do not believe that every *Fräulein* who pretends to teach music is a great musician, or better than those who are to the manner born. I do not believe that every German professor is a philosopher, or that every miserable second-hand English pedant who can play on no other instrument than the German flute should be allowed to pipe down all native talent as it exists now, and as it has existed in such masters as Faraday, Davy, Locke, Hume, Bacon, Shakespeare, and the hardly mortal Newton. But it is nevertheless true that in mode of education the Germans can teach us many things, and in the *Kindergarten* they have set a lesson which we may with much advantage learn and practise.

Together with these recreations I should place dancing as another recreation for the young; by which I mean not mere set dancing after the form of high-class, high-company quadrille alone, but good, graceful dancing in figures as varied as the changing sky. There are a number of good old English dances which deserve to be re-introduced for this purpose of recreation. A clever schoolmaster could write a school book on dancing that would be a fortune to himself and a source of happiness to all who practically studied it.

After dancing I should put forward for the young of both sexes the process of drill and gymnastic exercises. Swimming as a recreation should, with proper care and encouragement, be taught to both sexes. Swimming has a double, nay, a treble, purpose: it teaches a very useful and necessary accomplishment; it is a good exercise, expanding the chest and giving play to the limbs; and it encourages cleanliness, for a good swimmer learns to like the sensation of a clean superficies of the body. To that veteran sanitarian Mr. Edwin Chadwick, whose introduction of the half-time system into factory life places him amongst the great liberators from practical slavery, this last advantage of swimming would probably seem on the whole the most healthful.

For recreation out-of-doors, for boys and girls, there is nothing finer in winter than skating, nor for boys has there ever been invented a finer summer exercise than English cricket. The founder of the Olympian games deserves a monument not half as high as the inventor of that immortal game with the ball, and the bat, and the wicket. It has lost in gracefulness, in healthfulness, and, I think, in skill, of late years, by the introduction of the somewhat animal exhibition of swift and round bowling; but it is recovering from that insanity, and

I hope it will retain the first place amongst the outdoor games of English boys and men wherever they may go.

There are some gentler games which are good for both sexes out-of-doors. Since its introduction, the game of croquet has been of immense benefit to the health of girls and women. It has taken them out of the house, and encouraged them to activity in pure atmospheres. Badminton and lawn tennis have the same good influences.

There is another game which ought to belong to women as well as men, which is also singularly good, and which should be reintroduced into every village in England. I mean the old English game of bowls. There is no game that calls forth better or more healthful exercise. It calls for skill, it brings every muscle into play, and it does not suddenly exhaust by single and violent paroxysms of effort. It encourages repose, and, as Martin Luther thought, it helps digestion.

If we could teach our young to sing harmoniously, and know the language of sweet sounds ; if we could teach them the music of motion in the dance ; if we could make them float and move gracefully in the water ; and if we could let them recreate in such gambols as I have named, bringing the members of both sexes as often as possible together in innocent and recreative enjoyment,—we should indeed give health ; we should indeed make a new people, born to health and all its blessedness. Why should we not ? We have all the means at our command. We want only the will.

We can deal with the young easily now, if we like, in respect to recreations, and can mould them as we please. But what of those industrial and agricultural classes, the millions of workers whose minds are formed, and who wait, and waste, and strive, and still wait ?

I put forward the Greek model of recreative life in my former paper as perfect, in its way, in producing an ephemeral type of perfected physical form and beauty. I have been reminded over and over again, since then, that this perfected people nevertheless fell ; fell an easy prey to barbarous encroachment ; fell, says one of my learned critics, like ripe apples from a fruitful tree.

It is true ; and they would fall again under the same conditions. Yet their fate none the less forcibly illustrates my argument. They proved at least what could be done by a section of a great community. Their fate proved no failure in the matter of accomplishment, but a failure in the foundation on which the accomplishment was laid ; and that same fate might easily be ours. That is the fate we have to avoid, and the avoidance of it consists in making the causes of the

attainments of the favoured minority extend, in some fair proportion, if not in perfection, to the whole of our population. If we would live by perfected knowledge, we must, if I may so say, pin every man to the earth by it. Then there will be a foundation, solid, and unshifting, and satisfied.

Here, therefore, is the problem. How shall we diffuse recreative pleasures amongst the masses?

I have been a great deal amongst these masses. Two public inquiries which I have had in hand relating to the health of these masses have led me into their own centres of life, and to diagnose, with that knowledge which comes from a life of experience in diagnosis, their physical condition; and the fact I have learned—I am not speaking on matter of opinion at all, but of fact—is that the first step to take will be to reduce their hours of labour. I am quite sure that by such reduction they would do more work, and that soon they would do happily in eight hours what they languidly do now in ten. This effected, the next step is to improve their recreative opportunities, by clearing away the loathsome temptations which beset them in every step of their course; by making sin an expensive luxury; and, by introducing such pleasures as are harmless and truly recreative.

All those recreations to which I have referred above came in to our aid here, with others fitter for men. The music class? Yes. The dancing class? Yes. The swimming bath? Yes. Cricket, bowls, croquet, drill, the gymnasium? Yes. And to these I would add still other sources of enjoyment; museums for them to enter whenever they have time; free galleries of artistic beauty; an improved stage; a very flood of good and wholesome literature; and, colleges in which subjects of advanced knowledge and thought may not be debated, but taught to them *secundum artem*.

I do not think that these improvements are out of the range of accomplishment, any more than are the means for the advanced recreative education of the young. We have all the appliances. It is will alone that is needed.

The six millions of the domestic class of this country—the women of the household—will not be left behind, for their fate follows the fate of the rest, or marches with it. They are married to their fate, and the tie is a close one. But I need not specially discuss it; it is included in what has been, and in what remains to be, said.

We come at last to the recreations of that minority—less than two millions in all—which forms the governing and commanding mental force of the country, the headship of the whole. In this minority,

—including in it the commercial as well as the professional classes—ought to be found the nearest approach to the perfection of recreative enjoyment, and of all the health that springs from such enjoyment. There cannot be a doubt that the health of this minority is higher than that of the majority, and that its mortality is relatively lower. This is, however, due rather to protection from direct depressing causes,—such as actual want, privation, worry, and care,—than to affirmative good arising from judicious methods of recreative pursuit. If, indeed, we survey the whole field of recreation amongst these more favoured classes, the inference to be obtained is that their relaxations and pleasures are, on the whole, detrimental to health. The pleasures include, amongst the most prominent evils, late hours; too free indulgence in rich and indigestible foods; indulgence in stimulants and narcotics; a great deal of chance play; attention to many so-called artistic delights which are neither chastening nor ennobling in character; participation in feats of mere animal strength—few of dexterity, and none which are specially invigorating either to soul or body; the perusal of a literature which is not of the highest class; and, the encouragement of a drama which, abused most unjustly for its sensational commonness, is never systematically supported in the sustainment of its nobler purposes, set forth by its grandest representative, “to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.”

We look round in despair, in short, to find a recreation for the favoured few that is healthy in itself, or that, being healthy, is conducted healthily. But the favoured classes are they that should set the example to the rest of the community; and to them is it most urgent to appeal, that they may introduce such reforms as shall be the examples for the many.

The examples are not different from those suggested for the younger and the poorer sections of the community, though they may be supplemented by others which the less wealthy could not afford, to the great advantage of trade and commercial activity. Riding on horseback,—riding through the whole of our beautiful country, until all its lovely scenery is appreciated, and the people of different parts of it are known,—is one of the recreations for both sexes of the wealthy which would advance their own health, increase their knowledge, and encourage a most useful and fair expenditure of the good things with which they are blessed beyond their fellow-countrymen. This is one detail, and I had others in my mind if time and space permitted me to write them.

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

THE CLAIMS OF GREECE.

I PROPOSE to review the relations of England and Greece, since the revolt of the Greek people against the Turkish domination in 1821. The story has never, so far as I am aware, been put together as a whole. It is not one which reflects much credit upon this country. I shall have to show how some Englishmen helped, and how some robbed, the Greek by the wayside, in his struggle towards the liberation of his country; and we shall not fail to observe how from first to last the policy of the Protecting Powers has wavered at the dictation of intrigue or of supposed self-interest, nor must we hesitate to consider the character and conduct of the monarchy which the Powers forced upon the Greek people. It will, I think, be manifest that the sacrifices which have been made have been made exclusively by that people, and that their cause and their claims have been the cause and the claims of liberty, of enlightenment, of better government, of civilisation; and, further, that their cause has been throughout, and is at present, distinctly harmonious with the real and enduring interests of this country.

We must remember what the Greeks were prior to the insurrection. It is not necessary to say much upon the subject of race. They have, however, a better right to be regarded as the descendants and heirs of the Greeks of antiquity than we have with reference to the ancient Britons. They inhabit the same land, and in that matter it may be said their position is no better than ours. But the resemblance of modern Greek to the language of Homer, of Plato, and of Socrates is close and trustworthy. No other people of Europe can exhibit a transmission of language so remarkable. They are substantially of the same race as that which lived under the Roman Empire of the East, and to this day they have retained the literary and maritime activity which distinguished the ancient people of Greece. They have adhered to the religion of that Empire in spite of their long servitude to masters who have never scrupled to take the sword as a chief instrument of conversion. What the Turkish Government was in Greece sixty years ago almost surpasses the imagination of those whose ideas are based upon any experience

of the present generation. I do not pretend that the Greeks of that period maintained the high character and the intellectual attributes of their race. When they beheld marbles upon which the genius of Greek sculptors had been expended, and which it had made of priceless value as art models of the world—when they saw these gems from Pentelicus splintered to build Turkish cow-sheds, or burnt to make lime, I do not say that the blood of the Greek peasant boiled with patriotic anger. Ages of oppression had worn down the high temper of the race. They lived because their masters needed the produce of their labour. Their intellect was expended in devices for concealing from the oppressor some little reward for the sweat of their brows. Their lives, their little ones, were forfeit at the will of any Turkish master who was nearest to them. In the depth of their degradation and poverty, they clung to their religion as their only solace; and not unnaturally, many of the accessories and practices of that religion afforded evidence of the debasement of mind of those whose chief happiness and support was found in its ministrations. They consented—how deep must have been their abasement!—to pay a tribute of their own flesh and blood; to give some of their children that these infants might be brought up in their masters' service.

At last the time arrived when their manhood stirred within them, and the cry went forth: "We will be free!" The struggle was fearful. Patriotism, despair, the martyr-spirit of religion, the pent-up anguish of long years, the rage engendered in the hearts of victims of tyranny and lust, fought against numbers, organisation, wealth, and the prestige of power and might. Most tragic of all the events of that struggle, and most illustrative of the character of Turkish power, was the fate that fell on Scio, perhaps the loveliest island in the Greek *Ægean*. In the year when this cry arose, 1821, Scio held a population variously estimated at a number between 110,000 and 120,000, of whom about 2,000 were Turks. In Turkish hands, the island had become famous for the production of gum-mastic, which is the foundation of so many Turkish sweetmeats, that well known as "*rahat-lakoum*" among the number. Perhaps it was for this reason that Scio was always held to be the property of the principal Sultana, sweetmeats being regarded in Turkey as paraphernalia of the harem. The people were mild and peace-loving; too much within reach of the forces of the Porte to be more than deeply anxious and excited concerning the news of the revolution. They had a sort of local self-government, such as Turkey has ever been willing to permit so long as the reality of power

remained with the Osmanlis. This inoffensive, unresisting population appeared to the Turkish commanders to offer an opportunity for displaying an "example," such as in our time was afforded in the massacres of Batak and other Bulgarian towns. A mob of people, insurgents from the neighbouring island of Samos, had landed, and, with very little or no help from the Sciotes, were ineffectually attacking the Turkish citadel, when the resolution to make an example of Scio was formed in Constantinople. The Turkish Capitan Pasha, with six-and-forty ships loaded with 7,000 Mussulman troops, bore down upon the island. The troops landed, and the mob of Samians were at once driven out of Scio. But the Capitan Pasha had a further and a dreadful purpose. Thousands of the people of the island had fled with terror into the interior upon hearing the noise of war. These the Turks lured back to their homes, and obtained the voices of the Austrian and French Consuls as pledges of their sincerity. But no sooner had this ruse succeeded than the Turkish troops were directed to march throughout the island, and to mark it everywhere with the red hand of Mussulman vengeance. They were aided by a rabble of ruffians, who, hearing of the Sultan's purpose, had, like vultures, collected upon the adjacent coast of Asia Minor. Regulars and irregulars revelled in lust and murder. They ravished, they tortured, they cut, they fired, they killed with every conceivable horror. These demons spared no living creature in human form; they slaughtered even the wretched beings whom the plague of leprosy had forced into isolation. All accounts agree that in those spring days of 1821, when Scio is a paradise of nature, this most awful crime resulted in the murder of more than 20,000 people; that more than 45,000 of those remaining were passed into slavery; and that of the residue so many were dispersed, that of the population of Scio none but the Turks were left alive upon the island.

The fight for liberty, for all that ennobles existence, continued upon the main-land, and a few of the more elevated minds in England were deeply touched when incidents of the struggle were narrated. The Greeks had always looked to England for moral and material aid. Save England and Russia, there were then none likely to help them. They could expect no sympathy from the Catholic countries of Europe, for between the Eastern and the Latin Churches of Christendom there existed something very like hatred. Greek merchants had found that in trading in the West it was to their advantage to appear disguised as Turks. With Russia, they had the tie of a common ritual. But Russia had little affinity with their

ideas of liberty, and on their side existed the fear of absorption by Russia, from which in our times they have been released by the precedence which the Pan-Slavist idea has obtained over that of religious re-union. Greek nationality has now become thoroughly distinguished from Greek Christianity. I think the first public action taken in England with reference to Greece was that of the 28th February, 1823, when the late Mr. Joseph Hume, Dr. Bowring, and others assembled at the "Crown and Anchor" tavern, and adopted a resolution "That a Committee should be formed, to meet from time to time, in order to consider of the best means of promoting the cause of the Greeks." To that Committee Lord Byron lent the fire of his genius, and Mr. David Ricardo the lucid light of his great intellect; Mr. Joseph Hume and Dr. Bowring were included among its members. Soon afterwards commenced the painful history of Greek indebtedness. If there is discredit in that history on the side of Greece, there is no honour belonging to England or to the United States. If the Greeks have been dishonest, they can plead that they fell among thieves. The infant State sought money to be expended upon the noblest and the best object for which wealth can be accumulated—the attainment of independence—and it was dealt with even by some who were professing friends, as if it were an infant spendthrift who had resorted to usurers to supply money for the most vicious expenditure. Upon this pitiful subject I shall refer only to the columns of the *Times*, and to the remonstrances of the Greek deputies who were charged with watching the interests of the Provisional Government of Greece. In this narration it will be necessary to include the years 1824-26, and afterwards, in regard to the political circumstances of the time, to revert to the policy of Mr. Canning in the year 1824. The Greek Loans of 1824 and 1825 were raised in England at an average price of about 59 for £100. On September 5, 1826, it was stated by the *Times* that "of nearly £1,200,000, the produce of one of these loans, it appears that the whole which ever reached the shores of Greece consisted of three sums, viz.: £182,400, £13,300, £3,300; total £209,000. Frigates were built, or ordered to be built, in America, at a charge of £155,000, but no further account is given of them. For the steam-frigates and other expenses of Lord Cochrane's expedition, £160,000 is debited to the country; but machinations and machinery are different things, it would appear; so there stands another item unaccounted for." On the 12th, the same journal said: "It is well known and agreed on all hands, that, through some cruel fatality or disgusting perfidy, the unfortunate Greeks never derived one penny-

worth of advantage from either description of the above ships of war." The Greek deputies seem to have been honest men. Believing it to be for the advantage of their country, they permitted the manipulation of the proceeds of the loans to pass out of their hands, and when they saw the garrison of Missolonghi forced to surrender after four years' heroic resistance—Missolonghi might have been relieved had these vessels been ready—they were earnest in protestations to the foreign "friends of Greece." They wrote a complaining letter, published in the *Times* of October 24, 1826, in which they asked, "Will it be credited that it was left to one engineer to prepare the engines and machinery for six vessels, which were to be got ready for sea within two months and a half, and that the engineer charged with this service on behalf of Greece should be one who is employed by, and has for a long time since had a son at Alexandria in the pay of, the Pasha of Egypt?" They protested against the payments to this engineer. They held to the contractors the following language:—"We will not give our sanction to the moneys you have so improvidently, and, as we consider, so improperly expended. You cannot have believed—it is impossible for anyone to believe—that the delay on the part of Mr. Galloway has been unintentional. Whether it had its origin in his employment for our great enemy, the Pasha of Egypt (an employment, by-the-by, which was fully known when you gave him the order), or in any other cause, or whether any other parties have been desirous of delay, we have not the means of deciding; but that the procrastination has been the result of design, we cannot doubt."

In accounts of the loans, there actually appeared considerable charges for re-purchases of stock from English "friends of Greece" who clamoured to be relieved of their losses when the stock fell to a discount. The *Times* dealt unsparingly with those "friends of Greece." "Alas! poor Greece," said the *Times*, "she has had many such friends in England, and it is owing to their friendship that she has not yet struggled into a state of liberty." "The Greek cause has been betrayed; it would have triumphed ere now but for England and the English Stock Exchange!" Byron had died at Missolonghi before this first disgrace in connection with Greece fell upon England. But even he could hardly have used stronger or more sarcastic language than was employed by the *Times*. "We had thought," said the *Times*, on Lord Mayor's Day, 1826, "that the conduct of our own countrymen in the preparation of steamboats to aid liberty and Greece could not have met with a parallel in the most jobbing and selfish nation in the world; but we find that our friend

Jonathan has not only come up with us, but left us far behind, in the affair of his two frigates." The sickening account—how the frigates were built of bad wood—is given—how one was sold at less than one-third of the sum charged to provide equipment for the other; all is set down in very plain English, and the conclusion is that, "when at last the poor deputies, in order to get one of their frigates at the price which might have furnished nearly a fleet, were obliged to refer their rights to arbitration, the Hon. Judge Platt and his two fellow-arbitrators claimed 4,500 dollars for their labour." Then, towards the close of 1826, it was rumoured that the European Sovereigns were about to give their patronage to Greece, and the *Times* wrote the following malediction upon "knaves in this country," violent as that which is graven inside the gateway of the Acropolis:—"May the money of which they [the Greeks] have been robbed bring a curse upon those who possess it! May no Englishman ever repeat their names but with a shudder! May the plunder, if it shall descend by testament, or bequest, to undisgraced offspring or relations of those who now hold it from warriors fighting for freedom, corrupt all the other property which they shall bequeath or devise! May the seed of those that have plundered the Greeks and retain the unholy prey, beg their bread, and may each of them find in every bosom at which he would knock, a heart as callous as that of the supplicant's own father!"

Now I have nearly done with the matter of these Loans, and I am confident that, reviewing these circumstances, and weighing fairly the financial ability of Greece, this is a case in which any court of equity would grant borrowers some considerable measure of relief. But instead of a plain acknowledgment of these unpleasant facts, it has been, with rare exceptions, the habit of the English Press for fifty years to pour undeserved odium upon the Greeks. Would not his wrinkled face have shrivelled with shame, if anyone had laid this information on the table of Mr. *Punch*, when that critic, who is never consciously unjust, propounded in 1863 the following conundrum, *à propos* of a fresh demonstration on the part of the Greeks of their undying confidence in the sympathy and sentiments of England:—

" Spell in five letters, 'bully, bilk, and sneak,
Repudiator, trickster'—read it . . . 'Greek.' "

I must do Mr. *Punch* the justice to say that the *Times* had changed. A generation had grown up which knew nothing of the *Times* of 1826, and so it happened that the *Times* of 1863 could find in Englishmen "beneficent creditors" of Greece, and could commemo-

a tirade upon that country by asking—"Why should not Greeks, in becoming 'Hellenes,' become also honest men?"

There have been true and noble friends of Greece among Englishmen, and time has not dimmed the lustre nor effaced the gratitude which belongs to the honoured name of Mr. Canning. His first act of authority in aid of Greece was the recognition of the Greeks as belligerents in 1823. There is not much of substance in such an act, but still it implies something of the nature of moral support; it is an admission that those whose belligerent right is acknowledged have a reasonable hope of success. In August, 1824, Mr. Canning was the Foreign Minister of this country; and when, in that year, he received a letter from the Provisional Government of Greece entreating England to defend Greece, not only against Turkey, but from all designs on the part of Russia unfavourable to her independence, he pledged himself that Great Britain would assume the office of mediator upon obtaining the assent of the Porte. That, as Mr. Gladstone has said, was the first actual recognition of the resurrection of the Greek State. In the following year, the troops of the Pasha of Egypt were ravaging the Peloponnesos, and the wretched people of Greece implored the protection of the English. Canning's difficulties were manifold. He had to defeat the insincerity of Russia; he had to conquer the force of the Porte; he had to study the jealous susceptibilities of France. Russia sought to make Greece independent, but did not wish to see her strong; indeed, there was a Russian proposal to divide Greece into three independent States. When Russian policy has been selfish south of the Danube, it has sought to free the Christian populations from the Porte, but to hold them in dependence upon Russian protection by imposing a condition of weakness and inability to stand alone. It was the great merit of Mr. Canning's diplomacy that he brought these divergent aims to one end—the welfare of Greece—and that the union of the three Powers for the protection of the infant State was in reality his handiwork. He died in 1827, and was succeeded by English Ministers who had less ardent desire for the liberation of Greece. The battle of Navarino was fought, and the English King was advised to refer to it in his speech from the throne as an "untoward event." But circumstances were tending to the liberation of Greece. In March 1829, the Powers met in conference in London and agreed to the following Protocol:—

1. Greece shall remain under the suzerainty of the Porte, to which it shall pay tribute; and shall be governed by an hereditary Christian prince, who must not be a member of any of the reigning

families of the allied Powers. The first election shall be made by the three Powers and the Porte in common accord.

2. The northern frontier of Greece shall extend from the Gulf of Volo to the Gulf of Arta; the island of Eubœa and the Cyclades to belong to Greece.

That Protocol would never have borne the signature of England had Mr. Canning been alive and in power, and it was not destined to endure. The Russian army crossed the Balkans, and for the first time captured Adrianople. In that city, the conquerors signed a treaty with the Sultan on September 14, 1829, of which the 10th Article contained the acknowledgment of Greek independence. Mr. Gladstone, of all English statesmen since Canning the best friend of Greece and of the Greeks, has said of that Article that it is "the international charter of the independent existence of Greece."

No sooner, however, was that treaty concluded, than the ambassadors of the Powers in London again went into conference. They had agreed in 1828 that Greece should have hereditary monarchy, having no confidence in the vitality of the form of Government of which Capo d'Istria was the head; and on February 3, 1830, they put their hands to another Protocol, giving absolute independence to Greece, with a rather less favourable boundary line on the north, and in a second Protocol on the same day the Powers requested Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg to accept the throne. Leopold was well acquainted with Capo d'Istria, and was very anxious to be King of Greece. The death of his wife, the Princess Charlotte, had terminated his expectation of a career analogous to that which Prince Albert subsequently filled with so much credit to himself and advantage to the nation. The health of the King (George IV.) and of his Majesty's brother, who was afterwards William IV., led some of Leopold's friends to think that he had better await his prospect of being appointed Prince Regent of England, during the minority of Queen Victoria; but there can be no doubt whatever that he himself was anxious to go to Athens. Leopold was in full and constant communication with the Greeks, and in the most moderate form in which he could express their demand for a more complete national union, he told the British Foreign Secretary (Lord Aberdeen), on January 30, 1830,¹ that he was not inclined to accept the offer of the throne, unless the Powers were ready to add Candia to the territory already granted. Lord Aberdeen knew the Prince's inclination to the throne, and somewhat curtly refused to entertain the suggestion. The Prince never renewed his claim to Crete. He

¹ *Memoirs of Baron Stockmar*, Vol. 1.

begged hard for a better frontier on the north, but had never the courage to indicate in writing the most proper boundary—the mountain limits of Thessaly and Epirus. Capo d'Istria was naturally anxious to remain chief of the Greek State, and he pressed the cautious Prince with demands, and inspired him with fears in every direction. In this correspondence it is easy to see that Leopold's character had no element of daring. George IV. nicknamed him "*M. Le Marquis Peu-à-peu*," and while with anxious words—he rarely expressed himself in writing—he engaged Ministers and ambassadors in London, Capo d'Istria was telling him that his religion, his foreign nationality, his empty-handedness presented insurmountable obstacles to his success in Greece. His complaint of the "miserable way" in which the frontier had been defined was just, but it met no heed. At last Leopold slid out from the negotiation with no increase of respect. In reality, his non-acceptance was due to the promptings of Capo d'Istria, who had an excusable, though, in the circumstances, most imprudent desire to see the chief place occupied by a native of Greece.

Meanwhile, ideas such as those lately re-affirmed by Lord Salisbury, that with the maintenance of the Turkish Empire was involved the advantage of Europe, prevailed with the Powers; Greece was directed to await her monarch; Capo d'Istria was assassinated in 1831, and in the following year a prince was found to take the throne of Greece in the person of Otho, second son of the King of Bavaria, who did not land at the Piræus until 1834. Otho had a long but inglorious reign. From first to last, the Greeks never accepted with contentment the restricted boundaries of their country; and in 1856, their rush into Thessaly and Epirus brought upon them the humiliation of an English and French occupation of the Piræus. Otho was chosen for no special aptitude; for no better reason, perhaps, than that he was the only person of princely blood who could be found ready to take the position. There does not appear in his conduct one trace of high purpose, one touch of regard for the people upon whose revenue he was to be a burden, and whose aspirations and welfare it was his first duty to observe. During a large part of his reign he had as English Minister at Athens a diplomatist than whom no more intelligent or more worthy representative has ever been sent to Greece. Sir Thomas Wyse was a cautious and careful critic of King Otho's reign, and his judgment upon that monarch is certainly the most important I could quote. Sir Thomas said:—
"It is melancholy to think what Greece is, and what, under a tolerable Government, she might have been. The king came with

¹ Mr. Nassau Senior's Journal, p. 296.

absolute power ; he had no aristocracy, no old habits, no prejudices to embarrass him. He had a most docile and intelligent population ; and he had a treasury filled by the allies to overflowing. But he treated his population just as they had been treated by the Turks—as a mere sponge out of which money had to be squeezed. He did nothing for them ; he did not advise them, or even encourage them to do anything for themselves. He treated them as an appanage to Bavaria, as a country given over to him as a younger son's portion." Sir Thomas's niece lived with him during his residence as British Minister in Athens. Miss Wyse—a lady of much ability, and, as her writings exhibit, of great powers of observation—has recorded her opinion of the first King and Queen of Greece. Miss Wyse writes of " the pernicious influence which these two royal personages exercised over the character and habits of modern Greece. These ' trustees of a nation ' ruled at a period when Greece was yet young, when education was beginning, when everything had to be formed, and when the national character, and even the private tendencies of individuals known to them so thoroughly in this small kingdom, might have been moulded into a very different type. Instead of placing before their subjects a high standard of principle, honouring virtue and integrity, and rewarding honesty, they permitted, when they did not actually sanction, trickery and corruption throughout the length and breadth of the land, bestowed their royal favours on fawning hypocrites—no matter how blackened their reputations—and persecuted men of probity and self-reliance, if they dared to show disapproval of their arbitrary rule." This country of ours is a rich country—the wealthiest in the world—and one which, setting aside the evil example of wasteful expenditure, could well afford to squander eight or ten millions. But what would the people of this pre-eminently rich country think if the Sovereign were to squander, or to accumulate for his own use, that portion of the revenue ? Yet this is what King Otho did in a poor State, when that tenth part of the revenue which passed into his coffers was most urgently needed for the benefit of Greece. The dethronement of this most unsuitable monarch was peculiar. Not very long afterwards I passed some months at Athens, and may perhaps be permitted to refer to my own notes of the circumstances. " In the modern history of the Piræus, there have been few scenes more sadly instructive than that which terminated the reign of King Otho. Slumbering in a fool's paradise, wherein he beheld himself the future monarch of a new Byzantine empire, his heavy wits put to sleep by the unfathomable cunning of those about him, King Otho and his queen had started for a royal progress in Peloponnesos. They had scarcely reached the shores

of that part of their realm, when the king's throne was declared vacant by a Provisional Assembly in session at Athens. The frigate *Amelia*—her name [that of the queen] the sole vestige of their power—quickly conveyed the king and queen to Piræus, where a new captain, a new Minister of Marine, and the diplomatic representatives of England and France awaited their arrival. An angry crowd upon the shore warned the king that it was unsafe to land, and the next morning his Majesty surrendered the Greek frigate, accepted the hospitality of H.M.S. *Sylla*, and the Greek throne was free of a king who had kept the uneasy seat for twenty-nine years.*

A *plébiscite* was called, and the result was the election of Prince Alfred for king; some few votes, I believe, were cast for Mr. Gladstone; ultimately Prince George of Denmark, a school-boy, was selected by the Powers and placed in Athens, with the assent, not of a *plébiscite*, but of the National Assembly. Lord Russell had written: "The King of Greece should be a man of ripe years and experience in administration." It was not the fault of George I. that he had neither one nor the other. "No man," said Lord Halifax, "chooses a coachman because his father was a coachman before him;"² but in choosing a chief of the Greek State, one to whom was to be entrusted perhaps the most difficult political cause, the only qualification that was anxiously sought by the Dissenting Powers was that the person selected should be one whose father was a king before him. The King of Greece, overcoming by time the difficulty of his tender years, has done well in his high position. But he is a Sovereign whose strength is rather in his connections than in his achievements. He is brother-in-law of the heirs-apparent to the crowns of England and Russia. Shortly after King George's accession, Greece had a peaceful revolution. On December 2, 1865, the Second Chamber, entitled the Chamber of State, whose function it was to prepare and review legislation, was abolished by a vote of the Boulè, or House of Representatives. From that time Greece has had but a single Chamber, and is, I believe, the solitary example of a constitutional country which is thus governed. Following this event, the question of the cession of the island of Crete, or Candia, arose again in consequence of insurrection on that island. In 1867, Athens was crowded with vessels which blocked the harbour of Piræus with vessels which blocked with no serious difficulty, the Turkish blockade. The European Powers, however, refused to support the claims of Greece, and the island was the scene of a most cruel warfare.

Crete is as truly Greek as the Isle of Wight is English. Five-

* *From the Levant*, by A. Arnold. ² *Essays on Education*, by Earl Russell

sixths of the population are Greek ; but the Greek claim is not less well founded upon the traditions and position of the island. The Greek population of Crete is estimated at not less than 250,000, and if ever insurrection had a sound and justifiable basis it is found in the heroic struggles which that population has made to be free from the dominion of the Turks. Indirectly, these gallant efforts have been frustrated by the British people, who, with credulous cupidity, have given the Sultan, upon the worthless security of his bonds, money for the purchase of an ironclad fleet which has been a chief engine of his power in Crete, and a ready means of repelling the action of Greek sympathy upon the main-land and in other islands. Crete has been in a chronic state of revolt, and the arguments by which Mr. Gladstone and others urged and justified the cession of the Ionian Islands could with greater force be applied to Crete. And that which may be said for the Greek claim to Crete may be urged also in support of her claim to the provinces of Thessaly and Epirus. These three—Crete, Thessaly, and Epirus—were included in ancient Greece, and that which I have yet to say relates to the advantage, in the interests of peace and progress, for the well-being and happiness of their populations, of placing the Greek island and the two provinces within the limits of the modern kingdom.

If the boundary of Greece were thus reformed, it would pass from the shore of the Bay of Salonica, along the summit of Mount Olympus and the Cambunian range, to Mount Pindus, and thence northward, also along the mountains until the source of the river Ergent is reached ; and from that point the boundary would follow the course of that river to its outfall in the Adriatic. This would give to Greece the entire basin of the Salamyrias river on the east, and, on the west, the port and gulf of Valona, together with the left bank of the river Ergent. It would restore in the north her ancient and natural boundary, and to the longest possible extent it would give that which is the best form of boundary, a mountain range. The summit of a mountain range has advantages which no other boundary possesses. It offers a minimum of inducement to transgression from either hand. On the Thessalian side, the population is almost entirely Greek. At Volo and at Larissa there are a few Mussulmans, and on the Epirote side of the Pindus mountains there are more Mussulmans, but the population is throughout substantially Greek. The largest foreign element included would be that of the Albanians on the north of Epirus, but these are for the most part Hellenised, and in fact Albanians are scattered all over Greece, and are for the most part indistinguishable in tongue and in religion from the Greek population. These limits are, however, very different from those of

obtained the adhesion of the Congress of Berlin. The Protocols of that Congress are almost exclusively limited to matters upon which agreement had been attained. The discussions of the Plenipotentiaries were exposed only in private conversations of which there is no record. For example, it cannot be gathered from these Protocols that any one of the Plenipotentiaries ever put forward any proposal that Greece should obtain Crete, or that she should have a more advantageous frontier on the north than the line of the Salamyrias river on the east, and that of the Calamas on the west, thus leaving a part of Thessaly and a large part of Epirus still in possession of the Porte. Yet it is commonly believed, and with good reason, that M. Waddington held a just and liberal view of the Greek claims, and would have been prepared to join in pressing the Porte to cede the whole of the two Hellenic provinces together with the island of Crete. When Congress met on the 29th June, the first order of the day was the consideration of Article 15 of the Treaty of San Stefano, which was as follows:—"The Sublime Porte engages to apply in the Island of Crete the organic law of 1868" [a delusive concession made at the end of the war of 1867-68], "in consideration of the previously expressed wishes of the native population. Analogous reforms adapted to local needs will likewise be introduced into Epirus, Thessaly, and other parts of Turkey in Europe, for which a special constitution is not provided in the present deed. Special commissions, in which the native population will be largely represented, will in each province be entrusted with the task of elaborating the details of the new organisation, and the result of their labours will be submitted to the Sublime Porte, who will consult the Imperial Government of Russia." This was, perhaps, the most rudely offensive of all the stipulations of the Russian Treaty. Not only did it deny Greek claims, but it referred the interests of Hellenic populations to the exclusive patronage of Russia. In declaring his objections to this Treaty, Lord Salisbury made no reference to Crete, and with regard to the provinces, he objected only that "the provision, in itself highly commendable, of improved institutions for the populations of Thessaly and Epirus, is accompanied by a condition that the law by which they are to be secured shall be framed under the supervision of the Russian Government." In these circumstances, the Congress, on June 29, admitted representatives of Greece to make known their opinions and wishes to the High Assembly. Most imprudently, M. Delyannis opened his communication with vague reference to "aspirations" of the Greek people, which, however, he took care not to define. A greater blunder it would have been almost impossible to commit. He should have confined his arguments and his demand

to that which he subsequently claimed,—“the annexation of Candia [Crete] and of the provinces bordering on the Kingdom.” He was uttering the forcible language of absolute and unquestionable truth in stating that such a transfer “would be the realisation of the firm and fixed will of the population of those provinces;” that it was “in the interest of Europe,” and that “as to the capital interest which these provinces themselves would find in their annexation, it is generally known that for the last half-century they have demanded union with Greece.” He directed one short but sharp reproach to the English Plenipotentiaries. “Only a few months ago,” said M. Delyannis, “one of them (the provinces) could only be pacified upon the formal assurance of a great Power that ‘the Hellenic cause should not be injured,’ and that this Power itself would state explicitly to the Congress that this pacification is owing to its intervention.” He pointed to Crete “still in full insurrection,” and to the burden upon the Athenian treasury of 30,000 refugees. No case could be more complete or conclusive. By every conceivable claim, except that of an impossible success, the Cretans had earned their freedom. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that this was the conviction of all the Plenipotentiaries, including those of England, when they adjourned after listening to the statements of the Greek representatives. But with the exception of M. Waddington and his colleagues, they were not impartial judges; their minds were prejudiced against the claims of Greece. Two of them, those with whom we are most concerned, those to whom the honour, as well as the interests, of England had been committed, were, at the moment that they listened to the Greek claims, engaged in a secret negotiation which had for its primary object the attainment from the Sultan of the cession of another island—the island of Cyprus. While they were pushing on the Anglo-Turkish Convention, which was carefully concealed from the Congress, how could they devote themselves with justice to an impartial consideration of the claims of Greece? It is not stated in despatches, but I have no doubt whatever, that one of the arguments by which Sir Henry Layard obtained the assent of the Sultan to that cession, was an assurance that the English Plenipotentiaries would not give way to the claim of the Cretan people, and of Greece, with regard to Crete. Observe the dates—how, in this matter most truly affecting peace and honour, they criminate her Majesty's Ministers. On June 29 the Congress heard the arguments of the Greek representatives; on July 1 Sir Henry Layard obtained the signature of the Grand Vizier “to the Convention entered into between England and Turkey for the occupation of the Island of Cyprus by the former.” But there were one or two points left

Lord Salisbury to arrange, and he and his colleague—I had almost said conspirator—had to obtain the assent of the remnant of the Cabinet and of the Crown before this dark transaction could be regarded as a *fait accompli*. The formal discussion and decision of Greek claims in Congress had been set down for July 4; but when that day arrived, “several Plenipotentiaries” (meaning, no doubt, those of England and those whom England’s hesitancy withheld from action) requested that the Greek question should be deferred to the sitting of the following day. There can be no moral doubt whatever that this delay was caused by the desire of the English Plenipotentiaries to have their own island fully conceded, and the business in regard to that cession fully settled, before they paid the price in the virtual disregard of Greek claims which was to follow. In this connection it is not unimportant to observe that, when the Foreign Office issued for publication the despatch from Sir Henry Layard dated “Therapia, July 1, 1878,” a notice was affixed that the despatch was received on July 8. Why was that notice affixed? It was to blind the eyes of the people to the fact that Lord Salisbury was acquainted—of course, by telegraph—with, and acted upon, the contents of that despatch when the Greek claims were dealt with in Congress on July 5, the day after the ratification of the Convention with regard to Cyprus. I think nothing can, in the way of circumstantial evidence, be more conclusive than this, from which it appears that English Plenipotentiaries sold the Cretan people back into the hands of Turkey, red with their blood throughout the century, in order to win clandestine possession of Cyprus. Was language ever so profaned, were divine attributes ever so taken in vain, as when upon that transaction the man who had been the chief party to it inscribed the words “peace with honour”? It is quite certain that no power other than England held insuperable objections to detaching Crete from the possessions of the Porte, and that no objections were, or would have been, advanced which the English Plenipotentiaries by a word could not have overcome. It was a matter which did not touch the interests of any other power; it was a matter in which the naval supremacy of England made her will the law of the Congress.

But having minimised in conversations as much as possible the demands which M. Waddington determined to put forward on behalf of Greece, he addressed the Congress, and England from that moment abandoned to France a position which she had long held, and which it was her interest to cherish, as the foremost friend of Greece. M. Waddington spoke eloquently in favour of insignificant and unsatisfactory proposals; the representatives of Greece being well aware that his ideas had been compressed within the limits of

English obligations to the Sultan. He reminded Congress that King Leopold of Belgium "used to consider that Greece could not thrive under the territorial conditions imposed upon her—above all, without the Gulfs of Arta and of Volo, with the territories adjacent to them, and experience has proved the justice of that view." Prince Leopold's opinion concerning those Gulfs, however, was not expressed half as strongly as his conviction that Candia must be given to Greece; but, for reasons which were as yet concealed from M. Waddington, the liberation of Crete was not to be mentioned. In the end, M. Waddington proposed that which it was pre-arranged should be accepted, that "the Congress invites the Sublime Porte to arrange with Greece for a rectification of frontiers in Thessaly and Epirus, and is of opinion that this rectification might follow the valley of the Salamyrias (the ancient Peneus) on the side of the Ægean Sea, and that of the Calamas on the side of the Ionian Sea." Further, the Congress expressed confidence—and the Treaty affirmed—that the Powers would be prepared to offer their direct mediation to effect a settlement. Lord Beaconsfield was equal to the occasion; he dealt with the Greeks of Crete, of Thessaly, of Epirus, as he has always dealt with Christian populations of Turkey when he has found their aspirations unsupported by a great Power. He had secretly pledged himself to Russian annexation in Asia; he had Cyprus in his pocket; after struggling against the liberation of Bulgaria, which others saw was inevitable, he had acquiesced in the expulsion "bag and baggage" of Turkish authority from that large and rich province; he had given up Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austro-Hungary; other portions of the Turkish empire had been added to Servia, to Montenegro, and to Persia; yet, when the most righteous claims of Greece came up for consideration, he would only consent to this invitation or "suggestion" to the Porte, and asserted that "an erroneous opinion attributed to the Congress the intention to proceed to the partition of a worn-out State, and not to strengthen, as the High Assembly has done, an ancient Empire which it considers essential to the maintenance of peace." As to the Greeks, whose blood has been constantly shed in assertion of their claims, the British Plenipotentiary told them "that States, like individuals, which have a future, are in a position to be able to wait."

The Congress did no more, and ten days after the Plenipotentiaries had agreed to this "invitation," the Greek Government addressed a request to the Porte to nominate Commissioners, with a view of carrying out a rectification of frontier. For a long time the Turkish Government offered no acknowledgment. On the 2nd September, 1878, the Greek Government repeated the demand, but obtained no

satisfactory reply. Then M. Waddington was moved to arouse the English Government to a sense of the importance of the resolution at which the Congress had arrived. He proposed that the Powers should at once offer the direct mediation which had been determined upon by the Congress. But the English Government was not prepared to do this minimum of justice to the Greeks. Apparently they were content with drawing Sir Henry Layard's attention to the subject, and the consequence was, that Mukhtar Pasha was appointed at the close of last year as Turkish Commissioner, and a Greek Commissioner was also nominated for the rectification of the frontier. But Mukhtar Pasha appears to be a master of the arts of prevarication and delay, and the result has been that at present, nearly a year after Lord Beaconsfield declared in Congress that the frontier of Greece is "a danger and a disaster" as well as "an encouragement to brigandage," that frontier remains unaltered. "The insufficient and imperfect frontier"—the words of Lord Beaconsfield—traced in 1831 under the authority of the Conservative Government of the Duke of Wellington, in spite of protests and warnings uttered at that time, remains unaltered, although it is impossible to maintain truthfully that the rectifications of boundary decreed in all other directions by the Congress were in any case more absolutely just and needful than the satisfaction of the claims of Greece. The Greeks, of course, do not fail to perceive and understand to what cause this failure has been due. They see that Her Majesty's Government soothed them before the assembling of Congress with fair words which read like promises, and resumed an attitude of cold indifference when the terms of peace had been arranged to English satisfaction. When we remember that on June 8, 1878, Lord Salisbury wrote that—"the claims which will undoubtedly be advanced by the Government of Greece in reference to some of those provinces will receive the careful consideration of Her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries, and I doubt not of the representatives of other Powers," and when to that declaration we add Lord Beaconsfield's verbal denunciation of the frontier as "imperfect and dangerous," and again, when we have regard to the resolution adopted by the Congress, we cannot acquit Her Majesty's Government of gross neglect of duty and of the political interests of this country, in that they did not at once place the strongest diplomatic pressure upon the Porte to secure acceptance of the still imperfect, inadequate, and insufficient change of border to which, at the close of the 13th protocol of the Congress, the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain set their hand and seal. Nine months after that event, our simple-minded Chancellor of the Exchequer naïvely stated the reason why nothing

had been done,—why it could be said by Sir Charles Dilke that “he believed all the members on the Opposition side of the House were convinced that there was no more scandalous failure recorded in modern English history than the failure of the Government to maintain the claims of Greece.” Sir Stafford Northcote stated, that “the feelings and convictions of the Government were unchanged, and that they were most anxious in every way to promote a friendly settlement between Greece and the Porte.” But that which the circumstances of the case and the decision of the Congress demanded was a just settlement. There is nothing in the past or present history of the Porte to lead to the supposition that the Turkish Government would hasten to do any such act of justice, nor is it reasonable to suppose that an Imperial Government would, out of mere friendliness, resign rich territory like that of Thessaly and Epirus. The gravamen is, that the British Government, in order to secure ends of their own in another direction, but in reality less important for the interests of justice and the welfare of mankind, have continued to rely upon the “friendly” disposition of the Porte towards the claims of Greece. The fact is, that the British people have not, either in the Government, or at the Congress, or at the Porte, been represented by men who had the slightest sympathy with any natural rights of humanity. The Porte is known to be unwilling to give up the town of Janina. Well, there is a certain indirect connection between Janina and the Porte, but it is not one which can or ought to withstand the claims of Greece. Perhaps A’ali Pasha of Janina has the distinction of having been the most infamous ruler who has ever borne that title, which has been so often and so deeply stained with tyranny and bloodshed. It is, I believe, true that his career was ended by decapitation beneath that gateway of the Old Seraglio, near to the Mosque of St. Sophia, which is known to diplomacy as the Sublime Porte. It is the sanguinary fame of A’ali Pasha which has made Janina seem to be a Turkish town. Of the population, some are Albanians, and of the Albanians, some are Roman Catholics and some are Mahomedans. But Janina is substantially Greek, and it may be seen throughout Greece;—in Athens, in Eubœa, almost everywhere—that no people become more readily or more thoroughly Hellenised than persons of Albanian race. Of Janina, considerably more than half the population is Greek, and the 14,000 Greeks of Janina represent much more than numerical influence. The Zosiméa, or college, of Janina is one of the most important educational institutions of the Hellenic people, and if danger of conflict is to be avoided, this town must certainly not be left outside Greece. The Turks wish to keep all the sea coast opposite Corfu, and to

neutralise the advantage and security of the possession of the Gulf of Arta by Greece, in retaining the commanding position of Previsa. There is one good result which might ensue from their obstinacy—the line traced by the Congress may be abandoned in favour of a more satisfactory and effectual boundary. The claims of Greece on the north are reduced to the least rightful minimum when they are drawn upon the boundary of Thessaly and Epirus, commencing with the summit of the mountains of the Olympus range, and terminating in the Adriatic at the mouth of the Ergent. The English Government has not shown ignorance of the superiority of a mountain border when that can be attained in regard to East Roumelia. Lord Salisbury on the 5th ult. said that the proposal to fix the boundary of that province “considerably in advance of the Balkans on the northern side” had been abandoned, and “now it has been decided that as a rule the watershed should be taken.” If the present negotiations between Turkey and Greece upon the line drawn in the Congress should fail, there will be no cause for regret if that failure should lead to the adoption of the far more appropriate boundary which has been already indicated.

As to Crete, the claim of the people of that unhappy island to be annexed to Greece, their proper country, has been active and urgent for at least half a century. Lord Salisbury lately said of Crete that “the constitution of the island has been revised in a highly liberal sense, and when the revised constitution was passed the inhabitants of the island were satisfied with what was done.” We have already seen that the liberation of Crete was denied by the Congress because it was not demanded by England, and we have seen good reason to believe that the English Plenipotentiaries forbore to make representations on the subject of Crete, because to do so would have jeopardised their scheme with regard to Cyprus. Let us turn for another illustration of the subject to the “Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Crete,” lately published “by command of her Majesty.” In June, 1878, while Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury were, through Sir Henry Layard, bartering the claims of Crete in order secretly to get possession of Cyprus, the Cretan population were suffering fearful atrocities from the regular and irregular soldiers of the Porte. On July 1st, while the bargain as to Cyprus was being concluded with the Sultan, the Provisional Government of Crete addressed a letter to her Majesty’s Consul, in which they said: “The General Assembly, continuing to await the decision of the Congress, still entertains the consolatory hope that the English Government will take the initiative, and will maintain without hesitation our indisputable right to union with Greece, our mother country; a right which the Cretan people have gained with their blood and by

a thousand sacrifices." At the time that prayer was uttered, the outrages committed by Turks in the island, especially upon women and aged men, were so abominable that it was impossible even for Sir Henry Layard to disregard them, and they were acknowledged by him in a communication addressed to the Grand Vizier, in which her Majesty's Ambassador said: "The outrages in question appear to have been committed, not by Bashi-bazouks, but by a particular battalion of Syrian redif [regulars], recruited in the district of Acre." These atrocities were not denied by the Porte, but they did not move the resolve of the English Plenipotentiaries. When the decision of the Congress with regard to Crete reached Athens, it "created," in the words of the British Minister, "great disappointment among all classes." In the island it was received with dismay. The General Assembly informed her Majesty's Consul "that all its hopes for the solution of the Cretan question in a manner conformable to the national aspirations have been miserably falsified in the new phase of Eastern affairs. The Cretan people, trusting to considerations which it is needless to mention, considered that it was justified in expecting from the Congress a decision very different from that which it has taken;" and the Consul reported to Sir Henry Layard that "the decision given by Congress upon the political future of this island has had a tranquillising effect upon the Mussulman inhabitants, but has thrown the insurgent chiefs into profound despondency." Since that time the Cretans have, as Lord Salisbury intimates, endeavoured to make the best of the circumstances in which they are placed, and to mitigate the sad betrayal of their reasonable claims by those who they had been led to suppose were friendly.

We have now seen how Greece has been hindered and harassed in regard to her territorial arrangements. Nothing is more common than to hear from the numerous tribe of shallow politicians that Greece has been ungrateful. The remark is now more than fifty years old. Lord Byron wrote to a friend in England: "They are ungrateful—notoriously, abominably ungrateful! This is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels! They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away! to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them! This is the amount of their obligation to foreigners!" I am tolerably familiar with the history of Greece in my own time, and I feel bound to say that the obligations of Greeks to foreigners have not increased since the days of Lord Byron. For themselves they have

under severe and depressing difficulties, accomplished much. No capital of Europe can show a proportional improvement and development of all that constitutes civilisation, comparable with the advance which has been made by Athens. We have a trustworthy description of the condition of Athens in 1832 from the Bishop of Lincoln, who then wrote :¹—"The town of Athens is now lying in ruins, the streets are almost deserted: nearly all the houses are without roofs. A few new wooden houses; one or two of more solid structure, and the two lines of planked sheds which form the bazaar are all the inhabited dwellings that Athens can now boast." Athens is to-day a handsome city, remarkable for its public institutions, and especially for those of an educational character. Since 1830 the cultivated land in Greece has increased by one-third; the number of mulberry trees has increased nearly four-fold, and the number of olive trees more than twenty-fold. The increase in Greek shipping is most remarkable, and is indicative of the vigour and stability of the Greek race. In 1821, Greece had but 450 vessels of all sorts, with an aggregate of 52,000 tons. In 1878, there were 5,200 ships of Greek nationality, and the tonnage had increased to 250,000. This and much more has been achieved under difficulties such as have oppressed no other people. Her boundaries have been condemned from the moment they were traced, yet they have had to be endured; her monarchy has yielded advantages for Greece, but it has been a very heavy burden upon the small revenue of the country—as large in proportion as if her Majesty's Civil List amounted to £4,000,000, and far weightier in its incidence. She has lived in awe of those Turkish ironclads which were at all times ready to desolate her chief towns. She has been subject to the word of England and France without any security that their judgment would be directed for her advantage. She possesses the sympathy and affection of a large population of Greeks in the Levant who are outside her borders. The Greeks of Eastern Europe are in all reckoned at not fewer than 4,000,000, and their natural ally is England, because England cannot desire aggrandisement at their expense, because England can be their sure and safe protectress against any possible maritime attack, and because, if Russia menaced them with an offensive desire for surveillance or absorption, they could find in England a friend against whose naval might even Russia is not invulnerable. It has been the conspicuous fault and failing of her Majesty's present Government that they have not accepted the position. But the lines of interest which draw England and Greece together are so plain and direct that they cannot be obliterated by the errors of any Government. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

¹ Athens and Attica.

A ROYAL SPORTSMAN.

TO the regulation Briton Continental sportsmanship is a topic upon which he loves to whet the edge of sarcastic criticism; and no doubt our great proficiency in all that appertains to sport, though brought about, we should never forget, by a happy combination of features to which we individually can lay little claim, and the want of which with our more studious Teuton cousins, or with our more effeminate Latin neighbours, is counterbalanced by other national accomplishments, is nevertheless a strong incentive to examine with uncharitable eyes the somewhat unwieldy efforts at "sport" at which our cousins with ponderous minds, heavy with the dew of science and deep learning, are now and again tempted to try their study-cramped limbs.

Were Englishmen, however, somewhat less insular and a little better acquainted with Continental sporting fields, exceptions to this rule would present themselves at once claiming their most unqualified admiration.

Who is, we might be tempted to ask, the truer and keener sportsman in the noble spirit of that word, the ragged swarthy denizen of a lonely Hungarian "puzta," living on, by, and for his horse, or the Yorkshire sporting man whose love for sport hedges and plunges with the fortunes of his bets; or again, who, acquainted with both countries, would for a moment deny that the true all-powerful spirit that prompts a Tyrolese to undergo unexampled privations and dangers in the ardour of his riskful chase would easily suffice to rig out a dozen or more of our fashionable sportsmen with the requisite manhood to brave "roughing it" on Scottish moors, with a hot lunch on the hillside, and a seven-course dinner in the wake.

An august lady till very recently in our midst has shown us that Austrian horsemanship, even when pitted against the cream of our hard riders in a field at once formidable and strange to her, is by no means despicable; and a book which Continental and some of our English journals recently announced as having been published by her yet youthful son, the young Crown Prince of Austria, well kno

to the upper circles of London society from his visit to England a year or two ago, proves in a very striking manner the remarkable proficiency in the handling of the sporting rifle, and the very praiseworthy intelligent love for the scientific aspect of sport which distinguishes the heir to the Hapsburgh throne.

It is a book which from a variety of reasons would prove uncommonly attractive to English readers, for not only does it contain a fund of most interesting sporting incidents throwing new light upon some of the most vexed questions among naturalists, but it describes in a genial and strikingly unaffected manner a sporting tour covering districts very little known even in Austria, and, as we believe, never yet visited by English sportsmen, namely, the lower reaches of the Danube in Hungary and Slavonia, near the conflux of the two most important tributary streams of the Danube, the Drave, and the Theiss, the latter of terrible memory.

It is, therefore, a circumstance much to be regretted that the book is not intended for the eyes of the public, either here or in Austria. Only 100 copies were printed and distributed among the princely and other immediate friends of the imperial author, great precautions being taken by the court to prevent a single copy finding its way into wrong hands. One Viennese paper managed, however, to outwit the courtiers' precautions—by what means is not known—and extracts from the book were published in the shape of *feuilletons*; and such was the interest evinced by the public in their young Heir Apparent's literary achievement, that, although the extracts were very limited, some sixty or seventy thousand copies were sold per day, large sums also being offered by Berlin and Leipzig publishers to obtain possession of a copy.

The present writer, the happy possessor of one of the much-prized volumes, was so fully convinced of the special interest of the subject for readers in this country, that he applied direct to the imperial author for permission to have a translation made under the writer's supervision, unaware as he was at the time of the Emperor's very pronounced aversion to any such course. The consent was firmly though politely withheld; and hence the present paper, in which, for obvious reasons, can be embodied only such *facts* as the above-mentioned Vienna *feuilletons* produced, unrelieved as they even must appear by a secondhand infusion of that gallant, intelligent, and pleasantly natural spirit which casts such an exceptional charm over every one of the 305 pages of the book, will be the only reliable notice from the pen of a person who has himself read the volume ever likely to appear in public print.

The Crown Prince, in whom a passionate thoroughly English love for sport and out-door exercise is happily blended with a somewhat less English enthusiasm for scientific researches, especially for ornithological lore, is, for his comparatively youthful age, a remarkably successful sportsman, a good walker and better rider, and, as the writer can testify, a really crack rifle shot. Coupled with these characteristics his writings betray a great love for nature in all its singularly varied forms, from the grand barren solitude of his Alpine chamois peaks, the vastly extended pathless oak forests in Hungary, teeming with game, the bear-tenanted Transylvanian pastures, or the richly-timbered hill lands of Bohemia, rising from plains the picture of rich fertility: one and all represented in the vast Austrian empire, and affording, as it is needless to point out, sporting grounds as inexhaustible as they are extensive.

One district, however, and that a very large one, was never before visited by either the great sportsman's father, the Emperor, or by his son, owing, as the latter in his preface remarks, to the utter absence of all communication such as railways and roads, a circumstance which would naturally render shooting tours in such remote districts—not partaking of the nature of a well-fitted-out expedition—a matter of impossibility, provided a certain amount of comfort and ease is to be secured. The locality of this district we have already pointed out, and it needs but the additional remark that, bordering on the wildest parts of Slavonia, it consists of vast, trackless, water-girt morass and jungle-like wastes, interspersed towards the east by dense forests of very large extent, the whole being very sparsely inhabited by little colonies of fishermen and shepherds; and presents for the sportsman, and specially for the ornithologist, an European El-dorado, for it is the home of an astonishing number of varieties of the great eagle, vulture, owl, and buzzard families, some of which are excessively rare—a fact borne out by the circumstance that the expedition collected sixty-seven species, most of which were represented in an abundance nowhere else to be met with, excepting, perhaps, certain parts of South America, the favourite hunting grounds of men like Brehm and Homeyer, both of whom, as we shall presently hear, were members of the expedition.

Long had the Crown Prince entertained the desire to visit these parts, when at last, in April 1878, the longed-for opportunity offered itself. Professor Brehm, the well-known writer, whose works on ornithology have been translated into every European language, and who is a personal friend of the Crown Prince, happened to be

to the upper circles of London society from his visit to England a year or two ago, proves in a very striking manner the remarkable proficiency in the handling of the sporting rifle, and the very praiseworthy intelligent love for the scientific aspect of sport which distinguishes the heir to the Hapsburgh throne.

It is a book which from a variety of reasons would prove uncommonly attractive to English readers, for not only does it contain a fund of most interesting sporting incidents throwing new light upon some of the most vexed questions among naturalists, but it describes in a genial and strikingly unaffected manner a sporting tour covering districts very little known even in Austria, and, as we believe, never yet visited by English sportsmen, namely, the lower reaches of the Danube in Hungary and Slavonia, near the conflux of the two most important tributary streams of the Danube, the Drave, and the Theiss, the latter of terrible memory.

It is, therefore, a circumstance much to be regretted that the book is not intended for the eyes of the public, either here or in Austria. Only 100 copies were printed and distributed among the princely and other immediate friends of the imperial author, great precautions being taken by the court to prevent a single copy finding its way into wrong hands. One Viennese paper managed, however, to outwit the courtiers' precautions—by what means is not known—and extracts from the book were published in the shape of *feuilletons*; and such was the interest evinced by the public in their young Heir Apparent's literary achievement, that, although the extracts were very limited, some sixty or seventy thousand copies were sold per day, large sums also being offered by Berlin and Leipzig publishers to obtain possession of a copy.

The present writer, the happy possessor of one of the much-prized volumes, was so fully convinced of the special interest of the subject for readers in this country, that he applied direct to the imperial author for permission to have a translation made under the writer's supervision, unaware as he was at the time of the Emperor's very pronounced aversion to any such course. The consent was firmly though politely withheld; and hence the present paper, in which, for obvious reasons, can be embodied only such *facts* as the above-mentioned Vienna *feuilletons* produced, unrelieved as they even must appear by a secondhand infusion of that gallant, intelligent, and pleasantly natural spirit which casts such an exceptional charm over every one of the 305 pages of the book, will be the only reliable notice from the pen of a person who has himself read the volume ever likely to appear in public print.

behind an ambuscade at a convenient distance. "Many a royal golden eagle have I shot," to quote the words of the author, "from over his head, as with one tremendous swoop they were descending upon their intended victim, the owl bristling in courageous defiance." Little use, however, was made of him on this occasion, game being so abundant; and he was left to luxuriate on the skeleton remains of eagles and vultures with which the ornithological dissecting knives furnished him so plentifully.

The party started, as arranged, on Easter Sunday from Vienna, and their express train landed them at Pest at an early hour next morning. Proceeding without loss of time on board the "Rudolph," which was waiting for them with steam up ready to start, they were soon forging down the majestic river, crowded by craft of every size and shape and colour, leaving the bustling quays of Pest, a picture of richly varied, half-oriental life, and the fort-crowned Ofen, the old historic capital of Hungary, in misty distance.

Everyone who has once performed that most delightful of water journeys down the Danube, will have been struck by the abruptly sudden change that occurs soon after leaving the gay boat-thronged river-way at Pest and Ofen: for the civilised town and village-girt banks are substituted the vast South-Hungarian plains, the picture of solitary, but yet not barren, landscape extending as far as the eye can reach. Before the "Rudolph" had steamed fifty miles, sporting regions were reached. The goal of the first day's journey was to have been Apatin, but long before they got there a break occurred at the island of Adony. The launch was lowered, and the whole party landed and endeavoured to penetrate into the dense jungle-like underwood which covered it. The colonies of rare species of herons and shrieking eagles which tenanted the stately silver poplars and the gnarled willows lining the banks were, as we may suppose, not a little terrified by the unprecedented invasion of seven or eight breechloaders, which soon collected a varied bag of the small species of shrieking eagles, night-herons, giant-herons, and green cormorants, and a considerable number of "small fry" killed by the two naturalists for scientific purposes. This delay retarded them several hours, so that in the end Apatin was not reached that evening, the steamer, on account of the very dangerous nature of the river, having to come to night quarters some few miles below the "town" of Mohacs, consisting of a lane or two of mud huts, intersected by ditch-like horseponds, and surmounted by the gibbet-like frames of the draw-wells peculiar to the Hungarian plains. Apatin was sighted next morning. Near it begins that vast network of channels to which we have referred, studded by

richly-timbered islands, while enormous stretches of "Auwälder" skirt the banks.

Here the expedition was augmented by a small but highly important auxiliary force. Count Hodek, member of the party, an enthusiastic amateur naturalist, being in the habit of visiting these far-off districts in quest of ornithological specimens for his large collections, had on former occasions trained a number of natives to act as his assistants. They could row and sail his "Vienna"—a large punt—and knew the rudiments of the science to which their master was so ardently devoted; and, lastly, but most important, they were splendid tree-climbers—a faculty very essential to researches of this nature, as the nests and eyries are usually built high up, fifty or sixty feet from the ground, on the slender top branches of straight-limbed poplars that grow there to an uncommon height.

And exceedingly useful they made themselves throughout the expedition; the highest and slenderest trees were climbed by them with an agility and ease akin to those of a Chimpanzee, not to forget the many slain birds which remained entangled in branches, and could not be got down otherwise.

From a point south of Apatin, an "inland" water expedition was made, following the course of a large arm of the Danube stretching far into the plains, which latter formed part of the vast estates of Archduke Albrecht, the renowned general and uncle of the Crown Prince. A number of small boats, so light and so low in the water as to allow comparison with Red Indian bark canoes, were each manned with one oarsman, one climber, and a sportsman, the latter being installed as the captain of the Csikeln, as these small craft are here called. "We then parted company, a certain district being allotted to each of us, and we were to meet at a given rendezvous."

The scenery seems to have been of a very striking character; from lack of space, and other reasons, we must refrain from entering into any of the landscape details, however interesting and charmingly described they invariably are. Here the first large eyrie was discovered; it was that of a huge sea eagle.

The nest, of astonishing proportions, was built in a fork formed by the top branches of a high black poplar tree. "It contained, as we immediately heard, a young eagle, who was screeching himself hoarse in his attempts to recall his booty-laden parents." In a most graphic and highly exciting manner does the author describe the adventure that followed: How he crept, Red-Indian-fashion, up to the neighbourhood of the tree, and there, breathless with excite-

ment, ensconced himself behind some bushes, waiting for the advent of the old birds, the young eagle keeping up all the time his discordant concert. How, presently, after waiting some little time, which, however, seemed to the excited sportsman an interval of hours, an ominous something whizzed through the air, and a huge shadow swept over the clearing that lay between the sportsman and the tree ; and how, before he had time to pull the trigger, the eagle had disappeared behind the formidable fortress walls of the eyrie, presently to hear the crunching sound of breaking bones and the rending of fleshy tissues, distinctly audible to his eager ear. How, a few minutes later, the parent bird again issued forth, and with one powerful flap of his huge wings was about to circle off, when a right and left brought down the prized game, which turned out to be a male bird of rare age and size. All this is described at length with a graphic force and picturesque vividness that does great honour to the youthful author's literary talents. Another eyrie was very shortly discovered, and after some trifling misadventures and a most exciting watch, a second bird of the same noble species was bagged by the Crown Prince, who with his rifle—for the distance was far too great for his choke-bore—brought him down in splendid style. Before he had time to place a fresh cartridge in the rifle or run back to the tree where his shot gun was leaning, the mate of the slain monster swept down to the very bush where lay the male, happily, however, not attacking the defenceless sportsman, as in a precisely similar case happened to another member of the party. A discordant cry of alarm and rage, and the eagle was off, long before the excited prince had time to bring the re-loaded rifle to his shoulder.

A lonely fisher's hut was the rendezvous for the party, and when the Crown Prince at length reached it the rest were awaiting him. The result of the day's sport was beyond their anticipations, inasmuch as they did not expect to fall in with so many eagles. Five sea eagles, all, with one single exception, of uncommon size and age—which latter, as we may here mention, is betrayed by the somewhat faded colouring of their feathers, and light yellow tint of beak and talons—besides three live young eagles, yet covered by their downy coat, and a number of smaller birds, shot chiefly by Brehm and Homeyer for scientific purposes, crowned their labours. A paddle of two hours in the "Vienna" brought them long after dusk to their floating home, where dinner, a very welcome repast after a fast of ten hours, was awaiting them. The after-dinner hours were devoted, on this as on all other days, to scientific pleasures, such as measuring, skinning, and preparing the specimens, and noting down with due

exactness the various incidents of the day's sport bearing upon ornithology.

The next day they reached the delta formed by the rushing waters of the mighty Drave, a river having its source far away up in the Carnolian Alps, at its conflux with the Danube. A vast morass, Hullé by name, and the neighbouring forest, which, to coin a word descriptive of its character we might call a water forest of primæval growth, was to be the most seductive-looking ground for that day's sport. One of the most interesting features of this water-covered forest, where man's axe had never yet resounded, is its floating islands. They consisted of extensive patches of vegetable terra firma, constituted of the decayed trunks of mighty oaks, upon which dense vegetation, and even large trees, with a profusion reminding one of tropical regions, had grown, only to furnish again, some generations hence, the wonted substratum for a new equally rich parasite world. Contrary to the expectations entertained by the whole party, the result fell far short of the previous day's sport. Game there was in abundance, but with the exception of one large eagle shot by the Crown Prince, and one night-owl of the largest kind, which Prince Leopold had discovered asleep on a tree, a strange fatality seems to have rested on the missiles of the perhaps too eager sportsmen. Four or five eagles, and as many giant-owls, had been wounded, but all got away, or at least, as was the case in a number of instances, they were seen to fall, but could not be found in the dense undergrowth and muddy water of the morass forest. Unlucky as the day had been in respect to sport, it was one of the most interesting in regard to ornithological discoveries. Brehm and Homeyer returned packed with specimens, and our author, amongst other incidents, was so fortunate as to witness a battle between three huge eagles, fought with much persistency just over his head, while on the watch near an eyrie.

The following day, however, more than consoled the party, for the very celebrated Kiskendi forest, also owned by Archduke Albrecht, was the scene of activity, and well worthy did it prove itself of the praise bestowed upon it by Count Hodek, who knew it from former occasions. The second shot fired that day by the author bagged a most rare specimen, a serpent eagle, the only one shot in the course of the whole expedition—which enabled the two men of science to decide a long vexed and much discussed question in the learned world respecting certain ornithological characteristics of this bird. Pages could be filled with an account of this most interesting locality. We must confine ourselves to enumerating the Crown Prince's bag,

which consisted of the above eagle, two ospreys, two black milans or kites, and five black storks—birds not only rare, but which afford much amusement to the observer, for, as they stand for hours propped on one leg, the other tucked away in a most precocious manner, they have a *blasé* air that borders on the sublimely comic.

Two roebucks were also shot by the Prince that day, and the way he killed them affords an interesting illustration of the tameness of all game in Hungary, arising from the total want of the sporting propensity in the Hungarian character.

The Crown Prince was driving in a country waggon at a hand gallop across a vast trackless prairie, when suddenly he perceived a roebuck lying some thirty yards off in the luxuriant grass. To pull up the horses, to get his rifle up and to miss fire once, twice, and thrice—he had forgotten to pull back the safety spring—was the work of a minute, and yet the buck, looking him full in the face, did not stir. The next second the weapon exploded, and the ball pierced the guileless buck. "An instance of *naïve* trustfulness," as the prince very aptly says, "reminding one of a happy Paradise-like state of things." The two following days brought them again to more civilised quarters, to the Slavonian village of Čerevič, near which they perceived for the first time, on this occasion soaring high over their heads, a mountain eagle, followed soon after by a pair of the smaller but brilliant-hued imperial eagles. They were evidently issuing forth on a raid from their home, the neighbouring range of fairly steep but very wild hills, the Fruska Gora, the vast morass plains on the opposite side of the Danube offering hunting grounds not easily matched. At Čerevič the party was met by Count Rudof Chotek, who with his brother owns this and some other very extensive districts in South Hungary.

He was the bearer of excellent news, and the wild "Slavonian Alps," the ridge to which we have already alluded as bearing the name of Fruska Gora—an extensive, richly-timbered, and in many places very steep chain of mountain-like hills, which was to be the sporting ground for the next three or four days—were, according to Count Chotek's description, the home of some most interesting species of feathered game, amongst them that mighty monster, the monk (or cinereous) vulture, the largest European bird. The first forenoon of their stay at Čerevič was lost to sport, for it happened to be the great fête-day of the Greek Church, their Easter Sunday; and as the majority of the Slavonians belong to that faith, the departure was postponed till after church time. They had not penetrated very far into the fine old forests that skirt these hills, when the party

caught sight of the first monk vulture. Considerably larger than any European eagle, this bird measures when full-grown from nine to ten feet in the span, weighing when he is in a gorged state as much as, if not more than, a brittled roebuck.

Seen from a distance when he is circling in the air, the wings spread to the full but perfectly motionless, the long bald neck contracted, he is the emblem of royal freedom and strength; what a contrast when you get close to him! for a more disgustingly filthy beast it would be difficult to imagine, not only for our eyes but also for our nose, a stench of a quite unbearable character pervading the air some yards off; and should the loathsome bird be only wounded and not killed outright, he will in his rage belch forth the fetid oozing filth stowed away in his goitre. He feeds only on carrion in the most advanced stage of decomposition, instances of this being narrated which we would rather spare our readers. A long, wrinkled, wholly bare neck, a lazy blurred eye, and, most significant of all, strangely undeveloped talons, which are small, excessively weak, and flesh-coloured, are the chief characteristic features of this most ignoble of birds. What a vast unspeakable difference between him, the cowardly giant, and his most deadly enemy, the eagle—much smaller, but the type of ferocious courageousness and of royal nobility of character, whose brilliant eye, strong muscular talons with fangs exhibiting an amazing strength, noble proportions, and withal of cleanly habits, carrion never being touched by an eagle—very rarely, indeed, does he condescend to touch dead animals, however recently slain,—form a strong contrast. The Crown Prince, who had never before shot a monk vulture, while perhaps doubting Brehm's extraordinary tales of his disgusting character, was burning to slay one. To shot, be they of the largest size, the vulture, protected by amazingly strong and dense feathers, is seemingly perfectly invulnerable, the rifle being the only weapon capable of bringing him down: a circumstance fully borne out by the experience of the party, who fired at least twenty shots with buckshot at vultures, and with the exception of one who was only some few yards off, not one was killed with shot. A vulture eyrie had been discovered on the heights of the hills, and thence the prince now hurried, arriving at the place of ambuscade breathless with climbing the very steep ascent, and trembling with excitement. It must have been an intensely interesting watch. There, in the top branches of an old oak of mighty girth, was the huge nest, on a level with the sportsman, for the tree stood at the foot of a precipice at the top of which the sportsman was hidden.

Game of every kind passed him in close proximity; a large stag came thundering through the dense brushwood, a few yards off, and the tracks of a couple of wolves were imprinted in the muddy soil, while large eagles and smaller vultures kept circling round the eminence with tantalising persistency. Of the view, grand as it was, encompassing the vast Hungarian plain before him, the broad Danube at his feet, and the forests stretching away to his right and left as far as the eye could reach, the author saw but little. His eyes were bent upon two spots high up in the bright heavens. Presently they vanished, and a second later a rushing sound, "louder than I ever heard," apprised him of the close proximity of the two vultures, who were making for their eyrie. The next minute they were perching on a branch close to the nest. "Before I brought up the rifle I knew I should miss; the weapon trembled in my hands like a reed, and in vain were all my efforts to bring the sight of the rifle to bear upon the broad breast of the larger of the two vultures." Presently the sharp crack of the rifle rings out, and both birds, with a sound like the rushing of tempestuous winds, circle off. The graphic manner no less than the charming candour with which the author describes his feelings of utter despair, makes this one of the most telling and exciting bits in the whole book. A second vulture was shortly discovered by one of the "Jägers," and relying this time less upon the steadiness of his nerves, the Crown Prince used his shot gun. A handful of feathers was all the evidence that his aim at least had been true. A third bird of the same species was, after a prolonged search, surprised by the sportsman, perched on a low branch, evidently in a state of gorged surfeit. This time, the distance being very close, the buckshot took effect, and the bird came flapping through the branches, and rolled down a slight declivity with a noise similar to that of a stag breaking through dense underwood. He was, however, not dead yet, and so overpowering was the stench that hung round the scene of his last agonies, that when the Crown Prince came rushing down, he started back overpowered by the disgusting miasm. So pungent was the odour, that even the Slavonian half-barbarian beater, who was attendant upon the Prince, would at first not hear of carrying the odoriferous "bag" back to Čerevič; and when it did finally get on board the steamer, the whole ship was in less than five minutes infected with the pestilential stench; Brehm, who, it seems, had once in South America essayed to skin a monk vulture, declared that he would not repeat the experiment for all the riches of the world. The author does not say *on whom* this task finally devolved; he mentions, however, that,

fortified by a sound dinner, and with the fragrant fumes of a strong cigar playing about their nostrils, they did attempt to "measure" the four or five vultures shot that day, and adds, "that was the utmost human nerves could bear." The first night in the Fruska Gora was passed by the Crown Prince and his brother-in-law in a small hut belonging to Count Chotek, and situated in the centre of this wild but grandly picturesque district. Game was abundant, and a rich and varied bag of some five or six different new species of eagles and vultures fell victims to the guns of the party, but chiefly to the rifle of the Crown Prince,—one single species of the former, the grand Alpine eagle, being the only kind that was not represented in their collection. He was seen on several occasions, and once one of the members even got a chance shot at one, but missed it, to the great grief of the whole party, whose collection, so wonderfully complete in eagles and vultures, was yet destined to lack the noblest, though by no means the largest, of all European birds.

We previously referred to the great hatred existing between the eagle and the vulture families, and, as several incidents in this expedition proved, it is especially the mountain eagle that pursues the far larger monk vulture with unexampled ferocity, the Crown Prince himself being witness to as strange an episode in ornithological experience as it is well possible to fancy. He had been watching for some time a monk vulture's eyrie in close proximity to where he was hidden. High over his head circled one of the parent birds, and still higher a smaller bird, which, from the manner of flight, he judged to be a mountain eagle.

Suddenly they both disappeared, he saw something dash down, and before he had time to collect his senses, a huge ball of feathers, with here and there a wing protruding, came whizzing down, and thundered right into the eyrie. The noise of breaking branches was such as is made by a large stag when breaking cover, and it grew in violence from minute to minute. "I could see nothing of what was going on above me, save now and again a vulture's wing of gigantic size, or the smaller, darker-hued one of the eagle. It was a mountain eagle, for presently I saw his noble head, covered with yellow, brownish feathers, protrude over the high walls of the eyrie, but disappear the next instant, to make room for the loathsome craning neck, the hue of raw flesh, with not a single feather on it, appertaining to the vulture." The eyrie was so strongly built as to be impenetrable even to a rifle ball, and the heads of the combatants vanished too quickly to afford time for aim. The author was just deliberating what he had best do, when "the eyrie began to

sway to and fro, big branches and earth, component parts of the structure, began to rain upon me, standing as I was at the base of the oak, and following them, a gigantic vulture came thundering down, and would have struck me had not a stout branch broken his fall. On this he remained lying, as if badly wounded." A shot put an end to him, and the body continued its fall and pitched right by his feet. "The echoes of my shot had not yet died away when the noise in the partly wrecked eyrie recommenced, and a large mountain eagle rose and flew away, but on the opposite side of the tree, and"—now comes the most surprising part of the story—"following him close the monstrous figure of a second monk vulture. So astonished was I, that I failed to take advantage of the favourable instant, and my shot, fired when he was some distance off, missed." As there were certainly only two birds, one eagle and one vulture, in that feathery ball, the descent of which he had watched, no other explanation can be given than that the third bird, the one he shot being a female, was quietly sitting on her eggs the whole time the sportsman was watching at the bottom of the tree, and that the two combatants had fallen with crushing force right upon the mother bird, and hence her crippled condition. If we remember the huge size of the birds, the one some six or seven, the other two probably close upon ten feet in the span, we must agree with the Crown Prince when he says that this was the most exciting incident of the whole expedition.

The party remained three or four days exploring the Fruska Gora, part of which is owned by some wretchedly poor Greek monasteries, hidden away—one does not know when, where, or wherefore—in these lonely regions. Before leaving Čerevič they explored some lowland forests lying in a south-easterly direction; here the monk vultures were so plentiful that on one occasion they saw, scarce a hundred yards off, ten sitting on trees, and on one smaller oak four were perched, "so that the tree bent under the weight."

The staying power of these birds seems to be great, for the Crown Prince was informed that whole swarms were observed during the late Turkish war to depart to and return from some of the battle-fields, which, to judge from the fact that the heavy cannonade was only faintly audible under very favourable conditions of the air, must have been a good distance—certainly twenty or more miles off—and some of the birds had presumably come from the distant Hungarian plains.

On leaving the Fruska Gora district, which they all did with much regret, for rich had been the spoil they had collected in its intricate

fastnesses, they proceeded down the river, passed the old and celebrated fortress Peterwardein without stopping there, and in due time came into view of the Koviler and Šačer forests, large tracts of crown land, very wild, and reported to harbour not only every species of birds of prey but wolves and wild cats in considerable number.

The first day or two the former were pursued in the usual manner, and with varied luck ; on the third day, however, a large wolf "Jagd," with numerous beaters, was undertaken, the local crown forest inspector arranging the same according to the most approved Slavonian fashion. This seems to have been a most ludicrous show, illustrating the utter indifference to sport characterising, as we have once before remarked, the Hungarian and Slavonian. Most prodigious efforts were made, and a long day more than wasted, for the Crown Prince and his party were exposed for many hours to an excessively hot sun, and yet not a wolf was seen, much less shot—"a circumstance not at all to be deplored, considering the danger every one of us would have run of being shot by his neighbour."

The time at the Crown Prince's disposal being limited, and having already been fourteen days away, it was resolved not to proceed any further south, but to return to civilised lands. On their way back they stopped a day at the great morass Hullo, which they had visited already on their way down, and then returned to Pest and Vienna, thus bringing a short but very interesting expedition to a close.

Of eagles and vultures they shot 8 monk vultures, 1 white-headed vulture (a bird excessively rare in Europe), 7 imperial eagles, 3 shrieking eagles, 2 dwarf eagles (*aquila pennata*), 14 sea eagles, 2 fish eagles, 1 serpent eagle (also very rare indeed)—in all, 38 eagles and vultures, killed, with a few exceptions, by the two royal sportsmen, and a host of other smaller birds—in all, 67 species, or 203 head of winged game. Besides this, they brought back a very complete little collection of eggs and nests and 8 live sea eagles, and some other small live specimens.

Short and passing as has had to be our account of this very attractive work of the young sportsman-author, and wholly untouched as we have had to leave those portions of it relating to folk-lore and ethnographical subjects, treated by the prince with vivid picturesqueness of style, it will, we hope, give the reader some little idea of the district covered by the Crown Prince, and hold out some attraction to those of our hardier species of sportsmen who, like our imperial author, not only prefer the pursuit of game in its wild uncivilised retreats to the troubleless, mechanic filling of game-bags in well-

stocked preserves, but also whose views respecting the nobler pleasures of sport range a little further than the barbarian's vista of slaughter ; the mere act of killing being at best but a brute pleasure, however much the majority of our choke-bore-wielding Nimrods may be nowadays swayed by it. A slight—a very slight—infusion of the science-loving blood which flows in our heavy-framed Teutonic neighbours would, while tending to raise the standard of sport in the eyes of a "witless outside world," also create fresh and attractive fields for the unabatable activity of that product of the British stamina-endowing soil of which we are—and with perfect right—most proud, the English Sportsman.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

MISS SMITHSON.

SOME fifty years ago, when there raged in Paris furious war between Romanticists and Classicists, the arrival of an English troop of actors engaged to represent Shakespearian plays at the Odéon Theatre occasioned very great excitement. The newcomers were received with enthusiasm by one of the contending factions, at any rate. Shakespeare, of whom, until then, the Parisian public knew very little indeed, was warmly welcomed; not so much because he was Shakespeare, however, but in that he was accounted a Romanticist—a departed leader of the school of which Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Alfred de Vigny were recognised as the living representatives and champions. The success of Shakespeare was unquestionable; it was only surpassed by the curious triumph enjoyed by one of his interpreters. This was not Edmund Kean, nor Macready, nor Charles Kemble; but a young lady of rather small fame as an actress, whose appearances upon the London stage had been ineffective enough, and whose merits generally had been held but cheaply in her own country. For a time “*la belle Smidson*,” as they called her, was the absolute idol of the Parisians. Mr. Abbott, actor and manager, who had brought the company across the Channel, confessed with some amazement that his “*walking lady*” had proved the “*best card in his pack*.” “*Jamais en France aucun artiste dramatique n’émute, ne ravit, n’exalta le public autant qu’elle; jamais dithyrambes de la presse n’égalèrent ceux que les journaux français publièrent en son honneur*.” So wrote concerning the lady Hector Berlioz, destined at a later period to become her husband.

Harriet—she was known in France as Henriette—Constance Smithson was born in 1800, at Ennis, County Clare. Her parents were English, William Joseph Smithson, her father, claiming to be of a Gloucestershire family. He had been for many years a travelling manager in Ireland, however, the theatres on the Waterford and Kilkenny circuit coming in turn under his direction. His health failing him, he urged his daughter, in her own interest, to adopt the profession of the stage. She had been disinclined to take this step. Strictly brought up under the eye of the Rev. Dr. Barrett, of Ennis,

and afterwards at Mrs. Tounier's school at Waterford, she had imbibed no theatrical tastes ; had, indeed, it is said, expressed herself "averse even to witnessing dramatic exhibitions." She duly overcame her scruples, however, and Lord and Lady Castle-Coote appearing as her friends and patrons, she readily obtained an engagement from Jones, the patentee of the Dublin Theatre Royal, to whom John Wilson Croker in 1806 had addressed his acrimonious "Familiar Epistles." She made her first appearance "upon any stage" as Albina Mandeville, in Reynolds's comedy of "The Will," a character originally represented by Mrs. Jordan. Her success was considerable. She afterwards played Lady Teazle, fulfilled engagements at the Belfast, Cork, and Limerick theatres, and returned to Dublin to represent Cora, Mrs. Haller, Yarico, Lady Contest, &c. In 1817 she came to England, appearing at the Birmingham Theatre, then under the management of Elliston. In the following year the committee managing Drury Lane Theatre graciously allowed Miss Smithson "to see what she could do ;" and accordingly, as Letitia Hardy, in "The Belle's Stratagem," she made her first curtsy to a London audience. The theatre was in a most embarrassed state ; the exchequer was empty, the managers deeply involved in debt ; nevertheless, it was decided that no orders should be issued ; the new actress could not provide even her nearest relatives with free admissions. Poor Mrs. Smithson paid her money at the door in the customary way, although she came to witness the *début* of her daughter.

It cannot be said that Miss Smithson's first efforts in London stirred much enthusiasm. The critics were certainly calm on the subject. It was noticed that the lady was tall, well-formed, handsome of countenance ; that her voice was rather distinct than powerful ; that her style of singing was more remarkable for humour than sweetness ; that she rather overacted the broadly comic scenes, which nevertheless she "conceived and executed with spirit" ; and that in the minuet de la cour "her fine figure and graceful movements were displayed to advantage." She played some few other parts in the course of the season : Lady Racket, in "Three Weeks after Marriage" ; Eliza, in the comedy of "The Jew" ; and Diana Vernon, in Soane's bungling adaptation of "Rob Roy," which represents Helen Macgregor as Rob's mother, not his wife, and destroys her suddenly by a flash of lightning, so that no obstacle may exist to the chieftain's lawful union with his true love Diana Vernon !

Miss Smithson's success had not been great ; still, she had not failed. She was engaged for the following season, when the theatre opened at reduced prices under the rather inglorious management of

Stephen Kemble. The characters she sustained, however, were of an inferior kind : Julia, in "The Way to get Married"; Mary, in "The Innkeeper's Daughter"; Eugenia, in a melodrama called "Sigismar the Switzer"; Lilian, in the farce of "Wanted a Wife," and Jella, in the drama of "The Jew of Lubeck." The season closed prematurely, and Miss Smithson returned to Dublin, to reappear in the winter at the newly opened Coburg Theatre, known in later times as the Victoria. During Elliston's first season at Drury Lane Miss Smithson had no engagement, but she rejoined the company in 1820, appearing as Rosalie Somers in the comedy of "Town and Country." Among other characters she also represented Maria in "The Wild-goose Chase," Rhoda in "Mother and Son," Lavinia in "The Spectre Bridegroom," Adolphine in "Monsieur Tonson," and for her benefit Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," and Ellen in the Scottish melodrama of "The Falls of Clyde." As Ellen she seems indeed for the first time to have impressed her audience. The critic of the *Morning Herald* assured the public that Miss Smithson's performance of this character left the imagination nothing to desire. Her voice was described as "exquisitely susceptible of those tremulous and thrilling tones which give to the expression of grief and tenderness an irresistible charm." The critic continued: "Every scene, every situation, and indeed every point told upon the audience with unerring force and effect. The talents of this young lady are not even yet fully appreciated, for they are not fully developed. We should wish to see her in some of those characters in what is called youthful tragedy, where the graces of youth are no less essential than talent, for complete illusion and identity with the part." In the following season Miss Smithson was entrusted with more ambitious duties. She appeared as Lady Anne, Desdemona, and Constantia to Edmund Kean's Richard, Othello, and Sir Pertinax, undertaking also the less important characters of Georgiana in "Folly as it Flies," and Lady Rakewell in "Maid or Wife." Her further advance was no doubt rendered difficult, because of the positions occupied in the theatre by Miss Foote, Miss Kelly, Mrs. West, Mrs. Bunn, and others. The company was strong; for every prominent character there seemed several candidates. In the season of 1823-4, Miss Smithson appeared as Lady Hotspur, with Wallack as Hotspur, Dowton as Falstaff, and Elliston as the Prince of Wales; she played also the parts of Louisa in "The Dramatist," Isabella in "The Wonder," Margaret to the Sir Giles of Kean, Miss Wooburn in "Everyone has his Fault," and Anne Bullen in a revival of "Henry VIII.," with Macready as Wolsey, and Mrs. Bunn as Queen Katherine. She continued a member of the company during the

three following years. But she seemed to be subsiding into the condition of a useful and respectable actress, from whom distinguished achievements were not to be expected. A critic of the time, while extolling the lady's beauty, alleged that "her excellence did not travel far beyond that point." He complained that her acting had not improved, and that "the cold precision of her utterance and demeanour was entirely at variance with nature." She was assigned characters in the melodramas of "Thérèse," "Valentine and Orson," "Oberon," "The Blind Boy," "Turkish Lovers," and "Henri Quatre." She played Blanche in "King John," and "The Fatal Dowry," with Macready as the King and Romont. She appeared also in Colley Grattan's tragedy of "Ben Nazir," upon which Kean's broken health and ignorance of his part brought complete ruin. She was probably seen for the last time upon the English stage in June 1827, when, on the occasion of her benefit, she personated Helen in "The Iron Chest," with Kean as Sir Edward Mortimer.

If London was apathetic or critical, Paris was abundantly enthusiastic about Miss Smithson. At Drury Lane she had been re-proached because of her Irish accent; this was not observed at the Odéon. Indeed, the distinct articulativeness of Irish speech may have been of advantage to her histrionic efforts in Paris, or was at any rate a matter of indifference to auditors who probably for the most part knew little of the English language, and were content to admire simply the actress's beauty of face and grace of movement. A lady writes of her: "Her personal appearance had been so much improved by the judicious selection of a first-rate *modiste* and a fashionable *corsetière*, that she was soon converted into one of the most splendid women in Paris, with an air *distingué* that commanded the admiration and the tears of thousands. . . . I had remembered her in Ireland and in England, but, as I now looked at her, it struck me that not one of Ovid's fabled metamorphoses exceeded Miss Smithson's real Parisian one." Before appearing in Paris she had played for some nights at the little theatre of Boulogne-sur-Mer, under the management of her brother. The "Honeymoon" had been produced, and the favourite melodrama of "The Falls of Clyde." She had sustained the character of Juliana, with James Wallack as the Duke Aranza.

In Paris she triumphed as Juliet, as Ophelia, and as Jane Shore; she secured, indeed, a run of twenty-five nights for Rowe's dismal tragedy. The distresses of its heroine were clearly intelligible to auditors who but imperfectly understood her language. Macready, *in reference* to the telling effect upon theatrical spectators of an

exhibition of physical suffering, writes in 1856 : " Even in Paris, where Parisian taste was purer in dramatic matters than (as I hear) it now is, I recollect when Miss Smithson, as Jane Shore, uttered the line, ' I have not tasted food these three long days,' a deep murmur, perfectly audible, ran through the house—*Oh, mon Dieu!*" In regard to her performance of Virginia in Knowles's tragedy of " *Virginius*," a French critic wrote : " On m'a dit que Miss Smithson a été admirable au moment de l'agonie dans la lutte de l'honneur contre l'amour de la vie: je n'en ai rien vu ; il y avait déjà quelques instants que je ne pouvais plus regarder." Her benefit night was the occasion of wonderful excitement. The house overflowed ; crowds were unable to obtain admission. Charles X. presented her with a purse of gold ; from the Duchesse de Berri she received a magnificent vase of Sèvres china. She was called and re-called before the curtain ; the stage was quite carpeted with the bouquets and wreaths thrown to her by the enthusiastic audience.

Hector Berlioz has recorded in his *Memoirs* the extraordinary effect upon him of the Shakespearian representations at the Odéon, and the appearance of " *la belle Smidson* " as Ophelia and Juliet. In these events he found at once revelation and inspiration. " *Shakespeare*," he writes, " en tombant ainsi sur moi à l'improviste me foudroya. Son éclair, en m'ouvrant le ciel de l'art avec un fracas sublime, m'en illumina les plus lointaines profondeurs. Je reconnus la vraie grandeur, la vraie beauté, la vraie vérité dramatiques. . . . Je vis, je compris, je sentis que j'étais vivant et qu'il fallait me lever et marcher." But the shock apparently had been too great for him. A profound melancholy took possession of him. He fell into a strangely nervous condition. He could not work ; he could not rest ; sleep was denied him. He could do nothing but wander aimlessly about Paris and its environs. He avoided his home ; his old tastes, and studies, and habits of life became hateful to him. When from sheer exhaustion, after long periods of suffering, he was permitted to sleep, it seemed as though he could not waken again ; or he rather swooned than slept now in the open fields of Ville-Juif or Sceaux ; now in the snow, upon the banks of the frozen Seine, near Neuilly ; and now upon one of the marble tables of the *Café du Cardinal* at the corner of the *Boulevards des Italiens* and the *Rue Richelieu*, where he remained motionless for five hours together, greatly to the alarm of the waiters, who dared not approach him lest they should find him a corpse.

All this time, as he confesses, he did not know a word of English ; he contemplated Shakespeare only through " *les brouillards de la*

traduction de Letourneur," and was conscious of the severe loss he suffered in this respect. Some satisfaction he found, however. "Le jeu des acteurs, celui de l'actrice surtout, la succession des scènes, la pantomime et l'accent des voix, signifiaient pour moi davantage et m'imprégnaient des idées et des passions shakespeariennes mille fois plus que les mots de ma pâle et infidèle traduction." It soon became clear, however, that if he loved Shakespeare much, he loved more Miss Smithson, "l'artiste inspirée dont tout Paris délirait." Some months he passed in a kind of "abrutissement désespéré," dreaming always of the poet and the actress, but crushed by the comparison of her brilliant fame with his own miserable obscurity.

Born in 1803, the son of a doctor, Hector Berlioz had been educated for the medical profession. Greatly to the annoyance of his parents, however, he deserted medicine for music. He studied composition under Lesueur and Reicha, of the Conservatoire. His father denied him all pecuniary assistance; he was reduced to extreme poverty. He dined upon dry bread and prunes, raisins, or dates; daily he took his station upon the Pont Neuf at the foot of Henry IV.'s statue: "là, sans penser à la poule au pot que le bon roi avait rêvée pour le dîner du dimanche de ses paysans, je faisais mon frugal repas en regardant au loin le soleil descendre derrière le mont Valérien." He applied for a situation in the orchestra of the Théâtre des Nouveautés: he could play the flute. But there was no vacancy for a flute-player, so he entered the chorus at a monthly salary of fifty francs. He gave lessons; he composed a mass which was duly executed at the churches of Saint Roch and Saint Eustache; he commenced an opera which he never completed, founded upon the drama of "Béverley, ou le Joueur," an adaptation of the English tragedy of "The Gamester." He composed, too, a cantata, "Orphée déchiré par les Bacchantes," which a musical committee, consisting of Cherubini, Paër, Lesueur, Berton, Boieldieu, and Catel declared *inexécutable*. He wrote musical criticisms in "La Quotidienne" and "La Revue Européenne." Certain of his later compositions obtained for him the first and second prizes of the Institute.

As yet, however, he was assuredly little known to Fame, and Miss Smithson might well be excused for her ignorance of the existence even of her passionate adorer. His love did not diminish; if for a time he emerged from his state of gloomy inaction and wretched despondency, it was only to plunge into it anew. He was wholly without hope. He avoided the English theatre; he turned away his eyes as he passed the print shops, lest he should see a portrait of Miss Smithson—her portraits abounded in Paris just then. Neverthe-

less, he wrote to her letter after letter. No reply came to him. As he learnt afterwards, the lady had been rather frightened by the fervour of his expressions, and had instructed her maid to bring her no more of his letters. The English performances were drawing to a close; Miss Smithson's last nights were announced. He writes: "Je veux lui montrer, dis-je, que moi aussi je suis peintre!" For the benefit of the French actor Huet, two acts of *Romeo and Juliet* were to be represented at the *Opéra Comique*. Berlioz applied to the manager for permission to add to the programme an overture of his own composition. At last, then, it seemed that the worshipper and the idol were to be brought together. He has described the situation: "Au moment où j'entraî, Roméo éperdu emportait Juliette dans ses bras. Mon regard tomba involontairement sur le groupe shake-spearien. Je poussai un cri et m'enfuis en me tordant les mains. Juliette m'avait aperçu et entendu . . . je lui fis peur! En me désignant, elle pria les acteurs qui étaient en scène avec elle de faire attention à ce gentleman dont les yeux n'annonçaient rien de bon." To the overture, when the time came for its execution, Miss Smithson paid no heed whatever. It was to her a thing of the slightest consequence; she was not in the least curious concerning it or its composer. In a day or two she was quitting Paris with the other members of the company to fulfil an engagement at Amsterdam. By chance, as he states, Berlioz had taken apartments in the Rue Richelieu. Miss Smithson had been living opposite, at the corner of the Rue Neuve Saint Marc. Mechanically he approached his window after having been for many hours stretched upon his bed exhausted, wretched, "brisé, mourant." It was his cruel fate to see the lady enter her carriage and depart. "Il est bien difficile," he writes, "de décrire une souffrance pareille à celle que je ressentis; cet arrachement de cœur, cet isolement affreux, ces milles tortures qui circulent dans les veines avec un sang glacé de dégoût de vivre et cette impossibilité de mourir," etc. For a time he ceased to compose; his intelligence seemed to diminish as his sensibility increased; he could do nothing but suffer. But soon Ulysses began to console himself for the departure of Calypso. By way of violent distraction he gives way to an extravagant passion for a certain Mdle. M——. He writes his "Faust" symphony, his "Tempest" fantasia, his "Sardanapalus" cantata. He gives concerts, he travels through France to Italy, he visits Nice, Florence, Rome, Naples. Two years elapse before he is again to see or to hear anything of Miss Smithson.

The English players meanwhile had fulfilled engagements in the chief towns of France. They had performed at Rouen and Havre,

reappearing in Paris on their way to Orleans, Blois, and Bordeaux. Miss Smithson had obtained from Mr. Price, the manager of Drury Lane, permission to defer her return to his theatre: her success in France had been so prodigious. But it was now charged against the lady that she had become too conscious of her own merits; that, convinced of her powers of attraction, she demanded of Abbott, the manager, very exorbitant terms for her services, equal, it was said, indeed, to the combined salaries of the whole company. Serious disagreement ensued; in provincial France the English strollers suffered from lack of patronage. It became at last necessary to disband the company. The majority of the actors, in a somewhat necessitous condition, made their way back to London as best they could. Poor Abbott died some years afterwards under distressing circumstances, neglected and forgotten, in America. Miss Smithson returned to Paris; confident of the fidelity of her friends and devotees, she hoped to establish there a permanent English theatre. It was the moment also of Berlioz's reappearance in Paris; and, moved by an "impulsion secrète," he had secured lodgings in the house No. 1 Rue Neuve Saint Marc, formerly occupied by Miss Smithson. He found himself under the same roof with her: He had been wholly without tidings of her. He did not know whether she was in France or England, Scotland or America. Was not this curious unforeseen meeting an argument for belief in magnetic influences, secret affinities, "entrainements mystérieux du cœur?" He was now formally presented to the lady. She attended one of his concerts, at which was performed his monodrame of "Lelio," the second part of the "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste," Bocage delivering, with great animation, the speeches contrived by the composer as expressions of his passion for the actress. She consented to become his wife, notwithstanding the remonstrances both of her own family and of his.

Poor Miss Smithson was completely ruined. Her theatre had failed; she had insufficiently taken into account the fickleness and the frivolity of her Parisian adorers. Shakespeare was no longer a novelty in Paris; he had helped the Romanticists to triumph; they needed him no more; indeed, he was rather in their way, his presence provoking inconvenient comparisons. The old idols have to be broken up from time to time to macadamize the roads along which new objects of devotion are to pass in triumph. "La belle Smidson" played to empty benches; the receipts fell more and more; it became necessary to close the theatre. The actress owed more than she could pay, *her means were exhausted*. Then came a sad accident. Descending from a carriage at the door of her house she slipped suddenly,

taking a false step, and broke her leg just above the ankle. Two passers-by saved her from falling heavily upon the pavement, and carried her in a fainting state to her apartments. She was married to Hector Berlioz in the summer of 1833. It was a frugal marriage enough. The lady was still much in debt, and her professional career was for the present closed by reason of her accident. "De mon côté," wrote the gentleman, "j'avais pour tout bien trois cents francs que mon ami Gonnet m'avait prêtés, et j'étais de nouveau brouillé avec mes parents." He gallantly adds: "Mais elle était à moi; je défiais tout!"

To pay the bride's debts, a special representation took place at the Théâtre-Italien. The French players, to do them justice, had shown much kindness to their unfortunate English sister. Mdle. Mars had generously proffered her purse, but this "la belle Smidson" was too proud to accept. Alexandre Dumas' famous play of "Antony" was presented, with Firmin and Madame Dorval in the chief characters; the fourth act of "Hamlet" was to follow, with a piano-forte solo, Weber's "Concert-Stück," by Liszt, and Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, his "Sardanapulus," and overture to "Les Francs-Juges." The performance produced a sum of 7,000 francs, which still left many serious claims upon the actress unsatisfied. And the evening had its disappointments. Madame Dorval had packed the house with her friends to secure herself a triumph: she apprehended a formidable party in favour of the English actress. "Antony" was received with enthusiasm; its heroine was called and re-called before the curtain. Poor Madame Berlioz had been less prudent. She had engaged no *claque*. Her Ophelia stirred no great applause; she was not called before the curtain. She had scarcely recovered from the effects of her accident; she had lost something of her old grace and freedom of movement. After kneeling she rose with some difficulty, "en s'appuyant avec la main sur le plancher du théâtre. . . . Ce fut pour elle aussi une cruelle découverte. . . . Puis, quand, après la chute de la toile, elle vit que le public, ce public dont elle était l'idole autrefois, et qui, de plus, venait de décerner une ovation à Madame Dorval, ne la rappelait pas. . . . quel affreux crève-cœur! Toutes les femmes et tous les artistes le comprendront. Pauvre Ophélie! ton soleil déclinait. . . j'étais désolé." He was anxious for a second performance, so that his wife should secure "une éclatante revanche;" but English actors to support her could not be found in Paris, and it was felt that the help of amateurs, or her appearance in fragments of scenes, would be unavailing. The actress was seen no more upon the stage.

Little happiness attended her marriage. Berlioz shone as a passionate lover; in the tamer character of husband he was much less admirable. Then they were wretchedly poor; they underwent, indeed, cruel trials and privations. For many years they were weighed down by the load of debt Miss Smithson had incurred in her luckless theatrical speculations. Berlioz had no certain income; he depended upon the returns of his concerts, given sometimes upon so grand a scale that all possibility of profit seemed to be left out of the calculation. He honestly testifies to the moral support he received from his wife on these occasions. She furthered his enterprises in every possible way, although there seemed always likelihood of their involving the household in even deeper distress. He writes: "Mais ma femme elle-même m'y encouragea et se montra dès ce moment ce qu'elle a toujours été, ennemie des demi-mesures et des petits moyens, et dès que la gloire de l'artiste ou l'intérêt de l'art sont en question, brave devant la gêne et la misère jusqu'à la témérité." Paganini generously presented him with 20,000 francs. From the Government he received some 3,000 francs for a requiem originally designed for the victims of July, but executed at the solemn service for General Damrémont and other soldiers of France who had fallen under the walls of Constantine. By his visits to Germany and Russia for the performance of his orchestral compositions Berlioz profited considerably.

The merits and qualities of Berlioz as a composer cannot here be conveniently discussed. In some sort he was a musical Haydon engaged in the production of works of important design and dimensions, which his countrymen did not prize, but rather derided; and meantime he struggled hard and valiantly with indigence and other trying conditions. He had Haydon's acrimony in debate; he had Haydon's insolent scorn of rivals and opponents; and he had something more than Haydon's literary power, considerable as that was. But Berlioz wrote with great acuteness and brilliancy; he had all a French critic's wit, fire, fluency, and, it must be added, recklessness. He founded the symphony-ode, he was a great conductor, a master of orchestral effects, inventive and original, if oftentimes vague, uncouth, and tedious; most ingenious as to new combinations of sound, finding occupation for more and more instrumentalists, for ever increasing the force of his band, and thus rendering almost impracticable the performance of his works by the means and numbers usually available. He dearly loved a monster orchestra. Perhaps his happiest moment was when, after an Industrial Exposition in Paris, he conducted a musical festival with upwards of a thousand

executants. Heine might well find in Berlioz's music something primæval and antediluvian, reminding him of leviathans and mammoths, extinct monsters of land and sea, fabulous beasts and fishes, and recalling Babylonian wonders, the hanging gardens of Semiramis, the sculptures of Nineveh, "et les audacieux édifices de Mizraim tels que nous en voyons sur les tableaux de l'Anglais Martin." In France Berlioz was judged to be deficient as a melodist; in truth, melodies are not absent from his scores, but are so cloaked and entangled in orchestral trappings and vestments that they escape unfelt and unappreciated. In Germany Berlioz was counted among the transcendentalists, arriving a little too soon, however, preceding Wagner, and preparing a harvest of honour and glory for him to reap. "For my part," wrote Schumann in 1838, "I understand Berlioz as clearly as the blue sky above me. . . . I think there is really a new time in music coming. It must come. Fifty years have worked great changes, and carried us on a good deal further." On the other hand, Berlioz himself declined to be associated with the musicians of modern Germany. "Je n'ai jamais songé," he writes, "ainsi qu'on l'a si follement prétendu en France, à faire de la musique *sans mélodie*. Cette école existe maintenant en Allemagne et je l'ai en horreur." He protested that he had always been careful to introduce "un vrai luxe mélodique" in all his compositions. People might contest the worth of his melodies, their distinction, novelty, charm, but to deny their existence was, he maintained, bad faith or ineptitude. Further, he protested that the dominant qualities of his music were "l'expression passionnée, l'ardeur intérieure, l'entraînement rythmique et l'imprévu."

Some few of Berlioz's works find a place in our orchestral concerts, but the composer himself is little remembered in England. He was here in 1847 conductor of the Drury Lane orchestra, during Jullien's wild attempt to establish English opera upon an extravagant scale, with a fine orchestra, a strong chorus, an admirable company of singers—including Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Weiss, Madame Dorus-Gras, Miss Miran, and Miss Birch—but without a repertory. Berlioz estimated the nightly expenses at 10,000 francs. The receipts never reached this amount. The end, of course, was bankruptcy. And Berlioz was here again in 1853, when an Italian version of his opera "Benvenuto Cellini" was produced under his direction at Covent Garden, to fail ignominiously as it had failed before in Paris, and as his later opera, "Les Troyens," was to fail afterwards at the Lyrique. Against these disasters, however, he could count the successful production of his "Beatrice et

Benedict," an operatic edition of "Much Ado about Nothing," at Weimar and Baden, in 1862, and he had at all times to console him the fervent admiration of his friend the Abbé Liszt.

Of the marriage of Hector Berlioz and Miss Smithson one son was born, Louis, who entered the navy, serving in the Anglo-French fleet sent to the Baltic during the war with Russia in 1855, but who pre-deceased his father some years. In 1840 the husband and wife separated by mutual consent, if it can be said that the lady was permitted any choice in the matter, and thenceforward they lived apart. M. Berlioz speaks "quelques mots sur les orages de mon intérieur." His wife, he alleges, was absurdly jealous, and on that account opposed his provincial tours and his foreign travels. He was often obliged in consequence to keep his plans secret, to steal from his house with his clothes and music, and to explain afterwards by letter the object of his departure. In truth, they had a wretched life together, and if originally the poor lady's distrust of her lord was without just cause, this did not continue to be the case. M. Berlioz admits with cynical frankness, "Je ne partis pas seul; j'avais une compagne de voyage qui, depuis lors, m'a suivi dans mes diverses excursions. A force d'avoir été accusé, torturé de mille façons, et toujours injustement, ne trouvant plus de paix ni de repos chez moi, un hasard aidant, je finis par prendre les bénéfices d'une position dont je n'avais que les charges, et ma vie fut complètement changée." At the same time he had the courage to profess that his affection for his wife had in no degree abated. He saw her frequently after their separation; she was even the dearer to him because of the infirm state of her health. For the last four years of her life she suffered severely from a paralytic seizure, which deprived her of all power of motion and of speech. A simple inscription marked her resting-place in the cemetery of Montmartre—"la face tournée vers le nord, vers l'Angleterre qu'elle ne voulut jamais revoir":

"Henriette Constance Berlioz Smithson, née à Ennis, en Irlande, morte à Montmartre, le 3 Mars, 1854."

Jules Janin wrote of her in the *Journal des Débats*, kindly mindful of what so many had forgotten, the exquisite grace and beauty she had once possessed, the enthusiasm she had roused, her triumphs upon the stage. "Elles passent si vite et si cruellement, ces divinités de la fable! Ils sont si frêles, ces frêles enfants du vieux Shakespeare et du vieux Corneille! . . . Juliette est morte. . . . Jetez des fleurs! Jetez des fleurs!" Her husband expressed his sorrow eloquently, lamenting especially his wife's ruined career, her accident, and the disappointment of her hopes; her compulsory re-

tirement and eclipsed fame ; the triumph of her imitators and inferiors. Something he had to say too of "nos déchirements intérieurs ; son inextinguible jalousie devenue fondée ; notre séparation ; la mort de tous ses parents : l'éloignement forcé de son fils ; mes fréquents et longs voyages ; sa douleur fière d'être pour moi la cause de dépenses sous lesquelles j'étais toujours, elle ne l'ignorait pas, prêt à succomber ; l'idée fausse qu'elle avait de s'être, par son amour pour la France, aliéné les affections du public anglais ; son cœur brisé ; sa beauté disparue ; sa santé détruite ; ses douleurs physiques croissantes ; la perte du mouvement et de la parole, son impossibilité de se faire comprendre d'aucune façon ; sa longue perspective de la mort et de l'oubli." Poor Madame Berlioz ! This is a long catalogue of sorrows. "Destruction, feux et tonnerres, sang et larmes," cries her husband, "mon cerveau se crispe dans mon crâne en songeant à ces horreurs !" and he calls aloud upon Shakespeare to come to his aid, believing that Shakespeare alone can duly comprehend and pity two unhappy artists : "s'aimant, et déchirés l'un par l'autre." The Abbé Liszt writes to him proffering consolations, but rather of philosophy than of the Church : "Elle t'inspira, tu l'as aimée, tu l'as chantée : sa tâche était accomplie."

Poor Henriette ! there is yet one more glimpse of her. Not even in the grave was tranquillity permitted her. Some two years later Hector Berlioz married again. "Je le devais," he wrote. At the end of eight years his second wife died suddenly of heart disease. He became possessed of a family vault in the larger cemetery of Montmartre, and it was thought necessary to disinter the remains of his first partner, and remove them to the new grave. It was like a scene in "Hamlet" ; but the bones disturbed were those of Ophelia, not of Yorick. When the widower arrived in the cemetery the gravedigger was already at work. The grave was open ; the coffin of poor Henriette, hidden for ten years, was again exposed. It was whole ; but the lid had suffered much from the damp. M. Berlioz must tell the tale after his own fashion. "Alors l'ouvrier, au lieu de la tirer hors de terre, arracha les planches pourries qui se déchirent avec un bruit hideux en laissant voir le contenu du coffre. Le fossoyeur se baissa, prit entre ses deux mains la tête déjà détachée du tronc, la tête sans couronne et sans cheveux, hélas ! et décharnée, de la *poor Ophélie*, et la déposa dans une bière neuve préparée *ad hoc* sur le bord de la fosse. Puis se baissant une seconde fois, il souleva à grand'peine et prit entre ses bras le tronc sans tête et les membres, formant une masse noirâtre sur laquelle le linceul restait appliqué, et ressemblant à un bloc de poix enfermé dans un

sac humide . . . avec un son mat . . . et une odeur. . . ." But enough has been quoted.

Berlioz died in 1869. When he was sixty-one he sought a third wife, and addressed a passionate offer of marriage to a lady five or six years his senior, whom he had loved in his boyhood, or even his infancy. She was now a widow, the mother of several children, if not indeed a grandmother. He prints in his "Mémoires" her letters rejecting his proposals. M. Weckerlin pronounces these letters of this "dame inconnue" "chefs-d'œuvre de style, de sentiment, de raison et de convenance." She sent her portrait, however, to her inconsolable suitor, to remind him of the realities of the present and to dispel the illusions of the past.

DUTTON COOK.

TABLE TALK.

THE word naturalism sounds as yet unfamiliar and uncouth in English. Now, however, that the great work of the founder of the new school, "L'Assommoir" of M. Zola, has found its way on to the stage under the sheltering ægis of Mr. Charles Reade, we are likely to hear a good deal about it. That naturalism will win a name for itself in the lists, even if it does not discomfit and overthrow Romanticism, the stalwart but not too youthful giant it has challenged, those who are in the habit of watching human progress will scarcely doubt. It seems worth while, however, at the outset, to challenge the claim of this movement to the name accorded it. So far as regards what is really true to nature in naturalism, it is but a development of realism. What in it is new leans to the mystical rather than the actual. M. Zola's great novel has already been the subject of analysis in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1878. In this work even, the fidelity to life of speech and appearance in the characters does not extend to their actions, which in many cases are explicable on no other or more logical ground than that of the wish of the author to have matters thus. Those, however, who read "La Curée," "Le Ventre de Paris," and "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," will perceive that all these stories rest on assumptions which are extravagantly ideal. I see, indeed, a species of resemblance between the work of M. Zola and that of Mr. Wilkie Collins. In "The Haunted Hotel" Mr. Collins, with the utmost fidelity to realism, brings about a *dénouement* which is supernatural; M. Zola does not deal with ghostly visitations. He ascribes, however, to natural forces powers so mysterious and occult, that effects which spring from them are purely imaginary. Truth to realism does not, then, extend in his works beyond exteriors, and the high-priest of naturalism is in fact a mystic. The fact that Balzac, whom M. Zola claims as a master, indulges at times in a similar idealism, may account in part for this sign. M. Zola goes, however, far beyond his predecessor. He has called the romance "The instrument of the age—the great investigation of man and nature." Romance with him, however, is less of a scalpel, as with Balzac, than a divining-rod.

THOSE who never read a newspaper called the *West-Central News* will have lost a treat. No mere second-hand description can do justice to the full report which appeared in that journal describing the reception in "a pavilion" built for that purpose at Greenwich, of His Highness C. O. Groom Napier, Prince of Mantua and Montferrat, on March 26th. The whole affair gives the impression of a dream in which Monte Christo, Don Quixote, Dr. Morison (of the pills), and the Champion Bill-Poster have all played leading parts. What annoys me personally, as one who mixes "some" with his fellow-creatures, and is in the habit of representing the public, is that I have never so much as heard of this great personage, who, besides being a prince, is the greatest living benefactor of the human race. As to his pedigree, Mr. John Riddell, of Edinburgh, we are informed, has proved it, and it is corroborated by an engrossed certificate signed and sealed by 78 members of the Parisian bar. So far as we can gather from the statements made at the banquet in His Highness's honour, the founder of his family was "Antenor, king of the Cimmericians, on the Black Sea, about the time of the prophet Nehemiah, whose nation then first wandered on the banks of the Araxes." This is "important to Anglo-Israelites"; and the committee, having this in view, have entitled His Highness "a Prince of Israel." The high-priest's breastplate was for six hundred years on his coat of arms. (This reminds one of the incidental reference in the middle of the genealogy of another Scotch gentleman of long descent, "about this time occurred the Deluge.")

The duchess, the prince's mother, and in her own right Baroness of Tobago, is descended from Aydin, King of the Scots, 612. The family arms are the lion rampant and three sticks, "which represent three of the tribes of Israel,"—a fact, I should think, that would not be so satisfactory to "Anglo-Israelites."

It is not, however, his birth which renders His Highness so remarkable. It is his goodness, and especially the good advice which he has given to his fellow-creatures, of whom no fewer than 7,000 assembled to do him honour. He is a vegetarian and tectotaller, and has saved hundreds of bodies and souls by proselytism; and the banquet was, of course, in illustration of his principles. It was served on gold and silver plate, "which in its value rivalled the service at Windsor Castle"; but the viands themselves were (what some would term) peculiar. There were six soups of lentils, black beans, &c., but containing no animal substance; there were six salads of the most *recherché* kind; and the third course consisted of vegetable pies, with certain mushrooms which had the flavour of

beefsteaks, oysters, and game, without any of the wickedness that belongs to eating such things. . . . The fifth course consisted of imitation joints of meat, sucking-pigs, hares, &c., &c., skilfully modelled in pie crust, but which within contained fruit and vegetable jellies. It really seems to me that if imitation is "the highest form of flattery," these excellent people must have admired people who eat beef and mutton amazingly. The drinks were of twenty sorts (and all, I should imagine, filthy), consisting of the juice of fruits, or the liquor of peas, beans, "and other finely-flavoured seeds."

But the eating and drinking at this wonderful performance were as nothing compared with the thinking. First, there was the Mantua and Montferrat pedigree to be commented upon and distributed; 700 illuminated leaves on vellum upon this interesting subject, executed at a cost of £500, being hung as decorations on the pavilion walls. Then followed the reading of addresses from persons who, thanks to his highness, had been saved "from the bottomless sea of drunkenness" by aid of the vegetarian diet. The cured drunkards wore on their backs a piece of yellow silk, on which was embroidered a broken bottle! Then came the turn of those who had been individually and particularly benefited by his highness's advice and generosity; and these cases—which were from every rank of society and even nation—were the queerest of all. The reasons for the various introductions took the form of presentations at levees:—

W. Turner, M.D., to thank his highness for the vegetarian cure of consumption and twelve other diseases, by which, through patients, he made £3,000 a year—Three Lancashire gentlemen to thank his highness for his opposition to the pernicious doctrines of free trade, with a requisition from 700 electors to ask him to deign to be their representative in the House of Commons, £10,000 for his expenses being already guaranteed—Mahommed Abdul Pasha, to acknowledge him as the medium of his conversion to Christianity, and also for assistance in the sale of land in Cyprus, certain forests in which he expressed a hope would be employed in building the new temple at Jerusalem—"The Jew vegetarian" for advice when his circumstances were desperate, which has led to commercial success as brilliant as history affords—Miss Sophy, of Bayswater, "for services which have raised her to affluence, and been found most useful to her relations and friends"—The Rev. Mr. Lloyd for a valuable living—Horomona, a New Zealand chief, for phrenological advice by which he sold land, married an English wife, and emigrated to Fiji, where he purchased a small vessel. Mr. Müller, a German, Mr. Taison, a Frenchman, and Signor Sair, an Italian, for his highness's efforts in the protection of

birds on the continent : with very many others. Last, but certainly not least in peculiarity, "Miss Martha Brown, for help in procuring a situation as a grotesque face-model in the potteries, by which during the last thirteen years she has made a comfortable living."

Three hundred of these people had their travelling and hotel expenses paid, and as many of them came from far, this reached an item of between £10,000 and £15,000. But money seems of no consequence to his highness, and still less to "the committee," who have, it appears, arranged for him the succession to a fortune of two million and a half, "partly real (which does not sound well), and partly personal, for the due maintenance of his ancestral honours." As an incident of this magnificent entertainment, we may mention that "the pasha" gave to every guest a gold coin of Alexander the Great, of sizes varying from half-a-crown to a twenty-franc-piece, "many thousands of which have been lately discovered in his estate in Cyprus;" while the prince's secretary distributed copies of the seventy tracts and books of which his highness is the author—but of not one single one of which has this present writer ever so much as heard! The whole proceeding appears most curious, and certainly worth noting.

A STORY of a statue, almost as grim as that narrated by Mr. Macaulay in a recent number of *Belgravia*, has been circulated through various journals French and English. According to this, a replica or an original study of the famous statue of Voltaire by Houdon which forms one of the most cherished possessions of the Comédie Française, is at present offered to whichever of the artistic, literary, or academic institutions of Paris can show the best claim to its possession. This work, which represents the philosopher of Ferney seated and clothed in drapery, is said to have been modelled on a human skeleton, which is still perfect under the clay. An idea like this, though it might suggest to the sensation dramatists most thrilling situations, is, I fear, neither true nor even "*ben trovata*." In what condition can the work be? A statue of this size is not likely to be in terra cotta, and it can scarcely remain in the clay of the original design, as this would probably have fallen off from the skeleton like the leaves from the body of Eugene Aram, in Hood's celebrated poem. I fear the whole striking story will prove to be a *canard*. Imbecile in his later years, Houdon, who lived to the age of eighty-eight, was still so possessed with the art he followed, that he used to return from his walks with his pockets full of pebbles in which he fancied he saw the traces of the chisel. The work which won him

acceptance into the Academy of Painting and Sculpture was a statuette of Morpheus. In the later years of his life his hours were spent in all but constant sleep, as though in a period of pain and suffering the god whom he had celebrated had rewarded with the gift of oblivion this act of early homage.

THERE was a great deal of interest excited by Wordsworth's description of the good minister in the valley of the Duddon, who considered himself "passing rich" on much less than 40 pounds a year, and derived even that scanty income from other sources—such as knitting stockings and keeping a public-house—besides his cure. But the case of the Rev. Mr. Walker, it seems, has a present parallel in that of a clergyman in the north country, who has recently addressed the following circular to his parishioners :—

"I feel sorry for the necessity of a letter to explain my conduct in rebuilding the parish church, which became so dangerous that services could no longer be safely conducted under its roof. If I had not taken upon myself the rebuilding, the burden would have fallen upon the parish. You must all be aware that I have worked as few clergymen ever yet worked to rebuild the church. I worked as a bookbinder to get money for two years ; obtained the subscriptions by writing upwards of 2,000 letters ; designed the building, acted as clerk of the works and contractor, carried all the wood and stone, and worked with the men employed ; and I ought to be allowed to complete the work in peace, not to be publicly insulted for the benefit I have conferred upon the parish in building a church, which for elegance is second to none in the locality."

The parishioners of this gentleman seem to be looking a gift-horse in the mouth with a vengeance, if they have anything to say against the result of such labours. The name of so energetic and persevering a divine ought not to be withheld ; it is the Rev. George Sanger, Vicar of Carlton-in-Cleveland.

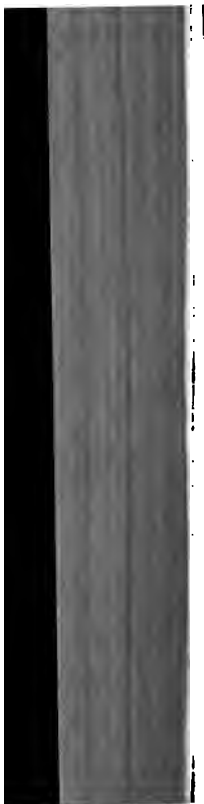
ALTHOUGH Americans lick creation in the invention of impossible stories, they are, as Martin Chuzzlewit has described, extremely credulous in matters of which they have no personal knowledge. I see it seriously stated in a Transatlantic newspaper that Queen Victoria receives 60 dollars a night from the Mapleson Company in New York for the right of using her name. (I suppose this refers to their being called Her Majesty's Servants.) The paragraph goes on to state that a Mr. Haver has offered her 50 dollars a night for the right of using her name with his "Matador Minstrels," who are about to travel in England !

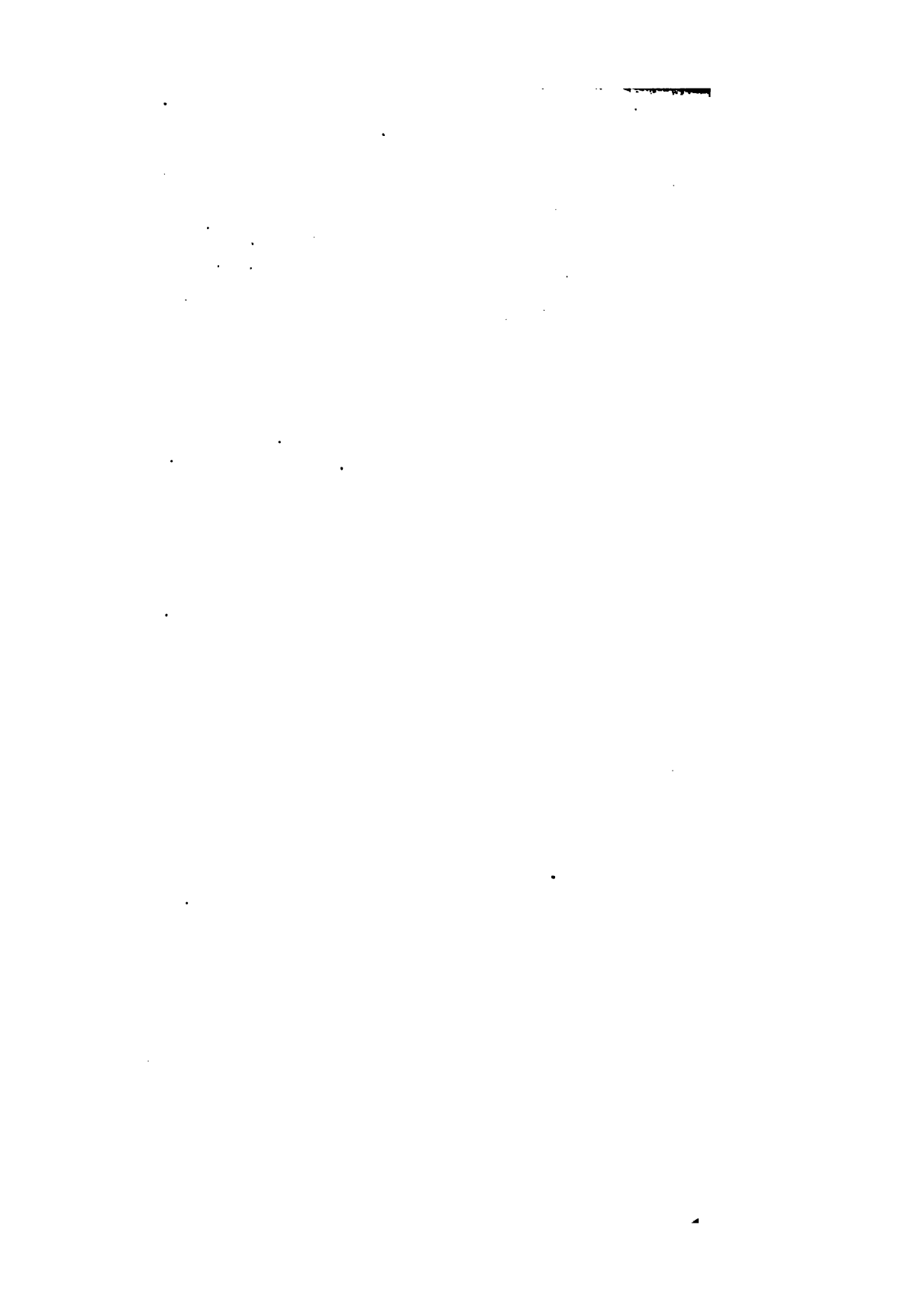
THAT the ardour of Italy is not all expended in schemes for extending an empire which has been constructed in less time

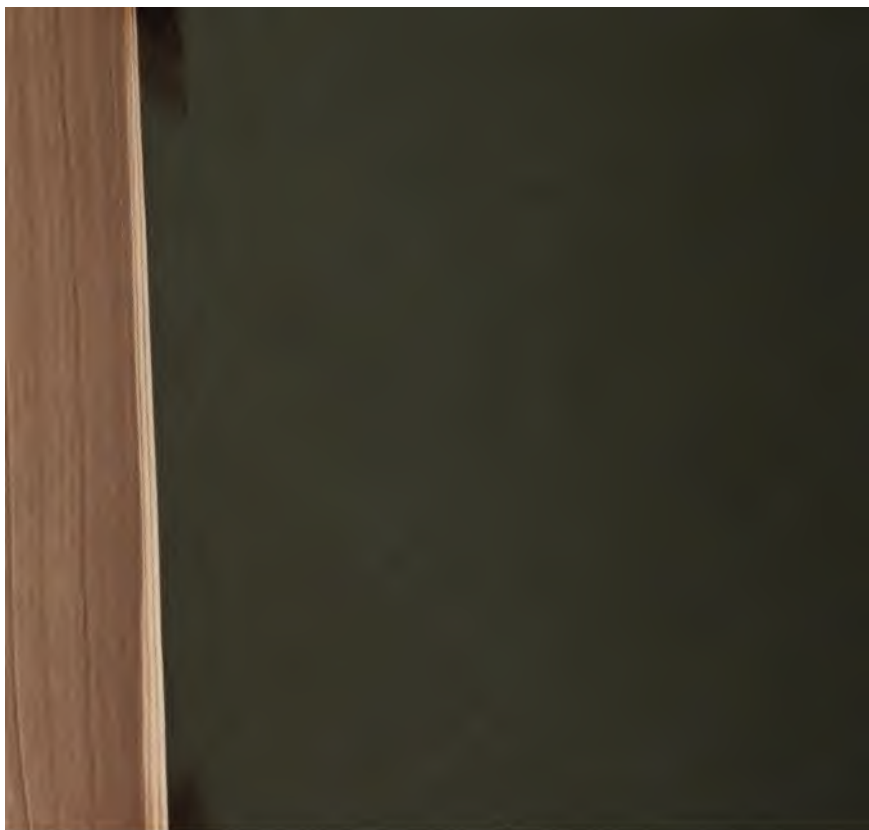
than it ordinarily takes to erect a public building, is shown in the fact that the present time has seen the accomplishment of a work of which Julius Cæsar dreamed. Masters as they were of the art of engineering—witness the still unrivalled aqueducts in Italy and the South of France—the Romans did not succeed in draining Lake Fucino, a well-known spot on the Apennines, about forty to fifty miles due east of Rome. This has, however, been accomplished by Prince Torlonia, with the result of obtaining between thirty and forty thousand acres of excellent land, and freeing the adjacent district from the constant dread of inundations. It is curious that at the time when this crux of antiquity has been solved, the proposal for flooding the great African basin should again be coming prominently before the public. The result of letting into this great inland basin the waters of the sea will, it is said, be to reduce the temperature of Europe to the level of the glacial period. The non-scientific mind, recalling kindred predictions concerning the results of opening the Isthmus of Suez, would scarcely be frightened from the project by a fear of this kind. That some disturbance would follow a measure like this is probable enough. Would it not take the shape, however, of causing such subsidence of water as would necessitate a general revision of soundings?

ONE has heard of the true *afflatus*, though one sees very little of it, but the "spiritus asper" will be new to many of us. Who would imagine that under that scientific name is concealed the humble letter H? One would say that this reminds one of the gentleman who talked prose all his life without knowing it, only there are, unhappily, so many people who do *not* use the "spiritus asper" in their ordinary talk. The *Lancet* has lately gone into this interesting subject under the characteristically attractive title of "Pathological Relations of the Voice and Speech." It says the letter H is generally regarded as a simple unvocalised rush of air through the glottis, but that this is incorrect; "it acquires sound and character as it passes through the mouth, and for every vowel, and indeed for every consonant, which it precedes, is attended with a special arrangement of the oral canal, tongue, and lips." If so, I can only say that it is a special arrangement that very often breaks down and leaves the "spiritus asper" nowhere.

SYLVANUS URBAN.







Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 126 935 811